

This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + Make non-commercial use of the files We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + Refrain from automated querying Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + Maintain attribution The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + Keep it legal Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at http://books.google.com/

SON GIFT LEGE LIBRARY











FAIRY LEGENDS

ARR

TRADITIONS

OF THE

SOUTH OF IRELAND.

The Acto Secies.

11-31

E Grotur Thomas Co.

STREET, STREET

NUMEROUS ENGRAVINGS, AND WOOD CUTS, PROU DESIGNS BY DROOKE.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE STREET.

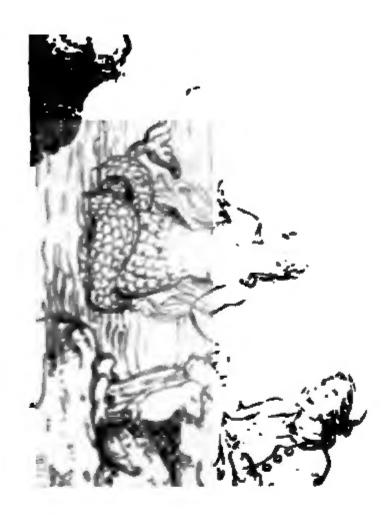


272.2.5.21



DOUND APR 10 1914







TO

SIR WALTER SCOTT, BART.

THIS VOLUME

IS INSCRIBED,

IN ADMIRATION OF HIS GENIUS,

AND

IN GRATITUDE FOR HIS KINDNESS,

BY

T. CROFTON CROKER.



92/9

The Etchings by, and Wood Engravings after the drawings of W. II. Brooks, F. S. A.

PREFACE.

Traditions of the South of Ireland, and shore in the public a second part of the work, I trust that the indulgence which the former volume has experienced will be extended to the present collection.

The literary interesure of European napowers now so great, and translation so comtion, that a writer has in general but little reason to plume himself on his work having appeared in a French or German dress. But the character of the translator may confer value on that otherwise indifferent circumstance, and I cannot but feel and express a considerable degree of satisfaction at observing my former volume translated into German by such eminent scholars as the brothers Grimm, whose friendship and valuable correspondence it has also procured me. Their version, which I had not seen when the second edition appeared, is, as might be expected, faithful and spirited, and to it they have prefixed a most learned and valuable introduction respecting Fairy superstition in general.

"Whoever," says Dr. Grimm, in the preface to the German translation, "has a relish for innocent and simple poetry, will feel attracted by these tales. They possess a peculiar flavour which is not without its charms, and they come to us from a country of which we are in general reminded in but few, and those not very pleasant relations. It is, moreover, inhabited by a people whose antiquity and early civilization is attested by history; and who, as they in part still speak their own language, must retain living traces of their former times, to show which the behef in supernatural beings here exhibited yields, perhaps, one of the best examples."

The following extracts from the public prints are evidences of the popular superstition of Ireland, and are in themselves too re-

trate the subject. Deeply as I lament ach delimion should exist, these facts ficiently prove that I have not (as has immated) conjured up forgotten tales, upted to perpetuate a creed which had mired. On the contrary, my aim has a bring the twilight tales of the peabefore the view of the philosopher; as, and to remain unnoticed, the latent between may long have linguised among the latent of the wild mountain and lone-tien, to retard the progress of their thor.

the an old woman of very advenced age, was inthe murder of Michael Leahy, a young child,
most a very serious aspect, from the meaning
to words spoken by the prisoner, ' that the
child a death was on the grandmother, and
be prisoner, turned out to be a homistide comsiler the delusion of the grandmother stand,
though four years old, could neither stand,
speak—if wer th ught to be to regrandmother undered the prisoner and one of

the witnesses, Mary Clifford, to bathe the child every morning in that pool of the river Fleak where the boundaries of three farms met; they had so bathed it for three mornings running, and on the last morning the prisoner kept the child longer under the water than usual, when her companion (the witness, Mary Clifford) said to the prisoner, 'How can you hope ever to see God after this?' to which the prisoner replied, 'that the sin was on the grandmother and not on her.' Upon cross-examination, the witness said it was not done with intent to kill the child, but to cure it—to put the fairy out of it.

"The policeman who apprehended her stated, that on charging her with drowning the child, she said it was no matter if it had died four years ago.

"Baron Pennefather said, that though it was a case of suspicion, and required to be thoroughly examined into, yet the jury would not be safe in convicting the prisoner of murder, however strong their suspicions might be. Verdict—Not guilty."—Morning Post.

"An inquest was held on Saturday last, on the body of a man of the name of Connor, a schoolmaster, in the neighbourhood of Caatle Nenor, county of Sligo. This unfortunate man had expressed his determination to read his recantation on the following Sunday, notwithstanding all the efforts of his friends to dissuade him; they succeeded in enticing him into a house, where he was found suspended from the ceiling. A verdict of Wilful Murder against persons unknown

persons his own father and two of his cousins on supperson of having perpetrated the deed. These persons endeavoured to circulate a report that he had been banged by the fairner. It appeared on the inquest that their persons, who were the first to give the alarm, and passed by some houses in the immediate vicinity of the house where the body was found hanging."—— Dathie Lorence Med, 18th April, 1827.

It would be in the power of every one conremant with the manners of the country to product instances of the undoubting belief in these superstitions, if not so formal and revolting as the foregoing, yet fully as conrencing.

Notwithstanding the collection of Irish lary legends, which I have formed in this and the former volume, the subject is far from Leing exhausted. But here, at least as relates to Ireland, I have determined to finish my task. A third or supplementary volume will, however, appear under the same title; and although forming a separate work on the larry superstitions of Wales and other countries, it may be considered as illustrative of those current in Ireland.

ь

In conclusion, I have to offer my very best acknowledgments for the many communications with which I have been favoured. To Mr. Lynch, in particular, my thanks are due for a manuscript collection of legends, from which those of "Diarmid Bawn, the Piper," and "Rent Day" have been selected. The material assistance, however, derived from various sources will be evident, and these sources are so numerous as almost to preclude individual mention.



CONTENTS.

TREASURE LEGENDS.

D' m'- v	•					Page
Dreaming Tim Jarvis		•	•	•	•	221
Rent Day .				•	•	236
Scath-a-Legaune	•					944
Linn-na-Payehtha	•	•		•	•	259
ROCKS	Al	nd 8	TON	ES.		
Legend of Cairn Thierna						275
The Rock of the Candle						280
Clough-na-Cuddy						286
Barry of Cairn Thi	егш					302
The Clause Sealer						912





LEGENDS OF THE MERROW.

THE LADY OF GOLLERUS.

On the shore of Smerwick harbour, one fine camers morning, just at day-break, stood Dick Fitsgeraal shopping the dudeen," which may be tracelated, smoking his pipe. The sun was gradually roung laband the lofty Brundon, the dark was getting green in the light, and the mists wring away out of the valleys went rolling and aring like the moke from the corner of Dicks went

The just the pattern of a pretty morning," and Dak, taking the pape from between his lips, and backing towards the distant occur, which lay a still said tranqual as a tomb of polished marble.

While, to be sure," continued by, after a pause, as another homeome to be talking to one a self to an of company, and not to have another soul

own voice, the echo! I know this, that if I had the luck, or may be the misfortune," said Dick, with a melancholy smile, " to have the woman, it would not be this way with me!—and what in the wide world is a man without a wife? He's no more surely than a bottle without a drop of drink in it, or dancing without music, or the left leg of a seissars, or a fishing-line without a hook, or any other matter that is no ways complete.—Is it not so?" said Dick Fitzgerald, casting his eyes towards a rock upon the strand, which, though it could not speak, stood up as firm and looked as hold as ever Kerry witness did.

But what was his astonishment at beholding, just at the foot of that rock, a beautiful young creature combing her hair, which was of a sea-green colour; and now the salt water shining on it, appeared, in the morning light, like melted butter upon cabbage.

Dick guessed at once that she was a Merrow, although he had never seen one before, for he spied the cohulcen drinth, or little enchanted cap, which the sea people use for diving down into the ocean, lying upon the strand, near her, and he had heard, that if once he could possess himself of the cap, she would lose the power of going away into the water: so he seized it with

all speed, and she, bearing the nose, turned her hand about as natural as any Christian.

When the Merrow aw that her little divingcap was geme, the salt tears—doubly salt, no
death, from her—came trickling down her cheeks,
and she began a low mournful cry with just the
tender voice of a new-born infant. Dick, although he knew well enough what she was crytag for, determined to keep the cohulcen death,
let her cry never an much, to see what luck
would come out of it. Yet he could not help
petving her; and when the dumb thing looked
up to his face, and her cheeks all moist with
tener 'two enough to make any one feel, let
this maintrymen, a mighty tender heart of his

Don't cry, my darling," mid Dick Fitsparald, but the Merrow, like any bold child,

Unch see hemself down by her side, and took had of her hand, by way of comforting her. I was in no particular an ugly hand, only there was a small web between the fingers, as there is a duck a foot, but 'twee as then and as white a the skin between egg and shell.

"What's your name, my darling?" says Dick, thinking to make her conversant with him; but

he got no answer; and he was certain sure now, either that she could not speak, or did not understand him: he therefore squeezed her hand in his, as the only way he had of talking to her. It's the universal language; and there's not a woman in the world, be she fish or lady, that does not understand it.

The Merrow did not seem much displeased at this mode of conversation; and, making an end of her whining all at once—" Man," says she, looking up in Dick Fitsgerald's face, "Man, will you cat me?"

"By all the red petticoats and check aprons between Dingle and Tralee," cried Dick, jumping up in amazement, "I'd as soon eat myself, my jewel! Is it I cat you, my pet?—Now, 'twas some ugly ill-looking thief of a fish put that notion into your own pretty head, with the nice green hair down upon it, that is so cleanly combed out this morning!"

"Man," said the Merrow, "what will you do with me, if you won't eat me?"

Dick's thoughts were running on a wife be saw, at the first glimpse, that she was handsome; but since she spoke, and spoke too like any real woman, he was fairly in love with her. 'Twas the neat way she called him man, that settled the matter entirely.

"Fish," mys Dick, trying to speak to her after ber own short fashion; "fish," says he, "here's my word, fresh and fasting, for you this blessed memory that I'll make you mistress Fitzgerald before all the world, and that is what I'll do."

Never say the word twice," says she; "I'm ready and willing to be yours, mister Fitzgerald, but sup if you please, 'till I twist up my hair."

It was some time before she had settled it enturely to her liking, for she guessed, I suppose, that the was going among strangers, where she would be looked at. When that was done, the Merrow put the comb in her packet, and then heat down her head and whispered some words to the water that was close to the foot of the rook.

Dick on the murmur of the words upon the sop of the sea, going out towards the wide ocean, just lake a breath of wind rippling along, and, says be, in the greatest wonder, " Is it speaking you are, my darling, to the soit water?"

If a nothing clie," mys she, quite carelenly,
I'm just winding word home to my father, not
to be waiting breakfast for me; just to keep him
from bring uneasy in his mind."

"And who's your father, my duck?" says

"What!" said the Merrow, "did you never hear of my father? he's the king of the waves, to be sure!"

"And yourself, then, is a real king's daughter?" said Dick, opening his two eyes to take a full and true survey of his wife that was to be.

"Oh, I'm nothing clse but a made man with you, and a king your father;—to be sure he has all the money that's down in the bottom of the sea!"

"Money," repeated the Merrow, "what's money?"

"Tis no bad thing to have when one wants it," replied Dick; "and may be now the fishes have the understanding to bring up whatever you lid them?"

"Oh! yes," said the Merrow, "they bring me what I want."

"To speak the truth then," said Dick, "'tis a straw bed I have at home before you, and that, I'm thinking, is no ways fitting for a king's daughter; so if 'twould not be displeasing to you, just to mention, a nice feather bed, with a pair of new blankets—but what am I talking about 'may be you have not such things as beds down under the water?"

" By all means," said she, " Mr. Fitsgerald-

party of beds at your service. I've fourteen syster beds of my own, not to mention one just planting for the rearing of young ones."

You have," says Dick, scratching his head and looking a little puzzled. "The a feather but I was speaking of—but clearly, yours is the err cut of a decent plan, to have bed and supper a handy to each other, that a person when they'd have the one, need never ask for the other."

However, bed or no bed, money or no money, Dack Fringerald determined to marry the Merrow, and the Merrow had given her consent. Away they went, therefore, across the Strand, from Gollerus to Ballimrunning, where Father Fringition happened to be that morning.

There are two words to this bargain, Dick Fitogerald," and his Reverence, looking mighty glue. "And is it a fishy woman you'd marry?— the Lord preserve us!—Send the scaly creature has to her own people, that's my advice to you, wherever the came from "

Dick had the cohulern drinth in his hand, and was about to give it back to the Merrow, who looked coverously at it, but he thought for a momost and then, mys he—

Plenar your Reverence, she's a king's daugh-

[&]quot; If she was the daughter of lifty kings," said

Father Fitzgibbon, " I tell you, you can't marry her, she being a fish."

"Please your Reverence," said Dick again, in an under tone, "she is as mild and as beautiful as the moon."

"If she was as mild and as beautiful as the sun, moon, and stars, all put together, I tell you, Dick Fitzgerald," said the Priest, stamping his right foot, " you can't marry her, she being a fish!"

"But she has all the gold that's down in the sea only for the asking, and I'm a made man if I marry her; and," said Dick, looking up slily, "I can make it worth any one's while to do the job."

"Oh! that alters the case entirely," replied the Priest; "why there's some reason now in what you say; why didn't you tell me this before?—marry her by all means if she was ten times a fish. Money, you know, is not to be refused in these laid times, and I may as well have the hansel of it as another, that may be would not take half the pains in counselling you that I have done."

So Father Fitzgibbon married Dick Fitzgerald to the Merrow, and like any loving couple, they returned to Gollerus well pleased with each other. Every thing prospered with Dick—he was at the were of wives, and they lived together in the greatest contentment.

It was wonderful to see, considering where she bad been brought up, how she would busy herself short the bouse, and how well she nursed the duldren, for, at the end of three years, there were so many young Pitzgeralds—two boys and a girl

In short. Dick was a happy man, and so he might have continued to the end of his days, if he had only the sense to take proper care of what he had get, many another man, however, beside Dick has not had wit enough to do that.

One day when Dick was obliged to go to Trales be left the wife, minding the children at home after him, and thinking she had plenty to to without disturbing his fishing tackle.

Deck was to somer gone than Mrs. Fitzgerald we start bearing up the house, and chancing to pull down a fishing net, what should she find behind it in a hole in the wall, but her own cohulem

She took it out and looked at it, and then she thought of her father the king, and her mother the queen, and her brothers and sisters, and she fall a longing to go back to them.

She ust down on a little strol and thought over

the happy days she had spent under the sea; then she looked at her children, and thought on the love and affection of poor Dick, and how it would break his heart to lose her. "But," says she, "he won't lose me entirely, for I'll come back to him again, and who can blame me for going to see my father and my mother after being so long away from them?"

She got up and went towards the door, but came back again to look once more at the child that was sleeping in the cradle. She kissed it gently, and as she kissed it, a tear trembled for an instant in her eye and then fell on its rosy check. She wiped away the tear, and turning to the eldest little girl, told her to take good care of her brothers, and to be a good child herself, until she came back. The Merrow then went down to the strand.-The sea was lying calm and smooth, just heaving and glittering in the sun, and she thought she heard a faint sweet singing, inviting her to come down. All her old ideas and feelings came flooding over her mind, Dick and her children were at the instant forgotten, and placing the cohuleen drinth on her head, she plunged in-

Dick came home in the evening, and missing his wife, he asked Kathelin, his little girl, what had become of her mother, but she could not tell him. He then inquired of the neighbours, and he learned that she was seen going towards the strand with a strange looking thing like a cocked has in her hand. He returned to his cabin to sear h for the cohuleen drinth. It was gone, and the trith now flashed upon him.

Year after year did Dick Fitzgerald wait expecting the return of his wife, but he never sain her more Dick never married again, always thinking that the Merrow would sooner or later return to him, and nothing could ever permade him turt that her father the king kept her below by main fiere. "For," said Dick, "she surely would not of herself give up her husland and her children."

While she was with him, she was so good a wiff in every respect, that to this day she is the in of a the tradition of the country as the pattern for one, under the name of the Lany or foot (and).

The people of Ferne say, that the scal every ninth sace pair off its alim and gets a human form, and the deces and sports like the "human mortals." It resumes its skin and becomes a scal again. It save topp seed that a man came by while thus took they and aring the skin, he sexed it and hid it

When the seal, which was in the shape of a woman, could not find its skin to creep into, it was forced to remain in the human form, and, as she was fair to look upon, the same man took her to wife, had children by her, and lived right happy with her. After a long time, the wife found the skin that had been stolen and could not resist the temptation to creep into it, and so she became a seal again.

Danske Folkesagn, vol. 3. p. 51.

Mr. Hibbert, in his Description of the Shetland Islands, relates the same story in such a pleasing manner, that it is impossible to refrain from quoting his words. "Sometimes," he informs us, "Mermen and Merwomen have formed connubial attachments with the human race. A story is told of an inhabitant of Unst, who, in walking on the sandy margin of a voe, saw a number of these beings dancing by moonlight, and several seal-skins strewed beside them on the ground. At his approach, they immediately fled to secure their garbs, and taking upon themselves the form of scals, plunged immediately into the sca. But as the Shetlander perceived that one skin lay close to his feet, he snatched it up, bore it swiftly away, and placed it in concealment. On returning to the shore, he met the fairest damsel that was ever gazed upon by mortal eyes lamenting the robbery by which she should become an exile from her submarine friends and a tenant of the upper world. Vamly she implored the restitution of her property; the man had drunk deeply of love, and was inexerable, but offered her

beneath his roof as his betrothed spouse. andy perceiving that she must become an a of the earth, found that she could not do a accept of the offer. This strange connument submitted for many years, and several sere the fruits of it, who retained no further best origin, than in the resemblance which web between their fingers bore to the foreand - this peculiarity being possessed by the as of the family to the present day. The we here for his Herwife was unbounded, but was coldly returned. The lady would above to the desert strand, and, on a signal . . large seal would make his appearance, he would held, in an unknown tongue, conference. Years had thus gloded away, suppered that one of the children, in the This play, found concealed beneath a stack of in akin, and, detighted with the prize, run his mother. Her eyes glistened with rspas gased upon it as her own-as the means by could pass through the ocean that led to bome. She burst forth into an ecstasy of was only moderated when she beheld her whom she was now about to leave, and after bescing them, fied with all speed towards The husband immediately returneddiscovery that had taken place-ran to is male, but only arrived in time to see her suon of shape completed—to see her in the

form of a seal, bound from the ledge of a rock into the sea. The large animal of the same kind with whom she had held a secret converse soon appeared, and evidently congratulated her in the most tender manner on her escape. But before she dived to unknown depth, she cast a parting glance at the wretched shetlander, whose despairing looks excited in her breast a few transient feelings of commiseration. Farewell,' said she to him: 'I loved you very well when I resided upon earth, but I always loved my first husband much better."—Page 369.

Mr. Thiele tells us, in a note on the Danskr Folkesagn, that there are still families who believe themselves to be descended from such marriages. A similar belief exists in Kerry respecting the O'Flaberty and the O'Sullivan families; and the Macnamaras, a Clare family, have their name from a tradition of the same nature. Morgan, according to I saker, signified in the ancient liritish "Born of the New." It was the real name of the celebrated Pelagius; and is at present a very common one in Wales.

Vade, the father of the famous smith Velent, was the son of king Vilkinus and a Mermaid whom he met in a wood on the sea shore in Russia.

Vilkina Sagr. c. 18.

The stories of Pelcus and Thetis in classical, and of king Beder and the fair Gulnare in oriental literature, may be referred to, as well as the ballad of Rosmer Harmand translated by Mr. Jamieson from the Kæmpe Viser, and many others.

thing also of the same nature in a modern German Tale. It may be explained as an enchanted cap, from cuthdurds, a sort of monters or monmouth cap; and driladh, a charmer or magician.

In the tale, a rock on the shore is said to look as bold as ever Kerry witness did. A Kerry witness (no offence to MacGilhenddy) signifies a witness who will swear any thing.

"The dudeen." or the pipe, "the woman," and such expressions, are examples of the practice so common among the Irish of using the article instead of the possessive pronoun. In this, and the preceding volume, there are many instances. It agrees extremely with the Greek idiom; and the late bishop of Calcutta might have found in it a strong exemplification of some points of his doctrine respecting the article. It has, at all events, a better effect than the emphatically expressed my of the English.

Dick calls the echo the child of his voice: the daughter, according to General Vallancey, is a literal translation of the Irish compound name for Echo, and a convincing argument of our eastern origin. "What people in the world," says that fanciful antiquary, "the orientalists and the Irish excepted, called the copy of a book the son of a book, and coho the daughter of a voice?" The General here evidently alludes to the Rabbinical mode of divination by "para, i. e. the daughter of the roice.

Mucalla is the Hilbernian term for the "Jocona Montas imago" of Horace, and is explained by Dr.

Three, in his Irish Dictionary, as the pag of the wife wiff, query, if it he not Maculla, son of the wife which teneral Vallancey, with his usual interesty in the confounding of worth, has translated tamphter? Maldane, another Irish matter for echo, we rather a compround scho, is, literally, the rieffs game of good, or the bounding and rebounding of the voice, as the bail in that game.

In Ireland they among a supernatural origin to Echa, and call it December or the voice of the Dverge or Dwarfs.

Service harbour, where the scene of the tale is land, as occusted on the north side of a little " tongue" of land, which the issunty Kerry shoots forth into the blance, and which, to use the words of Camden, is " beaten on with barking billows on both sides." It · woorable in history, from the landing of some Samuarda and Italiana, in 1579, under the pope a conenvited banner, who threw up a defence there, called Fart and Ore Six Walter Raleigh's butchery of the perceso in cold blood still remains a subject of exeration in the mouths of the Irish peasantry, and a stain upon Fuglish history, which even the pens of to be and I amden fail in rindicating. To it, covery, we are said to be indebted for the port's truly saluable with, " a View of the State of Irelevel, andertaken for the purpose of excusing his strem, lard terry de Wilton, then lord deputy of or tasted

A map of Smerwick harbour, illustrative of this

event, is preserved in the State Paper Office, which that zealous and distinguished antiquary, Mr. Lemon, conjectures, from the writing, to be the performance of the author of the "Fairie Queen."

Gollerus is a small village on the eastern side of the harbour, about a quarter of a mile from the shore, near which there is a very ancient stone cell or chapel, a building probably coeval with the round tower.

PLORY CANTILLON'S FUNERAL.

has ancient burial-place of the Cantillon beauty was on an calend in Ballyheigh Bay. This island was situated at no great distance from the above, and at a remote period was overflowed in one of the increachments which the Atlanta has made on that part of the coast of Kerry. The fishermen declare they have often were the ruined walls of an old chapel beneath them in the water, as they miled over the clear green sea, of a sunny afternoon. However this may be, it is well known that the Captillons were, like most other Irish families, strongly atsuched to their ancient burial-place; and this atacknown led to the custom, when any of the family died, of carrying the corpse to the sea side, where the coffin was left on the shore within reach of the tide. In the morning it had dissppeared, being, as was traditionally believed, conserved away by the ancestors of the deceased to their family tomb.

Connex Crowe, a county Chare man, was re-

Mac in Cruagh, of the seven quarters of Breintragh," as he was commonly called, and a proud man he was of the name. Connor, be it known, would drink a quart of salt water, for its medicinal virtues, before breakfast; and for the same reason, I suppose, double that quantity of raw whiskey between breakfast and night, which last he did with as little meonvenience to himself as any man in the barony of Moyferta; and were I to add Clanderslaw and Ibrickan, I don't think I should say wrong.

On the death of Florence Cantillon, Connor Crowe was determined to satisfy himself about the truth of this story of the old church under the sea: so when he heard the news of the old fellow's death, away with him to Ardfert, where Flory was laid out in high style, and a beautiful corpse he made.

Flory had been as jolly and as rollocking a boy in his day as ever was stretched, and his wake was in every respect worthy of him. There was all kind of entertainment and all sort of diversion at it, and no less than three girls got husbands there—more luck to them. Every thing was as it should be: all that side of the country, from Dingle to Tarbert, was at the funeral. The Keen was sung long and bitterly; and according to the

his lips to the mouth of his companion, and silent comforter, the whiskey bottle, " didn't I know all the time well enough, 'twas the dismal sounding waves working through the cliffs and hollows of the rocks, and fretting themselves to fourn. Oh then, Dunmore Castle, it is you that are the gloomy looking tower on a gloomy day, with the gloomy hills behind you; when one has gloomy thoughts on their heart, and sees you like a ghost rising out of the smoke made by the kelp burners on the strand, there is, the Lord save us! as fearful a look about you as about the Blue Man's Lake at midnight. Well then, any how," said Connor, after a pause, " is it not a blessed night, though surely the moon looks mighty pale in the face? St. Senan himself between us and all kinds of harm."

It was, in truth, a lovely moonlight night; nothing was to be seen around but the dark rocks, and the white pebbly beach, upon which the sea broke with a hoarse and melancholy murmur. Connor, notwithstanding his frequent draughts, felt rather queerish, and almost began to repent his currosity. It was certainly a solemn sight to behold the black coffin resting upon the white strand. His imagination gradually converted the deep moaning of old ocean into a mournful wail for the dead, and from the shadowy recesses of

the rocks he imaged forth strange and visionary

As the night advanced, Connor became weary with watching; he caught himself more than carr in the fact of nodding, when suddenly giving he head a shake, he would look towards the back coffee. But the narrow house of death re-

It was long past midnight, and the moon was unking into the sea, when he heard the seasi of many voices, which gradually became prosper, above the heavy and monotonous roll of the seas he listened, and presently could distintionable Keen, of exquisite sweetness, the notes of which rose and fell with the heaving of the waves, whose deep murmur mingled with and supported the strain.

The Keen grew louder and louder, and seemed approach the beach, and then fell into a low plaintive wail. As it ended, Connor beheld a number of strange, and in the dim light, mystemous-looking figures, emerge from the sea, and surround the rottin, which they prepared to launch into the water.

"This comes of marrying with the creatures worth," said one of the figures, in a clear, yet bull-w tone.

" True," replied another, with a voice still

more fearful, "our king would never have commanded his gnawing white-toothed waves to devour the rocky roots of the island cemetery, had not his daughter, Durfulla, been buried there by her mortal husband!"

"But the time will come," said a third, bending over the coffin,

"When mortal eye-our work shall spy,

And mortal ear-our dirge shall hear."

"Then," said a fourth, "our burial of the Cantillons is at an end for ever!"

As this was spoken, the coffin was borne from the beach by a retiring wave, and the company of sea people prepared to follow it; but at the moment, one chanced to discover Connor Crowe, as fixed with wonder and as motionless with fear as the stone on which he sat.

"The time is come," cried the uncarthly being, "the time is come; a human eye looks on the forms of ocean, a human car has beard their voices: farewell to the Cantillons; the sons of the sea are no longer doomed to bury the dust of the earth!"

One after the other turned slowly round, and regarded Connor Crowe, who still remained as if bound by a spell. Again arose their funeral song; and on the next wave they followed the coffin. The sound of the lamentation died away,

FLORY CANTILLOR'S FUNERAL.

The coffin and the train of sea people the over the old thurth-vard, and never, since funeral of old Flory Cantillon, have any of family been carried to the strand of Bally-lamb for conveyance to their rightful burial-law, beneath the waves of the Atlantic.

Another version of this wild and picturesque tradrawn has been communicated to the writer by Mr.

Lynch, of the King's German legion. In both legends

the secality to the same, but the name of the McKlthe secality to the same, but the name of the Cantillons.

The latter, however, accords with the statement of

Doctor Smith, in his History of Kerry, p. 210.

The neighbouring inhabitants," says that writer, whise of Hallyheigh, " show some rocks visible in this has only at low tides, which they say are the return of an island that was formerly the burial-place of the family of (antillon, the ancient proprietors of the family of (antillon, the ancient proprietors of

In the preceding note mention has been made of the the preceding note mention has been made of the computal union contracted between the human and the analytic and the analytic and the finny tribes said man because to ends too in fact, if we are to excit the beautiful the series of the ancients. In the following story

given by Atheneus, though dolphins do not exactly act as undertakers, they seem to have performed the part of mourners.

The dolphin, says Athenseus (Lib. 13. Cap. 8.), is of all animals the fondest of men, the most sensible, and one possessing the virtue of gratitude. Phylarchus relates, in his 12th Book, that Coiranus, the Milesian, seeing some fishermen who had caught a dolphin in their nets, and were about to cut him up, gave them some money, and prevailed on them to throw him back into the sea. Some time after happening to be shipwrecked near Myconos, all on board perished except Coiranus, who was saved by a dolphin. Coiranus died when an old man, in his own country; and the funeral happening to take place on the shore, by Miletus, a great number of dolphins appeared in the harbour on that day, and swam at a little distance along the shore after those who attended the funeral, joining, as it were, the procession, as incurners, and attending on the funeral of the man.

Plusy mentions a pretty anecdote of the friendship existing between a boy and a dolphin, which seems to have been a favourite tale, as it is also related both by Ælian and Aulus Gellius.

Country Crowe will be recognised by those acquainted with the country Clare, as a faithful sketch from nature. The Blue Man's Lake mentioned in his soliloquy is situated in the Bog of Shragh, about four

FLORY CANTILLOS'S FUNERAL. 29 In from Kalrush. It is as named from the tradi that a spectral figure enveloped in a bluish flame this to melancholy waters. Derielle, the name of the sea-king's daughter, who traced Flory (antillon's ancestor, arguifica leaping for Gnawing white toothed waves" is the literal istant of a common Irish epithet.

THE SOUL CAGES.

JACK DOGHERTY lived on the coast of the county Clare. Jack was a fisherman, as his father and grandfather before him had been. Like them, too, he lived all alone (but for the wife), and just in the same spot. People used to wonder why the Dogherty family were so fond of that wild situation, so far away from all human kind, and in the midst of huge shattered rocks, with nothing but the wide ocean to look upon. But they had their own good reasons for it.

The place was just the only spot on that part of the coast where any body could well live; there was a neat little creek, where a boot might he as snug as a puffin in her nest, and out from this creek a ledge of sunken rocks ran into the sea. Now when the Atlantic, according to custom, was raging with a storm, and a good westerly wind was blowing strong on the coast, many a richly laden ship went to pieces on these rocks; and then the fine bales of cotton and tobacco, and such like things, and the pipes of wine, and the

Hollands that used to come ashore!

was just like a little estate to the

they were kind and humane to a disor, if ever one had the good luck to and many a time indeed did Jack put the corragă (which, though not quite nest Andrew Hennessy's cunvus lifebreast the billows like any gannet), hand towards bringing off the crew the But when the ship had gone to the crew were all lost, who would for picking up all he rould find?

he is the worse of it? said he. "For ag, God bless him ' every tody knows tough already without getting what's the sea."

No other, sure, could ever have to Mahouv to quit her father's snug bouse in the middle of the town of to go so many unles off to live among with the scale and we guilt for next pour But Heldy knew that Jack was a woman who walled to be comfortably for to say nothing of the fah.

houses of the country with the Godsends that came into the bay. And she was right in her choice; for no woman ate, drank, or slept better, or made a prouder appearance at chapel on Sundays, than Mrs. Dogherty.

Many a strange sight, it may well be supposed, did Jack see, and many a strange sound did be hear, but nothing daunted him. So far was be from being afraid of Merrowa, or such beings, that the very first wish of his heart was to fairly meet with one. Jack had heard that they were mighty like Christians, and that luck had always come out of an acquaintance with them. Never, therefore, did he dimly discern the Merrows moving along the face of the waters in their robes of mist, but he made direct for them; and many a scolding did Biddy, in her own quiet way, bestow upon Jack for spending his whole day out at sea, and bringing home no fish. Little did poor Biddy know the fish Jack was after!

It was rather annoying to Jack, that, though living in a place where the Merrows were as plenty as lobsters, he never could get a right view of one. What vexed him more was that both his father and grandfather had often and often seen them; and he even remembered hearing, when a child, how his grandfather, who was the first of the family that had settled down at the creek, had been so intimate with a Merrow, that only for fear of vexing the priest, he would have had him stand for one of his children. This, however, Jack did not well know how to believe.

Fortune at length began to think that it was maly right that Jack should know as much as he father and grandfather did. Accordingly, one loy when he had strolled a little farther than used along the coast to the northward, just as be turned a point, he saw something, like to nothing he had ever seen before, perched upon a rock at a little distance out to sea it looked green in the body, as well as he could discern at that distance, and he would have sworn, only the thing was impossible, that it had a cocked hat in to hand. Jack stood for a good half hour straining his eyes and wondering at it, and all the time the thing did not stir hand or from. At last Jack's paterace was quite wern out, and he gave a loud wheele and a hail, when the Merrow (for such it rant started up, put the cocked hat on its head, and devel down, head foremost, from the rock.

Jack a currenty was now excited, and he conmaily directed his stept towards the point; still be could never get a glimpse of the sea gentlemax with the cocked but; and with thinking and thinking about the matter, he began at last to fancy he had been only dreaming. One very rough day, however, when the sea was running mountains high, Jack Dogherty determined to give a look at the Merrow's rock (for he had always chosen a fine day before), and then he saw the strange thing cutting capers upon the top of the rock, and then diving down, and then coming up, and then diving down again.

Jack had now only to choose his time (that is, a good blowing day), and he might see the man of the sea as often as he pleased. All this, however, did not satisfy him-" much will have more;" he wished now to get acquainted with the Merrow, and even in this he succeeded. One tremendous blustering day, before he got to the point, whence he had a view of the Merrow's rock, the storm came on so furiously that Jack was obliged to take shelter in one of the caves which are so numerous along the coast; and there, to his astonishment, he saw sitting before him a thing with green hair, long green teeth, a red nose, and pig's eyes. It had a fish's tail, legs with scales on them, and short arms like fins; it wore no clothes, but had the cocked hat under its arm, and seemed engaged thinking very seriously about something.

Jack, with all his courage, was a little daunted; but now or never, thought he: so up he went buildly to the regitating fishman, took off his but, and made his best bow.

" Your servant, sir," mid Jack.

Your servant, kindly, Jack Dogherty," an-

"To be sure, then, how well your honour knows my name I" said Jack.

"Is it I not know your name, Jack Dogherty? Why, man, I knew your grandfather long before he was married to Judy Regan, your grandmather." Ah, Jack, Jack, I was fond of that smalfather of yours; he was a mighty worthy man in his time: I never met his match above or below, before or since, for sucking in a shellful of brandy. I hope, my boy," said the old fellow, with a merry twinkle in his little eyes, "I hope you're his own grandson!"

"Never fear me for that," mid Jack; " If my mather had only reared me on brandy, 'tis myself that would be a sucking infant to this hour!"

"Well, I like to hear you talk so manly; you and I must be better acquainted, if it were only for your grandfather's make. But, Jack, that father of yours was not the thing; he had no head at all."

"I'm sure," mid Jack, " since your honour

lives down under the water, you must be obliged to drink a power to keep any heat in you in such a cruel, damp, could place. Well, I've often heard of Christians drinking like fishes: and might I be so hold as to ask where you get the spirits?"

"Where do you get them, yourself, Jack?" said the Merrow, twitching his red nose between his forefinger and thumb.

"Hubbubboo," cries Jack, "now I see how it is; but I suppose, sir, your honour has got a fine dry cellar below to keep them in."

"Let me alone for the cellar," said the Merrow, with a knowing wink of his left eye.

"I'm sure," continued Jack, "it must be mighty well worth the looking at."

"You may say that, Jack," said the Merrow:

and if you meet me here, next Monday, just at
this time of the day, we will have a little more
talk with one another about the matter."

Jack and the Merrow parted the best friends in the world.

On Monday they met, and Jack was not a little surprised to see that the Merrow had two cocked hats with him, one under each arm.

" Might I take the liberty to ask, sir," said Jack, "why your honour has brought the two hats with you to-day? You would not, sure, be

pure to give me one of them, to keep for the

"No, no, Jack," said he, "I don't get my hats as eardy, to part with them that way; but I want you to come down and dine with me, and I brought you the hat to dive with."

"Lord bless and preserve us" cried Jack, in amazement, "would you want me to go down to the lastrom of the salt sea ocean? Sure I'd be anothered and choked up with the water, to say nothing of bring drowned! And what would pass Buildy do for me, and what would she say?"

"And what matter what she says, you pinbres? Who cares for Biddy's squalling? It's hing before your grandfather would have talked a that way. Many's the time he stock that same hat on his bead, and dived down boldly after me, and many's the snug bit of dinner and good shellful of brandy he and I have had together below, under the water."

"Is it really, ar, and no joke " said Jack;
"why, then, sorrow from me for ever and a day
after if I'll be a bit worse man nor my grandather was! Here goes—but play me fair now.
Here a beek or nothing!" cried Jack.

"That a your grandfather all over," said the

They both left the cave, walked into the sea, and then swam a piece until they got to the rock. The Merrow climbed to the top of it, and Jack followed him. On the far side it was as straight as the wall of a house, and the sea beneath looked so deep that Jack was almost cowed.

"Now, do you see, Jack," said the Merrow: "just put this hat on your head, and mind to keep your eyes wide open. Take hold of my tail, and follow after me, and you'll see what you'll see."

In he dashed, and in dashed Jack after him boldly. They went and they went, and Jack thought they 'd never stop going. Many a time did he wish himself sitting at home by the fireside with Biddy. Yet, where was the use of wishing now, when he was so many miles as he thought below the waves of the Atlantic? Still he held hard by the Merrow's tail, slippery as it was; and, at last, to Jack's great surprise, they got out of the water, and he actually found himself on dry land at the bottom of the sea. They landed just an front of a nice house that was slated very neatly with oyster shells! and the Merrow turning about to Jack, welcomed him down.

Jack could hardly speak, what with wonder, and what with being out of breath with travelling so fast through the water. He looked whose him and could see no living things, barring train and lobstern, of which there were plenty walking leasurely about on the sand. Overhead was the sea like a sky, and the fishes like hirds swimming about in it.

"Why don't you speak, man?" mid the Merres "I dare my you had no notion that I had such a mog little concern here as this? Are you mathered, or chaked, or drowned, or are you tretting after Biddy, ch?"

"Oh not myself, indeed," said Jack, showing his with with a good-humoured grin:—"but who in the world would over have thought of ming such a thing?"

" Weil, come along and let's see what they've

Jack really was hungry, and it gave him no mal pleasure to perceive a fine column of moke rains from the chimney, announcing what was going on within. Into the house he followed the Morrow, and there he new a good kitchen, right well provided with every thing. There was a able dresser, and plenty of pots and pure, with two roung Merrows cooking. His host then led has into the room, which was furnished shablaly much. Not a table or a chair was there in it; so thing but planks and logs of wood to sit on, and cut off. There was, however, a good fire

blazing on the hearth—a comfortable sight to Jack.

"Come now, and I'll show you where I keep—you know what," said the Merrow, with a sly look; and opening a little door, he led Jack into a fine long cellar well filled with pipes, and kegs, and hogsheads, and barrels.

"What do you say to that, Jack Dogherty?— Eh!—may be a body can't live snug under the water?"

"Never the doubt of that," said Jack, with a convincing smack of his under lip, that he really thought what he said.

They went back to the room, and found dinner laid. There was no table-cloth, to be sure—but what matter? It was not always Jack had one at home. The dinner would have been no discredit to the first house of the county on a fast day. The choicest of fish, and no wonder, was there. Turbots, and soles, and lobsters, and oysters, and twenty other kinds were on the planks at once, and plenty of the best of foreign spirits. The wines, the old fellow said, were too cold for his stomach.

Jack ate and drank till he could eat no more: then taking up a shell of brandy, "Here's to your honour's good health, sir," said he; "though, begging your pardon, it's mighty odd, that as long we're been acquainted, I don't know your

"That's true, Jack," replied he; "I never thought of it before, but better late than never.

My name 's Coomara."

"And a mighty decent name it is," cried Jack, saking another shellful: "here's to your good bealth. Commars, and may you live these fifty yours to come?"

"Fifty years" repeated Coumarn; "I'm shinged to you, indeed! If you had said five hundred, it would have been something worth the winhing."

"By the laws, ar," erres Jack, " your live to a powerful great age here under the water! You have my grandfather, and he's dead and gone better than these staty years. I'm sure it must be a aughty healthy place to live in."

"No doubt of it, but come, Jack, keep the imporestirring." Shell after shell did they empty, and to Jack's exceeding surprise, he found the trink never got into his head, owing, I suppose, to the sea being over them, which kept their middles coul.

Use Commars got exceedingly confortable, and mag everal songs, but Jack, if his life had deended on it, never could remember more than Rum fum boodle boo,
Ripple dipple nitty dob;
Dum doo doodle coo,
Raffle taffle chittibob!

It was the chorus to one of them; and to say the truth, nobody that I know has ever been able to pick any particular meaning out of it; but that, to be sure, is the case with many a song now-adays.

At length said he to Jack, "Now, my dear boy, if you follow me, I 'Il show you my curomites!" He opened a little door and led Jack into a large room, where Jack saw a great many odds and ends that Coomara had picked up at one time or another. What chiefly took his attention, bowever, were things like lobster pots ranged on the ground along the wall.

- "Well, Jack, how do you like my curosities?"
- "Upon my somkins, sir," said Jack, " they 're mighty well worth the looking at; but might I make so bold as to ask what these things like lobster pots are?"
 - "Oh! the Soul Cages, is it?"
 - " The what? Sir!"
 - " Those things here that I keep the Souls in."

" Arrah! what Souls, sir?" said Jack in souls in them?"

"Oh i no," replied Coo, quite coolly, "that they have not; but these are the souls of drowned

"The Lord preserve us from all harm!" muttered Jack, "how in the world did you get them?"

Easily enough: I've only when I see a good mean coming on, to set a couple of dozen of these, and then, when the sulors are drowned and the totals get out of them under the water, the poor things are almost perished to death, not being seed to the cold; so they make into my pots for their, and then I have them song, and fetch them bonse, and keep them here dry and warm; and is it not well for them poor souls to get into such good quarters?"

Jack was so thunderstruck, he did not know what to say, so he said nothing. They went back into the dining-room and had a little more transfe, which was excellent, and then as Jack how that it must be getting late, and as Biddy might be uneasy, he stood up, and said he thought to me time for him to be on the road.

" Just as you like, Jack," said Coo, " but take

a duc an durrus before you go; you're a cold journey before you."

Jack knew better manners than to refuse the parting glass. "I wonder," said he, " will I be able to make out my way home?"

"What should ail you," said Coo, "when I'll show you the way?

Out they went before the house, and Coomara took one of the cocked hats, and put it upon Jack's head the wrong way, and then lifted him up on his shoulder that he might launch him up into the water.

"Now," says he, giving him a heave, " you 'll come up just in the same spot you came down in, and, Jack, mind and throw me back the hat."

He canted Jack off his shoulder, and up he shot like a bubble—whier, whire, whise—away he went up through the water, till he came to the very rock he had jumped off, where he found a landing-place, and then in he threw the hat, which sunk like a stone.

The sun was just going down in the beautiful sky of a calm summer's evening. Feascor was seen dimly twinkling in the cloudless heaven, a solitary star, and the waves of the Atlantic flashed in a golden flood of light. So Jack, perseiving it was late, set off home; but when he got

there, not a word did he say to Biddy of where he had spent his day.

The state of the pour Souls cooped up in the lotater puts gave Jack a great deal of trouble. and how to release them cost him a great deal of thought. He at first had a mind to speak to the prost about the matter. But what could the thest do, and what did Coo care for the priest? Besides, Con was a good sort of an old fellow, and did not think he was doing any harm. Jack had a regard for him too, and it also might not be much to his own credit if it were known that he saed to go dine with Merrows. On the whole, by thought his best plan would be to ask Coo to dinter, and to make him drunk, if he was able, and then to take the hat and go down and turn up the ports. It was first of all necessary, howwer, to get Biddy out of the way; for Jack was praient enough, as she was a woman, to wish to keep the thing secret from her.

Accordingly, Jack grew mighty plous all of a matter, and said to Biddy, that he thought it would be for the good of both of their souls if she was to go and take her rounds at Suint John's Weil near Ennis. Hiddy thought so too, and accordingly off she set one fine morning at day town, giving Jack a strict charge to have an eye as the piace

The coast being clear, away went Jack to the rock to give the appointed signal to Coomara, which was throwing a big stone into the water. Jack threw, and up sprang Coo!

"Good morrow, Jack," said he; "what do you want with me?"

"Just nothing at all to speak about, sir," returned Jack, "only to come and take a bit of dinner with me, if I might make so free as to ask you, and sure I 'm now after doing so."

"It's quite agreeable, Jack, I assure you; what's your hour?"

"Any time that 's most convenient to you, sir
—say one o'clock, that you may go home, if you
wish, with the day-light."

Jack went home, and dressed a noble fish dinner, and got out plenty of his best foreign spirits, enough for that matter to make twenty men drunk. Just to the minute came Coo, with his cocked hat under his arm. Dinner was ready—they sat down, and ate and drank away manfully. Jack thinking of the poor Souls below in the pots, plied old Coo well with brandy and encouraged him to sing, hoping to put him under the table, but poor Jack forgot that he had not the sea over his own head to keep it cool. The brandy got into it and did his business for him, and Coo

on a Good Friday.

in a sad way. "The to no use for to make that old Rapparce drunk," and how in this world can I help the ut of the lotster pots?" After ruly the whole day, a thought struck have it," says he, slapping his knee; rown that Con never saw a drop of as he is, and that is the thing to Oh! then is not it well that Biddy tome these two days yet; I can have to at him."

better head, telling him, he'd never his grandfather.

nt try me aguin," and Jack, " and to drink you drunk and sober, and

ling in my power," said Coo, " to

materest, and to give the strongest as to Coo. At last, mys he; " Pray, ever drink any poteen?—any real

"No," says Coo; "what's that, and where does it come from?"

"Oh, that's a secret," said Jack, "but it's the right stuff—never believe me again, if 'tis not fifty times as good as brandy or rum either. Biddy's brother just sent me a present of a little drop, in exchange for some brandy, and as you 're an old friend of the family, I kept it to treat you with."

"Well, let's see what sort of thing it is," said Coomara.

The poteen was the right sort. It was first rate, and had the real smack upon it. Coo was delighted; he drank and he sung, Rum bum boodle boo over and over again; and he laughed and he danced till he fell on the floor fast asleep. Then Jack, who had taken good care to keep himself sober, snapt up the cocked hat—ran off to the rock—leaped in, and soon arrived at Coo's habitation.

All was as still as a church-yard at midnight—not a Merrow old or young was there. In he went and turned up the pots, but nothing did he see, only he heard a sort of a little whistle or chirp as he raised each of them. At this he was surprised, till he recollected what the priest had often said, that nobody living could see the

mai, no more than they could see the wind or the me ' Having now done all that he could do for them, he set the pote as they were before, and ent's blessing after the poor souls, to speed them on their journey wherever they were going. Jack we began to think of returning; he put the hat m, as was right, the wrong way; but when he got out, he found the water so high over his head, that he had no hopes of ever getting up into it, now that he had not old Commars to give him a laft. He walked about looking for a ladder, but not one could be find, and not a rock was there in night. At last he saw a spot where the an hung rather lower than any where else, so he resided to try there. Just as he came to it, a age out happened to put down his tail. Jack and a jump and caught hold of it, and the cod, all in amagement, gave a besince and pulled Jack up. The minute the list touched the water, popaway Jack was whisked, and up he shot like a cork, dragging the poor cod, that he forgot to let go, up with him, tail fun-most. He got to the rock in no time, and without a moment's delay berried home, rejoicing in the good deed he had door But, meanwhile, there was fine work at home for our friend Jack had hardly left the bonse on his soul-fracing especition, when back came Biddy from her soul-saving one to the well.

When she entered the house and saw the things lying thrie-na helak on the table before her,

"Here's a pretty job!" said she-" that blackguard of mine-what ill-luck I had ever to marry him! He has picked up some vagabond or other, while I was praying for the good of his soul, and they 've been drinking all the poteen that my own brother gave him, and all the spirits, to be sure, that he was to have sold to his honour."-Then hearing an outlandish kind of grunt, she looked down, and saw Coomara lying under the table.-"The blessed Virgin help me," shouted she, " if he has not made a real beast of himself! Well. well, I've often heard of a man making a beast of himself with drink !- Oh hone-oh hone-Jack, honey, what will I do with you, or what will I do without you? How can any decent woman ever think of living with a beast?"---

With such like lamentations Biddy rushed out of the house, and was going, she knew not where, when she heard the well-known voice of Jack singing a merry tune. Glad enough was Biddy to find him safe and sound, and not turned into a thing that was like neither fish nor flesh. Jack was obliged to tell her all, and Biddy, though she had half a mind to be angry with him for not telling her before, owned that he had done a great service to the poor souls. Back they both went

Commerce; and perceiving the old fellow to be methor dull, he hid him not be cost down, for 'twas many a good man's case; said it all came of his not bring used to the potent, and recommended him, be way of cure, to swallow a hair of the dog that bit him. Coo, however, seemed to think he had had quite enough, he got up, quite out of write, and without having the manners to say one word in the way of civility, he sneaked off to cool himself by a paint through the salt water.

Command never mimed the souls. He and Jack continued the best friends in the world, and no one purpating, ever equalled Jack at freeing souls from purgatory, for he contrived fifty excuses for petting into the house below the sea, unknown to the old fellow, and then turning up the pots and letting seat the souls. It vexed him, to be sure, that he smild never see them; but as he knew the thing to be impossible, he was obliged to be satisfied.

However one morning, on Jack's throwing in a more sequent, he got no answer. He flung another and another, still there was no reply. He went away, and returned the following morning, but it was to no purpose. As he was without the hat, he could not go down to see what had

become of old Coo, but his belief was, that the old man, or the old fish, or whatever he was, had either died, or had removed away from that part of the country.

In Grimm's Deutche Sagan, there is a story which has a striking resemblance to the foregoing; and it is accurately translated for the sake of comparison.

A waterman once lived on good terms with a peasant, who dwelt not far from his lake; he often visited him, and at last begged that the peasant would, in return, visit him in his house under the water. The peasant consented, and went with him. There was every thing below, in the water, as in a stately palace on the land,-halls, chambers, and cabinets, with costly furniture of every description. The waterman led his guest through the whole, and showed him every thing that was in it. They came at length to a little chamber, where there were standing several new pots turned upside down. The peasant asked what was in them. "They contain," said he, "the souls of drowned people which I put under the pots, and keep them close so that they cannot get away." The peasant said nothing, and came up again on the land. The affair of the souls caused him much uncasiness for a long time, and he watched till the waterman should be gone out. When this happened, the peat who had marked the right road down, descended the water-house, and succeeded in finding again little chamber, and when he was there, he turned al. the pots, one after another; immediately the of the drowned men ascended out of the water, were again at liberty.

Gramm says that he was told the waterman is like other man, only that when he opens his mouth, green treth may be seen; he also wears a green and appears to the girls, as they go by the lake dwells in, measures out ribbon and flings it to

Dunbeg Bay is situated on the count of the county and may be readily found on any map of Ire-L. Corragh, or currugh, is a small boat used by Sohermen of that part, and is formed of cow w petched cloth, strained on a frame of wicker-The boldness and confidence of the navigators Page fragile veniels often surprises the stranger. the Irish poets they are invariably termed broadand or strong-bowed corraghs, "Carraghause in chias rakes," as it is promounced. It is the caruof the later Latin writers, thus described by Indore : nabus, purve scaphie ex vimine facta, que contexte corna genua navigli prebet."—Isidoriis, Orig. print a lit to also described in some pleasing no by Festus Avtenus. Grace *17161, see Buidas Et Mag.

Of forcest Andrew Hennessy's canvas life-boat it is nonemary to state, that the inventor, with a crew

of five seamen, weathered the equinoctial gale of October 1825 (the severest remembered for many years, in an experimental passage from Cork to Liverpool. After so convincing a trial, it is to be regretted that Mr. Hennessy and his plans for the preservation of human life have not experienced more attention.

St. John's Well, whither Mrs. Dogherty journeyed to take her rounds, her at the foot of a hill, about three miles from Ennis, and close to it is a rude altar, at which the superstitious offer up their prayers. The water of this, like other holy wells, to believed to possess the power of restoring the use of the lumbs, curing defective vision, &c. Near the well there is a small lough, said to be the abode of a strange kind of fish or mermaid, which used to appear very free quently. This lady of the lake was observed resorting to the cellar of Newhall, the seat of Mr. M'Donall. The butler, perceiving the wine decrease rapidly, determined, with some of his fellow-servants, to watch for the thief, and at last they caught the mermaid in the fact of drinking it. The enraged butler threw her into a chaldron of boiling water, when she vanished, after uttering three piercing shrieks, leaving only a mass of jelly behind. Since that period, her appearances have been restricted to once in every seven years.

Merrows are said to be as fond of wine as snakes are of milk, and for the sake of it to steal on board of ships in the night time. Pausanias tells us, that the citizens of Tanagra were greatly annoyed by a Triton who frequented the neighbouring coast. By the advace of the eracle, they set a large vessel of wine on the beach, which the Triton emptied on his next visit; the liquest made him drunk, and the citizens cut off his head as he slept.

Carrier or co-mars, means the sea-hound. The trush family of Machamara or Maconmara are, accurating to tradition, descended from camara, and better their name from mac a son, one the genitive of the area.

The Macasmura clan inhabited the western dustrict of the county Clare, and were dependant on the O'Briens

Cumara's song, if indeed it he not altogether the greaton of the narrator, may be considered as an extremely curious lyrical fragment. But few will feel monad to acknowledge its genutament, as nothing opposers to be more easy than to fabricate a short for of this kind, or even an entire language. Profesorator o Furnamen language to well known. Cabriais abounds in specimena. Shakespeare, in " All a well that ends well," has tried his hand at it. wift has given some mornels of Laisputian, Brobiligmgan, and other tongues; and any one currous about larry language has only to look into tirraklus Camgrown. Even the inhabitants of the lower regions wave bad a dialect invented for them, so the following relusible extract from the Macaronica of the profound Merima County will prove. See the opening of the axer, bush .

"Cra cra tif trafnot sgnefiet canatanta riogna Ecce venit gridando Charon—"

which, in a marginal note, he kindly informs us—
"nec Græcum nec Hebræum, sed diabolicum cst."
And perhaps even the well known line of Dante, of which it is an imitation—

" Pape Satan, pape Satan Aleppe,"

is nec Latinum, nec Hebræum, sed diabolicum, also.

A translation of old Cu's song, however, it is expected, would add little to our stock of knowledge, as, judging from the indubitable specimens which exist, the remarks of the sea folk are not very profound, although they evince singular powers of observation.

Waldron, in his account of the Isle of Man, related that an amphibious damsel was once caught, and after remaining three days on shore was allowed to escape. On plunging into the water she was welcomed by a number of her own species, who were heard to inquire what she had seen among the natives of earth.

—" Nothing," she answered, "wonderful, except that they were silly enough to throw away the water in which they had bottled their eggs!"

Bochart tells us, on the authority of Alkazuinius, an Arabic author, that there is a sea-animal which exactly resembles a man, only that he has a tail; he has, moreover, a grey beard; hence he is called the old man of the sea. Once upon a time one of them was brought to a certain king, who, out of currosity, gave him a wife. They had a son who could speak

the languages of both his parents. The boy was asked one day what his father said; but as the reply must accomardly lose by translation, it is given in the original Greek. He answered, "The warms have havened in the relative for the first factor of the relative for the first factor of the relative for the factor of the factor of the relative for the relative for the factor of the relative for the factor of the relative for the rela

On the Irrebustus used in the Legend of "the Soul Capes' a few words. Arms is a common exclamation of surprise. It is correctly written ara, and, according to Dr. O Besen, signifies a conference. A popular phrase is, "Arms came here now," i. e. come here and let us talk over the matter.

the as Derrer, Anglier, the stirrup cup, means beerally, the drink at the door; from Decel, to drink, and Three or Deres, a door. In Devenshire and Cornell it is called Thank and Decem, probably a corruption of the old (ornali captranton.

Represent was the name given to certain freebooters the times of James and William. It is used in the casey rather as a term of regard, as we sometimes employ the word reque

Three-as-brief may be translated by the English ward topsy-turvey.

Product and Social are diminutives; the former of Product Pink, the name of the little fish more commonly called in England, Minnow. Souther is evidently a contraction of Southers, the diminutive of soul. It answers to the teerman Sovieties, and is an old Englash expression, no longer, it is believed, to be met with in that country, but very common as a minor such in Ireland.

By the Laws, is, as is well known, a coftening down of a very solemn asseveration. If taken literally, people may fancy it an oath not very binding in the mouth of an Irishman, who is seldom distinguished by his profound veneration for the Statute Book. This, however, only proves that law and justice in Ireland were essentially different things; for sir John Davies, himself a lawyer, remarked, long since, how fond the natives were of justice; and it is to be hoped that a regular and impartial administration will speed-ily impress them as synonimes on the minds of the Irish peasantry.

Few need to be informed that the lower orders in Ireland, although their tone is different, speak the English language more grammatically than those of the same rank in England. The word yez or your affords an instance of their attention to etymology; for as they employ you in speaking to a single person, they naturally enough imagined that it should be employed in the plural when addressed to more than one-

"A hair of the dog that bit him," is the common recommendation of an old toper to a young one, on the morning after a debauch.

"Shall we pluck a hair of the same wolf to-day, Proctor John?"—Ben Jonson's Burtholomew Fair, Act 1. Scene 1.

THE LORD OF DUNKERRON.

Van lord of Dunkerron—O'Sullivan Mure, Why works he at midnight the sea-besten shore? His bark has in haven, his hounds are saleep; No fees are abroad on the land or the deep.

Viscoughtly the lord of Dunkerron is known.
On the wild shore to watch and to wander alone;
For a beautiful spirit of ocean, 'tis said,
The lord of Dunkerron would win to his bed.

When, by moonlight, the waters were hush'd to researc.

The bengtiful spirit of ocean arise; Her hair, full of lustre, just thuted and fell Oct her bisom, that heaved with a billowy swell.

Long, long had he loved her—long vainly essay'd.

To ture from her dwelling the coy occun maid;

And long had be wander'd and watch'd by the tide,

To them the fair spirit O'Sallivan's bride!

The maiden she gazed on the creature of earth, Whose voice in her breast to a feeling gave birth: Then smiled; and abashed, as a maiden might be, Looking down, gently sank to her home in the sea-

Though gentle that smile, as the moonlight above, O'Sullivan felt 'twas the dawning of love, And hope came on hope, spreading over his mind, As the eddy of circles her wake left behind.

The lord of Dunkerron he plunged in the waves, And sought, through the fierce rush of waters, their caves;

The gloom of whose depths, studded over with spars,

Had the glitter of midnight when lit up by stars.

Who can tell or can fancy the treasures that sleep Intombed in the wonderful womb of the deep? The pearls and the gems, as if valueless, thrown To lie mid the sea-wrack concealed and unknown.

Down, down went the maid,—still the chieftain pursued;

Who flies must be followed ere she can be wooed.
Untempted by treasures, unawed by alarms,
The maiden at length he has claspt in his arms!

They noe from the deep by a smooth-spreading strand,

Whener beauty and verdure stretch'd over the land.
Two an use of enchantment! and lightly the
tarrere,

Wash a musical murmur, just crept through the

The base-woven shroud of that newly born isle softly faded away, from a magneal pile, A pulse of crystal, whose bright-beauting sheen Had the tints of the rainbow—red, yellow, and

green.

And grottoes, fantastic in hue and in form,
Were there, as flung up-the wild sport of the
storm.

for all was so cloudless, so lovely, and calm, it seemed but a region of sunshine and balm.

Where the glories of earth and of ocean unite!

Vet loved son of earth! I must from thee away;

There are laws which e'en spirits are bound to
tokes!

One more must I visit the third of my race, He martion to gain ere I meet thy embrace. In a moment I dive to the chambers beneath:

One cause can detain me—one only—'tis death!"

They parted in sorrow, with vows true and fond;
The language of promise had nothing beyond.
His soul all on fire, with anxiety burns;
The moment is gone—but no maiden returns.

What sounds from the deep meet his terrified car— What accents of rage and of grief does he hear? What sees he? what change has come over the flood—

What tinges its green with a jetty of blood?

Can he doubt what the gush of warm blood would explain?

That she sought the consent of her monarch in vain !---

For see all around him, in white foam and froth, The waves of the ocean boil up in their wroth!

The palace of crystal has melted in air,
And the dies of the rainbow no longer are there;
The grottoes with vapour and clouds are o'creast,
The sunshine is darkness—the vision has past!

Loud, loud was the call of his serfs for their chief; They sought him with accours of wailing and grief; heard, and he struggled—a wave to the shore, hausted and faint, bears O'Sullivan More!

Eremert, 27th April, 1925.

an extempt has been made at throwing into the had form one of the many tales told of the O'Sulin family to the writer, by an old boatman, with him he was becalined an entire night in the Kenin river, on his return from a pilgrimage to the blacks.

frames relates precisely the same legend of the mand, who, it appears, in rather an unearthly non, used to come to the market at Magdelrurg to ment. A young butcher fell in love with her, followed her until he found whence she came and they the returned. At last he went down into the with her They told a fisherman, who saisted and waited for them on the bank, that if a also treather with an apple on at should come up pugh the water, all was well; if not, it was others. Shortly after, a red streak shot up, a proof the braingroom had not picased the kindred of Elbe mand, and that they had put him to drath. other variation of this legend, and the one alluded a present of its minutarity, relates that the insidt down alone, and her lover remained sitting on bank to wait her answer. She (dutiful girl) wished to get the consent of her parents to her marriage, or to communicate the affair to her brothers. However, instead of an answer, there only appeared a spot of blood upon the water, a sign that she had been put to death.

Mr. Barry St. Leger's tale of "the Nymph of the Lurley," in his clever work, "Mr. Blount's MSS.," hears a striking resemblance to another tradition related of the O'Sullivan family, and their strange intercourse with the "spirits of the vasty deep;" particularly in the circumstance of the attempt at wounding the mermaid, and the fate of the person making it.

A well known Manx legend relates that a sea maiden once carried off a beautiful youth, of whom she became enamoured, to the Isle of Man, and conjured up a mist around the Island to prevent his escape; hence it has sometimes been called the Isle of Mista. Mermaid love is an extremely common fiction, and tales founded on it are abundant, although they contain little variety of incident. In the Ballades et Chants populaires de la Provence, lately published, there is a very pretty tale " of La Fee aux Chereux Verts," who entices a fisherman to her palace beneath the sea. The amour, as is generally the case with fairy love, produces unhappy consequences.

The Annals of the Four Masters give us rather a gigantic idea of mermaids, although expressly mentioning the delicacy and beauty of their skin. According to this veritable record (which Irish historians are so fond of quoting as an authority, Pontoppidan's

Navway braken as not without a fair companion:

A. It wit. A mermaid of an enormous size was cast on the north-east coast of Scotland by the sea:

her bright was 195 feet; her halr was 18 feet; her fingers? feet; and her nose? feet: she was all over a white as a swan."

For an account of Dunkerron the reader is referred a Seath's History of Kerry, p. 88. The castle lies about a mile below the town of Kenmare, on the west alle of the river. Its present remains are part of a quare keep, and one aide of a castellated mannon, which pentiably adjoined the keep, and was built at a new recent period. The Rev. Mr Godfrey kindly posited out to the writer two rudely sculptured stones, which had been removed from Dunkerron castle and placed in the boat-house at Lansdown lodge. One of these bears the following inscription.

SED GRATIAS

THIS WORK

THIS WORK

WAS MADETHE

TE OF APRIEL

1306 BY OWEN

DSTIITAN MORK

BONGGH

The other, the O'Sullivan arms, in which a barbarous of tempt to express the figure of a mermaid is evident above the Manus Sullivanie."

In allowon to the galley which appears on the shield,

o'Bullivana is Morty or Murty (correctly written Murchcortach or Murchcardach), which literally means "expert at sea," or an able navigator. Murrough, a common Christian name of the O'Briens, signifies "the sea hound." Murphy, Murley, &cc. have doubtless a marine origin.



THE WONDERFUL TUNE.

word, of all the pipers in Munster. He word, of all the pipers in Munster. He way jig and plansity without end, and Ollis-March, and the Eagle's Whistle, and the Concert, and odd tunes of every sort and But he knew me, far more surprising than which had in it the power to set every and or alive daming.

for he was nightly eastions about telling came by an wonderful a time. At the me note of that time, the brogues began upon the feet of all who heard it—old or it mattered not—just as if their brogues ague; then the feet began going—going from under them, and at last up and with them, dancing like mad!—whiching there, and every where, like a straw in a there was no halting while the music

a fair, nor a wedding, nor a patrici in

the seven parishes round, was counted worth the speaking of without "blind Maurice and his pipes." His mother, poor woman, used to lead him about from one place to another, just like a dog.

Down through Iveragh—a place that ought to be proud of itself, for 'tis Daniel O'Connel's country—Maurice Connor and his mother were taking their rounds. Beyond all other places Iveragh is the place for stormy const and steep mountains: as proper a spot it is as any in Ireland to get yourself drowned, or your neck broken on the land, should you prefer that. But, notwithstanding, in Ballinskellig bay there is a neat bit of ground, well fitted for diversion, and down from it, towards the water, is a clean smooth piece of strand—the dead image of a calm summer's sea on a moonlight night, with just the curl of the small waves upon it.

Here it was that Maurice's music had brought from all parts a great gathering of the young men and the young women—O the darlints!—for twas not every day the strand of Trafraska was stirred up by the voice of a bagpape. The dance began; and as pretty a rinkafadda it was as ever was danced. "Brave music," said every body, "and well done," when Maurice stopped.

" More power to your elbow, Maurice, and a fair wind in the bellows," cried Paddy Dorman,

a hump-backed dancing-master, who was there to keep order. "'The a pity," said he, "if we 'd let the paper run dry after such music; 't would be a diagrace to Iveragh, that didn't come on it since the week of the three Sundays." So, as well became him, for he was always a decent man, says he 'Did you drink, piper?"

"I will, ser," says Maurice, answering the quescam on the safe side, for you never yet knew piper or achoolmaster who refused his drink.

"W hat will you drink, Maurice?" says Paddy.

"I'm no ways particular," mys Maurice; "I drink any thing, and give God thanks, barring was water; but if 'tis all the same to you, mister Dorman, may be you wouldn't lend me the loan of a gian of whiskey."

"I've no glass, Maurice," said Paddy; "I've

"Let that be no hindrance," answered Maurice;
"my mouth just holds a glass to the drop; often
I've tried it, sure."

So Paddy Dorman trusted him with the bottle -more food was he, and, to his cost, he found that though Maurice's mouth might not hold more than the glass at one time, yet, owing to the hole in his throat, it took many a filling.

"That was no bad wheskey neither," says Mauarce, handing back the empty bottle. "By the holy frost, then!" says Paddy, "tis but could comfort there's in that bottle now; and 'tis your word we must take for the strength of the whiskey, for you've left us no sample to judge by:" and to be sure Maurice had not.

Now I need not tell any gentleman or lady with common understanding, that if he or she was to drink an honest bottle of whiskey at one pull, it is not at all the same thing as drinking a bottle of water; and in the whole course of my life, I never knew more than five men who could do so without being overtaken by the liquor. Of these Maurice Connor was not one, though he had a stiff head enough of his own—he was fairly tipsy. Don't think I blame him for it; 'tis often a good man's case; but true is the word that says, "when liquor's in sense is out;" and puff, at a breath, before you could say "Lord, save us!" out he blasted his wonderful tune.

Twas really then beyond all belief or telling the dancing. Maurice himself could not keep quiet; staggering now on one leg, now on the other, and rolling about like a ship in a cross sea, trying to humour the tune. There was his mother too, moving her old bones as light as the youngest girl of them all; but her dancing, no, nor the dancing of all the rest, is not worthy the speaking about to the work that was going on down upon

the strand. Every inch of it covered with all manner of fish jumping and plunging about to the aruse, and every moment more and more would cumble in out of the water, charmed by the wonderful tune. Crabs of monstrous size spun round and mound on one claw with the numbleness of a dancing-master, and twirled and tossed their other Jawa about like limbs that did not belong to them It was a right surprising to behold. But perhaps you may have heard of father Florence Conry, a Franciscan friar, and a great Irish poet, bolg an dana, as they used to call him -a wallet of poems If you have not, he was as plousant a man as one would wish to drink with of a hot summer's day; and he has rhymed out all about the dancing fishes concertiv, that it would be a thousand pities not to give you his verses; so here's my hand at an upuet of them into English :

The big scale in motion,
Like waves of the ocean,
Or goody feet prancing,
Came heading the gay fish,
Crabs, lobsters, and cray fish,
Determined on dancing.

The sweet sounds they follow'd, The garping cod swallow'd; Twas wooderful, really! And turbot and flounder,
'Mid fish that were rounder,
Just caper'd as guily.

John-dories came tripping;
Dull hake by their skipping
To frisk it seem'd given;
Bright mackrel went springing,
Like small rainbows winging
Their flight up to heaven.

The whiting and haddock

Left salt water paddock

This dance to be put in:

Where skate with flat faces

Edged out some odd plaices;

But soles kept their footing.

Sprats and herrings in powers
Of silvery showers
All number out-number'd.
And great ling so lengthy
Were there in such plenty
The shore was encumber'd.

The scollop and oyster
Their two shells did roister,
Like castanets fitting;

While limpeds moved clearly, And rocks very nearly With laughter were splitting.

Never was such an uliabulloo in this world, byfore or since, 'twas as if heaven and earth were coming together, and all out of Maurice Connor a wonderful tune!

In the height of all these doings, what should there be dancing among the outlandish set of fishes but a beautiful young woman—as beautiful as the daws of day! She had a cocked hat upon her head, from under it her long green hair—just the colour of the sea—fell down behind, without hinderance to her dancing. Her toeth were like rows of pearl; her lips for all the world looked like red cural; and she had an elegant gown, as waite as the foam of the wave, with little rows of purple and rest sea weeds actiled out upon it; for you never yet saw a lady, under the water or over the water, who had not a good notion of dressing herself out

Up she denced at last to Maurice, who was funging his feet from under him as fast as hops—for nothing in this world could keep still while that tune of his was going on—and says she to him, chaunting it out with a voice as sweet as honey—

"I'm a lady of honour
Who live in the sea;
Come down, Maurice Connor,
And be married to me.
Silver plates and gold dishes
You shall have, and shall be
The king of the fishes,
When you're married to me."

Drink was strong in Maurice's head, and out he chaunted in return for her great civility. It is not every lady, may be, that would be after making such an offer to a blind piper; therefore 'twas only right in him to give her as good as she gave herself—so says Maurice,

"I'm obliged to you, madam:
Off a gold dish or plate,
If a king, and I had 'em,
I could dine in great state.
With your own father's daughter
I'd be sure to agree;
But to drink the salt water
Wouldn't do so with me!

The ludy looked at him quite amazed, and swinging her head from side to side like a great scholar, Well," mys she, " Maurice, if you're not a poet, where is poetry to be found?"

In this way they kept on at it, framing high compliments; one answering the other, and their feet going with the music as fast as their tongues. All the fish kept dancing too: Maurice heard the elatter and was afraid to stop playing lest it might be displeasing to the fish, and not knowing what many of them may take it into their heads to do to him if they got vessed

Well, the lady with the green hair kept on coasing of Maurice with soft speeches, till at last the overpermiaded him to promise to marry her, and he king over the fishes, great and small. Maurice was well fitted to be their king, if they wanted one that could make them dance; and he carely would drink, barring the salt water, with any fish of them all.

When Maurice's mother saw him, with that uncertaral thing in the form of a green-haired lady as his guide, and he and she dancing down trajether so losingly to the water's edge, through the thick of the fishes, she called out after him to sop and come back. "Oh then," says she, " as if I was not widow enough before, there he is pang away from me to be married to that scaly woman. And who knows but 'tis grandmother I

may be to a hake or a cod—Lord help and pity me, but 'tis a mighty unnatural thing!—and may be 'tis boiling and eating my own grandchild I'll be, with a bit of salt butter, and I not knowing it!—Oh Maurice, Maurice, if there's any love or nature left in you, come back to your own ould mother, who reared you like a decent christian!"

Then the poor woman began to cry and ullagoane so finely that it would do any one good to hear her.

Maurice was not long getting to the run of the water; there he kept playing and dancing on as if nothing was the matter, and a great thundering wave coming in towards him ready to swallow him up alive; but as he could not see it, he did not fear it. His mother it was who saw it plainly through the big tears that were rolling down her cheeks; and though she saw it, and her heart was aching as much as ever mother's heart ached for a son, she kept dancing, dancing, all the time for the bare life of her. Certain it was she could not help it, for Maurice never stopped playing that wonderful tune of his.

He only turned the bothered car to the sound of his mother's voice, fearing it might put him out in his steps, and all the unswer he made back was—

[&]quot; Whisht with you, mother-sure I'm going

to be king over the fabes down in the sea, and for a token of luck, and a right that I'm alive and well. I'll send you in, every twelvementh on this day, a piece of burned wend to Trafraska." Manner had not the power to say a word more, for the atrange lady with the green hair seeing the ware just upon them, covered him up with hereaft in a thing like a clock with a big hood to it, and the wave curling over twice as high as their heads burnt upon the straid, with a rish and a car that high he heard as far as Cape Clear.

That day welvementh the piece of hurned wood ame whose in Trafraska. It was a queer taing for Maurice to think of sending all the way from the bottom of the sen. A gown or a pair of knes would have been something like a present for his paint totalist, but he had said it, and he tent I word. The bit of burned wood regularly use . here on the appeared day for as good, av, and better than a hundred years. The day is the forgotten and may be that is the reason why perque say how Maurice Connor has stopped sating the luck-token to his nother. Pour wowan, the did not live to get as much as one of then for what through the loss of Maurice, and the fear of eating her own grandchildren, she died on three weeks after the dance-some say it was the futigue that killed ber, but whichever it was, Mrs. Connor was decently buried with her own people.

Seafaring people have often heard, off the coast of Kerry, on a still night, the sound of music coming up from the water; and some, who have had good ears, could plainly distinguish Maurice Connor's voice singing these words to his pipes:—

Beautiful shore, with thy spreading strand, Thy crystal water, and diamond sand; Never would I have parted from thee But for the sake of my fair ladie.

The wonderful effects of music on brutes, and even inanimate matter, have been the theme of traditions in all ages. Trees and rocks gave ear to the tones of the Orphean lyre; the stones of Thebes ranged themselves in harmony to the strains of Amphion; the dolphin, delighted by the music of Arion, hore him in safety through the seas; even

"Rude Heiskar's seal through surges dark,
Will long pursue the nunstrel's bark."

Lord of the Isles, c. i. st. 2.

The tales of Germany, and other countries, contain instances of magically endowed tunes. The effect of Oberon's horn is now well known in this country

through Wicher's opera, and Mr. Sotheby's elegant

in Hogg's balled of the Witch of Fife, the pipe of

" —the trouts laup out of the Leven Loch Charmit with the melodye."

And as to fish out of water" feeling uncomfortable, trust tesh are east occasionally to prefer dry land. For the if the language of nature be that of truth, we have no less an authority than Mr. Joseph Cooper Walker, the historian of the Irish bards, and a distinguabed writer on matters of taste.

Mr O'Halloran informs me," says Mr. Walker, that there is preserved in the Leabher Lecan, or hash of Sign, a beautiful peem on the storm that was on the second landing of the Milenans, which a attributed to Amergin. In this poem there appears a halform of metaphor which a cold critic would despite, because it offends against the rules of Aristotle, beautiful the hagyrite was not then born. Asserve, if the language it Nature! The author, in order to be spiten the horrors of the storm, represents the fish a bring so much terrified, that they quit their element for dry land.—

Inreac Tujn, mollac Lip;
Lonnamein eirc lage bo tujnb,
Re cail na Faince puab;
Lag ain Fino," &c.

The odd tunes mentioned as being known to Manerice Connor are great favourites in Iteland. "The Eagle's Whistle" is a singularly wild strain, which was a march or war-tune of the O'Donoghues, and is not to be met with in print. "The Hens' Concert has been published in O'Farrell's Companion for the Papes, and is a inclodious imitation of the tue-tue-tue-tue-too of the barn-door gentry. "Ollistrum a March may be found in Researches in the South of Ireland, p. 116.

The Rinka fada is a national dance mentioned in a note in the tale of " Master and Man," in the preceding volume. It is said to mean " the long dance," from the Irish words Rince ath, a dance, and fade, long. In Ben Jonson's Irish Masque, the words fuding and fuders occur; on the former Mr Gifford observes: "This word, which was the burthen of ... popular Irish song, gave name to a dance frequently incutioned by our old dramatists. Both the song and the dance appear to have been of a licentious characters and merit no further elucidation " Notwithstanding the high critical reputation of the late editor of the Quarterly, the writer, in justice to his country, much state his ignorance of any such Irish song as that mentioned by Mr. Gifford; although, from the attention which he has paid to the subject, and his personal intercourse with the peasantry, it could hardly have escaped his acquaintance. He has frequently with nessed the Rinks fada performed, but has never observed the really graceful movements of that dance to: partake of licentiousness. The mere explanation, that

Formire to the Iruh for a pape or reed, and Fendánach, a paper, appears to be all the comment which the pamers in "rare Hen" requires. But Mr. Gifford was fined of volunteering incorrect information respecting trained witness his note on "Harper," which occurs in the Manque of the Metamorphosed Gipsies, and where a reference to Simon a work on Coins would have prevented a series of inaccuracies uncalled for by the text.

"When liquor's in, the wit is out,"—a common trish saying, resembles the old legend still to be seen over the cellar-door of Doddershall Park, Bucks, the reacrable seat of colonel Pigoti, where it was put up about the time of Elizabeth:

Put wet, before you drinke too much, deputes.

For though goes brinks trill make a coward stout,

Let when two much is in the tout is out."

Father Coury's poem respecting the dancing fish to trively translated from the Irish. The concluding verse of the tale, which, it is said, Maurice Coupor has been heard singing under the water, is almost a literal translation of the following rann from the song of Dranks

Jonmun thaisin, it thean thais, Johnson upse an Jainim Slain; Moca heloctung altte on oit, Tuna befortung he miongun.

Specimens of this beautiful poem have been given by Dr. Neilson in his Irish grammar (Dublin, 1808, to which the reader is referred.

Maurice is said to have turned "the bothered ear" to his mother. This Hiberno Anglieism is exactly the same as the English phrase "turning the deaf ear;" deaf being, in the Iberno Celtic, Bodhar. The word bother, indeed, appears to have in some degree become naturalized in England:

"O Kitty Clover, she bothers me so, &c."

Smith, in his History of Kerry (p. 102), thus describes the scene of the dance at Trafraska:—" Near the mouth of the river Inny there is a fine extensive strand, which I mention because it is almost the only amouth place that a person might venture to put an horse to gallop for many miles round it. It is extermed also a rarity, all the cliffs of the coast being exceeding high, and washed by the ocean at low water."



FAIRY LEGENDS. THE DULLAHAN.



Do grew tomeath their shoulders."

SHASPPARK.

esys the frac, 'us strange headless horses should tree "
Our Sons.



THE DULLAHAN.

THE GOOD WOMAN.

Is a pleasant and not unpicturesque valley of the White Knight's Country, at the foot of the Galtee mountains, lived Larry Dodd and his wife Nancy. They resited a cabin and a few scree of land, which they cultivated with great care, and as crops rewarded their industry. They were independent and respected by their neighbours; they loved each other in a marriageable sort of way, and few couples had altogether more the appearance of comfort about them.

Larry was a hard working, and, occasionally, a hard drinking, Dutch-built, little man, with a fiddle head and a round stern; a steady-going arraight-forward fellow, barring when he carried too much whiskey, which, it must be confessed, might occasionally prevent his walking the chalked line with perfect philomathical accuracy. He had a moist ruddy countenance, rather inclined to an expression of gravity, and particularly so in the morning; but, taken all together, he was generally looked upon as a marvellously proper person, notwithstanding he had, every day in the year, a sort of unboly dew upon his face, even in the coldest weather, which gave rise to a supposition. (amongst censorious persons, of course), that Larry was apt to indulge in strong and frequent pota-However, all men of talents have their tions. faults - indeed, who is without them - and as Larry, setting aside his domestic virtues and skill in farming, was decidedly the most distinguished breaker of horses for forty miles round, he must be in some degree excused, considering the inducements of " the stirrup cup," and the fox-hunting society in which he mixed, if he had also been the greatest drunkard in the county-but in truth this was not the case.

Larry was a man of mixed habits, as well in his mode of life and his drink, as in his costume. His dress accorded well with his character—a sort of half-and-half between farmer and horse-jockey. He were a blue coat of coarse cloth, with short skirts, and a stand-up collar; his waistcoat was red, and his lower habiliments were made of leather, which in course of time had shrunk so much

that they fitted like a second skin, and long use had absorbed their monsture to such a degree that they made a strange sort of crackling none as he walked along. A hat covered with oil skin; a catting-whip, all worn and jagged at the end; a pair of second-hand, or, to speak more correctly, around-footed, greasy top-boots, that seemed never to have imbilial a refreshing draught of Warren's backing of matchless lastre!—and one spur without a rowel, completed the every-day dress of Larry Dodd

Thus equipped was Larry returning from Cashel, amounted on a rough-coated and wall-eyed mag. though, notwithstanding these and a few other terfling blemishes, a well-built animal; having just purchased the said mag, with a funcy that he could make his own money again of his burgain, and, maybe, turn an old penny more by it at the raining Kildottery fair Well pleased with himwif, he trotted fair and easy along the road in the delamas and lingering twilight of a levely June evening, thinking of nothing at all, only whistling, and wondering would horses always he so low, " If they go at this rate, ' said be to himself, " for half nothing, and that mid in butter buyer's notes, who would be the fool to walk? ' This very thought indeed, was possing in his mind, when his attention was roused by a woman pacing quickly

by the side of his burse, and hurrying on, as if endeavouring to reach her destination before the night closed in. Her figure, considering the long strides she took, appeared to be under the common size—rather of the dumpy order; but further, as to whether the damsel was young or old, fair or brown, pretty or ugly, Larry could form no precise notion, from her wearing a large closk (the usual garb of the female Irish peasant), the hood of which was turned up, and completely concealed every feature.

Enveloped in this mass of dark and concealing drapery, the strange woman, without much exertion, contrived to keep up with Larry Dodd's steed for some time, when his master very civilly offered her a lift behind him, as far as he was going her way. "Civility begets civility," they say; however, he received no answer; and thinking that the lady's silence proceeded only from bashfulness, like a man of true gallantry, not a word more and Larry, until he pulled up by the side of a gap, and then says he, "Ma colleen beg*, just jump up behind me, without a word more, though never a one have you spoke, and I'll take you safe and sound through the lonescene bit of road that is before us."

She jumped at the offer, sure enough, and up

^{*} My little girl.

with her on the back of the horse as light as a feather. In an instant there she was scated up bekind Larry, with her hand and arm buckled round his waist holding on.

" I hope you're comfortable there, my dear," and Larry, in his own good-humoured way; but there was no enswer; and on they went-trot, trot, trot-along the road; and all was so still and so quiet that you might have heard the sound of the hoofs on the limestone a mile off: for that matter there was nothing else to hear except the meaning of a distant stream, that kept up a continued crimone", like a nume hushoing. Larry, who had a keen car, did not however require so profound a ulence to detect the cisck of one of the chors. "Tis only loose the shoe is," said he to has companion, as they were just entering on the ionesome but of road of which he had before spoken. Some old trees, with huge trunks, all covered, and tryegular branches (estooged with try, grew over a dark prod of water, which had been formed as a drinking-place for cattle; and in the distance som the majestic head of Gultee-more. Here the horse, as if in grateful recognition, made a dead halt, and Larry, not knowing what vicious tracks his new purchase might have, and unwilling

^{*} A monatoring a way ; a drawny bumming noise.

that through any odd chance the young woman should get spill in the water, dismounted, thinking to lead the horse quietly by the pool.

"By the piper's luck, that always found what he wanted," said Larry, recollecting himself, "I've a nail in my pocket: 'tis not the first time I've put on a shoe, and may be it wo'n't be the last; for here is no want of paving-stones to make hammers in plenty."

No sooner was Larry off than off with a spring came the young woman just at his side. Her feet touched the ground without making the least noise in life, and away she bounded like an ill-mannered wench, as she was, without saying "by your leave," or no matter what else. She seemed to glide rather than run, not along the road, but across a field, up towards the old ivy-covered walls of Kilnsslattery church—and a pretty church it

"Not so fast, if you please, young woman—not so fast," cried Larry, calling after her; but away she ran, and Larry followed, his leathern garment, already described, crack, crick, crackling at every step he took. "Where's my wages?" said Larry: "Thorum pog, ma collect oge",—sure I've carned a kiss from your pair of pretty.

[·] Give me a kim, my young girl.

and I'll have it too!" But she went on and faster, regardless of these and other ag speeches from her pursuer; at last she the churchyard wall, and then over with an instant.

Well, she's a mighty smart creature anyhow. June, how nest she steps upon her pasterns! one ever see the like of that before ;-Ill not be laulked by any woman that ever head, or any ditch either," exclaimed Larry, a desperate bound he vaulted, scrambled, mbled over the wall into the churchyard. gos from the clastic sod of a newly made in which Tade Leary that morning was - rest his woul !- and on went Larry, stumwer head-stones and foot-stones, over old and new graves, pieces of cothus, and the and lones of dead men-the Lord save us! were entired about there as plenty as stones, floundering amidst great overdock-leaves and brambles that, with their wickly arms, tangled round his limbs, and im back with a fearful grasp. Mean time ery wench in the cloak moved through all betrue tions as evenly and as guily as if the yard, crowded up as it was with graves investones (for people came to be buried from far and near), had been the floor of a dancing-room. Round and round the walls of the old church she went. "I'll just wait," said Larry, seeing this, and thinking it all nothing but a trick to frighten him; "when she comes round again, if I don't take the kiss, I won't, that 's all,—and here she is!" Larry Dodd sprung forward with open arms, and clasped in them—a woman, it is true—but a woman without any lips to kiss, by reason of her having no head!

"Murder!" cried he. "Well, that accounts for her not speaking." Having uttered these words, Larry himself became dumb with fear and astonishment; his blood seemed turned to ice, and a dizziness came over him; and, staggering like a drunken man, he rolled against the broken window of the ruin, horrified at the conviction that he had actually held a Dullahan in his embrace!

When he recovered to something like a feeling of consciousness, he slowly opened his eyes, and then, indeed, a scene of wonder burst upon him. In the midst of the ruin stood an old wheel of torture, ornamented with heads, like Cork guol, when the heads of Murty Sullivan and other gentlemen were stuck upon it. This was plainly visible in the strange light which spread itself around. It was fearful to behold, but Larry could not choose but look, for his limbs were powerless through the wonder and the fear. Useless as it was, he would

Med for help, but his tongue closved to the his mouth, and not one word could be say. et, there was Larry gazing through a shatrindow of the old church, with eyes bleared post starting from their sockets; his breast the thickness of the wall, over which, ade, his head and outstretched neck proand on the other, although one toe touched and, it derived no support from thence: wit were, kept him balanced. Strange mailed his care, until at last they tingled to the sharp clatter of little bells which a continued ding-ding-ding-ding: them bones rattled and clanked, and the d selemn sound of a great bell came boomthe night wind.

Twas a spectre rung
That bell when it swung—
Swing-swang!
And the chain it equeaked,
And the pulley creaked,
Swing-swang!

And with every roll
Of the deep death toll
Ding-dong!

The hollow vault rang
As the clapper went bang,
Ding-dong!

It was strange music to dance by; nevertheless, moving to it, round and round the wheel set with skulls, were well dressed ladies and gentlemen, and soldiers and sailors, and priests and publicans, and jockeys and jennys, but all without their heads. Some poor skeletons, whose bleached bones were ill covered by moth-caten palls, and who were not admitted into the ring, amused themselves by bowling their brainless noddles at one another, which seemed to enjoy the sport beyond measure.

Larry did not know what to think; his brains were all in a mist, and losing the balance which he had so long maintained, he fell headforemest into the midst of the company of Dullahans.

" I'm done for and lost for ever," roared Larry, with his heels turned towards the stars, and source down he came.

"Welcome, Larry Dodd, welcome," cried every head, bobbing up and down in the air. "A drank for Larry Dodd," shouted they, as with one voice, that quavered like a shake on the bagpipes. No sooner said than done, for a player at heads,

catching his own as it was bowled at him, for fear of its going astray, jumped up, put the head, without a word, under his left arm, and, with the right stretched out, presented a brimming cup to Larry, who, to show his manners, drank it off like a man.

Tis capital stuff," he would have said, which mirely it was, but he got no further than cap, when decapitated was he, and his head begun dancing over his shoulders like those of the rest of the party. Larry, however, was not the first and who lost his head through the temptation of tooling at the bottom of a brimming cup. Nothing more did he remember clearly, for it seems trait and head being parted is not very favourable as thought, but a great hurry scurry with the noise of carriages and the cracking of whips.

When his senses returned, his first act was to put up his hand to where his head formerly grew, and to his great joy there he found it still. He then shook it gently, but his head remained firm enough, and somewhat assured at this, he proceeded to open his eyes and look around him. It was broad davlight, and in the old church of Kilmalattery he found himself lying, with that head, the list of which he had anticipated, quietly resting, poor youth, "upon the lap of earth," Could it have been an ugly dream? "Oh no," and Larry.

" a dream could never have brought me here, stretched on the flat of my back, with that death's head and cross marrow bones foreneuting me on the fine old tombstone there that was faced by Pat Kearney of Kilcrea-but where is the horse? He got up slowly, every joint aching with pain from the bruises he had received, and went to the pool of water, but no horse was there. " 'Tis home I must go," said Larry, with a rueful countenance; " but how will I face Nancy?-what will I tell her about the horse, and the seven I. O. U.'s that he cost me?-'Tis them Dullahans that have made their own of him from me-the horsestealing robbers of the world, that have no fear of the gallows!-but what's gone is gone, that's a clear case!"-so saying, he turned his steps homewards, and arrived at his cabin about noon without encountering any further adventures. There he found Nancy, who, as he expected, looked as black as a thundercloud at him for being out all night. She listened to the marvellous relation which be gave with exclamations of astonishment, and when he had concluded, of grief, at the loss of the horse that he had paid for like an honest man in I. O. U.'s, three of which she knew to be as good as gold.

^{*} Faced, so written by the Chantrey of Kilcrea for " frest."

"But what tenk you up to the old church at all, out of the road, and at that time of the night, Larry " inquired his wife.

Larry looked like a criminal for whom there was no reprieve, he scratched his head for an excuse, but not one could be muster up, so he knew not what to my

"Oh ' Larry, Larry," muttered Nancy, after sarring tome time for his answer, her jealous fears during the pause rising like barm; "'tia the very same way with you as with any other man - you are all alike for that matter - I 've no just for you - but, confess the truth!"

Larry shuddered at the tempest which he perexisted was about to break upon his devoted head "Nancy, said he," I do confess - it was a young weman without any head that ——"

His wife heard no more. "A woman I knew is was "cried she, "but a woman without a head, Larry "—well it is long before Nancy Gollagher ever thought it would come to that with her!—that she would be left desolute and alone here by her baste of a husband, for a woman without a head "—O father, father" and O mother, mather! It is well too are low to-day "— that you don't see this affintion and disgrace to tour daughter that was rested decent and tender. O harry, you vil-

lian, you 'll be the death of your lawful wife going after such O-O-O - "

"Well," says Larry, putting his hands in his coat-pockets, "least said is soonest mended. Of the young woman I know no more than I do of Moll Flanders; but this I know, that a woman without a head may well be called a Good Woman, because she has no tongue!"

How this remark operated on the matrimonial dispute history does not inform us. It is, however, reported that the lady had the last word.

Mr. O'Reilly, author of the best Irish Dictionary extant, respecting the name Dulishan thus expresses himself in a communication to the writer.

"Dulachan (in Irish Dubhlachan) signifies a dark, sullen person. The word Durrachan, or Dullahan, by which in some places the goblin is known, has the same signification. It comes from Dorr, or Durrachanger, or Durrach, malicious, fierce, &c." The correctness of this last etymology may be questioned, as Dubh, black, is evidently a component part of the word.

licadless people are not peculiar to Ireland, although there alone they seem to have a peculiar name. Legenda respecting them are to be found in most countrans. It cannot be americal that the ancients had any nice of people appearing after death without bends, but they firmly believed that whole nations contrived to live without them. St. Augustine, whose presently it is to be supposed no one will question, not movely beard of them, but actually preached the gospel to such beings. In his 37th sermon, Ad Fratres in Eremo, he thus expresses hunself. "Ego jam Episcopas Hipponensis cram et cum quibusdam servis Christi Evange irum presincarem et volumus ibi multos homes ac multeres espeta non habentes." Kornmann in his "de Miraculis Vivorum" (Frankf. 1694, p. 58) endeavours to account, philosophically, for the production of headless people.

benter," the history of other aunts will prove that the head is not so emential a part of man as is generally behaved. The Legend of St. Denia, who, sans the, walked from Paris to the place which now bears his maine, as too well known to require rejetition. At Zaragota, in Spain, there is a church called Engravia, the potren sunt of which is said to have marched a league, carrying his head in his hands, talking all the way, and in this manner he presented himself at the Prints of Bajardo and Ariesto at sticking on his head and lumbs, when they chanced to be struck off by the adverse knight, must be familiar to the Italian render. His chase of Astolpho, who gallops off with

the head, far exceeds the sober walk of the aforesaid patron saints. See Orlando Furioso, c. 15.

Blind Harry records the adventure of an Irish chieftain who pitched his head at the renowned Sir William Wallace, which Sir William, dexterously catching by the hair, flung back at his adversary.

The idea of decollated persons walking probably began thus .- " The old painters represented the martyrs by characteristic badges, alloave of the mode of their execution; some with a knife in the bosom; others, who were decapitated, with their heads upon a table hard by, or in their hands. Hence, perhaps, arose the singular sign, still so great a favourite with our oil-men, 'The good woman,' originally expressive of a female saint; a holy or good woman, who had met her death by the privation of her head." There is no authority to prove that headless people were unable to speak; on the contrary, a variation of the story of the Golden Mountain given in a note in the Kindermürchen, relates, that a servant without a head informed the fisherman (who was to achieve the adventure), of the enchantment of the king's daughter. and of the mode of liberating her. How by the waggery of after ages the good woman came to be converted down into the silent woman, as if it were a matter of necessity, is thus explained by the poet:

"A silent woman, sir! you said— Pray, was she painted without head? Yes, sir, she was!— you never read on A alent woman with her head on: Beaules, you know, there's nought but speaking Can keep a woman's heart from breaking!"

Mr M W. Pracel, in his pretty tale of Lillian, by an ingritious metaphor of a beautiful idiot, would explain a beautiful would explain

And hence the story had ever run,
That the fairest of dames was a headless one."

Dullshan," said a high authority on such matters, purs me in mind of a spectre at Drumlannick castle of the less a person than the duchem of Queensberry—Fair betty, bissuning, young, and gay,"—who, instead of acting fire to the world in mainma's chariot, amuses hereelf with wheeling her own head in a wheel-burnow through the great gallery."

At Odense, in the Island of Funen, the people relaw that a priest, who seduced a girl and murdered her babe, was buried alive for his crimes. His Ghost is now condemned to walk, and Sunday children (those born on Sunday, who are gifted with the power of seeing what is invisible to other eyes) have beheld bein going about with his head under his arm — Thiele's Heade Follings, vol. in p. 85.

to notes on the subsequent stories of this section, bendless apparatues, connected with horses and carriages, will be noticed. Such apparations are sometimes looked on as the furrenment of death. Carocrarius, in his Opere Subsection, c. i. p. 336., says, It not unfrequently happens in monasterics that the

spectres (wraiths) of monks and nuns, whose death is at hand, are seen in the chapel, occupying their usual seats, but without heads. Dr. Ferrier, in his Theory of Apparitions, speaking of second sight in Scotland, (p. 65 mentions an old northern chieftain, who owned to a relative of his Dr. F's) "that the door" (of the room in which they and some ladies were sitting) "had appeared to open, and that a little woman without a head had entered the room;—that the apparition indicated the sudden death of some person of his acquaintance," &c.

This last circumstance of death being presaged by apparitions without heads seems to have something symbolical in it, as it was very natural to denote the cessation of life by a figure devoid of the sent of scusation and thought.

HANLON'S MILL,

One fine summer's evening Michael Noonan went over to Jack Brien's, the shoemaker, at find vidual, for the pair of brogues which Jack was mending for him. It was a pretty walk the way he trock, but very lonesome; all along by the caverade, down under the oak-wood, till he came to Hanlon's mill, that used to be, but that had gone to rum many a long year ago.

Melancholy enough the walls of that same millimated, the great old wheel, black with age, all covered over with moss and ferns, and the bushes all hanging down about it. There it stood, alent and motionless, and a sad contrast it was to its former busy clack, with the stream which once gave it use rippling idly along.

Old Hanlon was a man that had great knowledge of all arris; there was not an herb that grew
in the field but he could tell the name of it and
its use, out of a big book he had written, every
word of it in the real Irish knracter. He kept a
achord once, and could teach the Latin; that surely
is a blessed tongue all over the wide world; and

I hear tell as how "the great Burke" went to school to him. Master Edmund lived up at the old house, there, which was then in the family, and it was the Nagles that got it afterwards, but they sold it.

But it was Michael Noonan's walk I was about speaking of. It was fairly between lights, the day was clean gone, and the moon was not yet up, when Mick was walking smartly across the Inch. Well, he heard, coming down out of the wood, such blowing of horns and hallooing, and the cry of all the hounds in the world, and he thought they were coming after him; and the galloping of the horses, and the voice of the whipper-in, and he shouting out, just like the fine old song,

" Hallo Piper, Lily, agus Finder;"

and the echo over from the gray rock across the river giving back every word as plainly as it was spoken. But nothing could Mick see, and the shouting and hallooing following him every step of the way till he got up to Jack Brien's door; and he was certain, too, he heard the clack of old Hanlon's mill going, through all the clatter. To be sure, he ran as fast as fear and his legs could carry him, and never once looked behind him, well knowing that the Duhallow hounds were out in

quite another quarter that day, and that nothing

Well, Michael Noonan got his brogues, and well heeled they were, and well pleased was he with them, when who should be scated at Jack Benen's before him, but a gosop of his, one Darby Haynen, a mighty decent man, that had a horse and car of his own, and that used to be travelling with it, taking loads like the royal mail coach botween Cork and Limerick; and when he was at home. Darby was a near neighbour of Michael Noonan's.

" Is it home you're going with the brogues

"Where che would it be?" replied Mick; but, by my word, 'tis not across the Inch back spain I in going, after all I heard coming here; tas to no good that old Hanlon's mill is busy again."

"True, for you," and Darby; "and may be you'd take the horse and car home for me, Mick, by war of company, as 'the along the read you go. I m waiting here to see a sister's son of mine that I expect from Kilimbeman." "That same I il do, answered Mick, "with a thousand welcomes." So Mick drove the car fair and casy, knowing that the poor beast had come off a long journey; and Mick—God reward him for it—

was always tender-hearted and good to the dumb

The night was a beautiful one; the moon was better than a quarter old; and Mick, looking up at her, could not help bestowing a blessing on her beautiful face, shining down so sweetly upon the gentle Awbeg. He had now got out of the open road and had come to where the trees grew on each side of it: he proceeded for some space in the half-and-half light which the moon gave through them. At one time when a big old tree got between him and the moon, it was so dark that he could hardly see the horse's head; then, as he passed on, the moonbeams would stream through the open boughs and variegate the road with lights and shades. Mick was lying down in the car at his case, having got clear of the plantation, and was watching the bright piece of a moon in a little pool at the road side, when he saw it disappear all of a sudden as if a great cloud came over the sky. He turned round on his elhow to see if it was so, but how was Mick astonished at finding, close along-side of the car, a great high black conch drawn by six black horses, with long black tails reaching almost down to the ground, and a coachman dressed all in black sitting up on the box. But what surprised Mick the most was, that he could see no sign of a head either upon

be could perceive the horses raising their feet as a they were in a fine slinging trot, the conchinant maching them up with his long whip, and the wheels spinning round like hoddy-doddies; still be could hear no noise, only the regular step of his group Darby's borne, and the squeaking of the railgroup of the cur, that were as good as lost entirely for want of a little grease.

Poor Mick's heart almost died within him, but he end nothing, only looked on; and the black much swept away, and was soon lost among some distant trees. Mick mw nothing more of it, or indeed of any thing else. He got home just as the more was going down behind Mount Hillery—took the tackling off the horse, turned the beast not in the field for the night, and got to his bed.

Next morning, early, he was standing at the read-aide thinking of all that had happened the aight before, when he saw Dan Mudden, that was Mr. Wrison's huntsman, coming on the master's best horse down the hill, as hard as ever he went at the tail of the bounds. Mick's mind instantly magave him that all was not right, so he cood out in the very middle of the road, and caught hold of Dan's bridle when he came up.

" Mich, dear-for the love of Gad! don't stop

" Why, what's the hurry?" said Mick.

"Oh, the master!—he's off—he's off—he'll never cross a horse again till the day of judgment!"

"Why, what would ail his honour?" said Mick; "sure it is no later than yesterday morning that I was talking to him, and he stout and hearty; and says he to me. Mick, says he"—

"Stout and hearty was he?" answered Madden; "and was he not out with me in the kennel last night, when I was feeding the dogs; and didn's he come out to the stable, and give a ball to Peg Pullaway with his own hand, and tell me he'd ride the old General to-day; and sure," said Dan, wiping his eyes with the sleeve of his coat, "who'd have thought that the first thing I'd see this morning was the mistress standing at my bed-side, and bidding me get up and ride off like fire for Doctor Johnson; for the master had got a fit, and"-pour Dan's grief choked his voice—"oh, Mick! if you have a heart in you, run over yourself, or send the gossoon for Kate Finnigan, the midwife; she's a cruel skilful woman, and maybe she might save the master, till I get the doctor."

Dan struck his spurs into the hunter, and Michael Noonan flung off his newly-mended brogues, and cut across the fields to Kate Finnigan's, but neither the doctor nor Kutty was of any avail,

and the next night's moon saw Ballygibblin—and

To an anonymous correspondent (A H. B. Clonmet the compiler is chiefly indebted for the foregoing legend. Burke's nucleuse in the neighbourhood of, and early education at (authority roche, are noticed by Mr. Prior in his excellent life of that illustrious

thother legend of the same district relates, that a black coach, drawn by headless horses goes every taght from Castle Hyde till it comes to Glana Fauna, a little beyond Ballyhooly, when it proceeds up the salley, and then returns back again. The same coach is also reported to drive every Saturday night through the town of Dimeraile, and to stop at the doors of different houses, but should any one be so fool-hardy as to open the door, a basin of blood is firstantly flung in their face.

The appearance of "the Headless Coach," as it is called, is a very general superstition, and is generally evaluated as a sign of death, or an omen of some misfortune.

"The people of Bane Bretagne believe, that when the death of any person is at band, a heave drawn by skeletons which they call energyet us naukiw), and covered with a white abect, passes by the house where the sick person lies, and the creaking of the wheels may be plainly heard."—Journal des Sciences, 1826, communicated by Dr. Grimm.

The Glasgow Chronicle (January, 1896) records the following occurrence at Paisley, on the occasion of some sulkweavers being out of employment.

"Visions have been seen of carts, caravans, and conches going up Gleniffer brace without horses, or with horses without heads. Not many nights ago, mourning coaches, too, were seen going up the Cart above the town, with all the solemnity of a funeral. Some hoary-headed citizens relate, that about thirty years backward in their history, a familie was prognosticated in much the same way, by unusual appearances in the Causey-side. The most formulable witnesses in favour of the visions come from Neulaton, who declare that they have seen the coaches, &c. two by two, coming over the brace, and are quite willing to depose to said facts whenever taked, before the Paisley magistrates."

Places where any fatal accident has occurred, or any murder been committed, are acldon without a supernatural tale of terror, in which the headless coach and horses perform their part. One instance will probably suffice.

Many years ago, a clergyman belonging to St. Catharme's church in Dublin resided at the old castle of Donore, in the vicinity of that city. From melancholy, or some other cause, he put an end to his existence, by hanging himself out of a window near the top of the castle, so small that it was matter of surprise how he was able to force his body through it.

That be had supernatural aid in accomplishing the dord is the belief of the neighbourhood; for, heades the smallness of the window, there is the farther evidence that, to this very day, the mark of his figure is seen on the wall beneath it, and no whitewashing is the to effice it. After his death, a coach, sometimes driven by a coachman without a head, sometimes drawn by horses without heads, was frequently observed at night driving furnously by Roper's Rest, to the castle was called from him

Popular legends are full of accounts of wild huntamen, and such restless personages. King Arthur, we are told, used to hunt in the English woods no one wall as the monarch hunself, but the sounding of the borns and the cry of the bounds might be plainly bean', and when any one called out after him, an answer was returned. "We are king Arthur and his hadred." In France there was Le terand Veneur, who branted the woods round Fontanchicau, in Germany, Hackelberg who gave up his share of mayer for permission to bunt till documilay; in Rowark king Abel , in the Danish islands, Green Jetta who rules with his head under his arm; Palna Jager, and king Wolmar, or Wahlemar this last memarch also hunts in Jutland, where he may be heard continually crying out, Her! Hw! Lestig! Contact " which are the names of his four bounds. For hunting fairies, see Waldron, p. 132, also Cromek a Remains of Nithindale and Galloway Song. a 290, and note un subsequent story.

THE HARVEST DINNER.

It was Monday, and a fine October morning The sun had been some time above the mountains, and the hoar frost and the drops on the gossamers were glittering in the light, when Thady Hyrne, on coming in to get his breakfast, after having dug out a good piece of his potatoes, saw his neighbour, Paddy Cavenagh, who lived on the other side of the road, at his own door tying his brogues.

"A good morrow to you, Paddy, honey," said Thady Byrne.

" Good morrow, kindly, Thudy," said Paddy.

"Why then, Paddy avick, it is not your early rising, any how, that will do you any harm this morning."

"It's true enough for you, Thady," answered Paddy, easting a look up at the sky; "for I behave it's pretty late in the day. But I was up, you see, murdering late last night."

"To be sure, then, Paddy, it was up at the great dinner, yesterday, above at the big house you were."

"Ay was it; and a rattling fine dinner we had

Why, then, Paddy, agrah, what is to all you now, but you d just att yourself down here, on this prece of green sod, and tell us all about it, from beginning to end."

Never say the word twice, man, I'll give out the whole full and true account of it, and welcome."

They sat down on the road side, and Paddy

"Well, you see, Thady, we'd a powerful great barrest of it, you know, this year, and the men all worked like jewels as they are, and the master was to great spents, and he promued he'd give us all a grand dinner when the drawing-in was over, and the corn all safe in the haggard. hat week crowned the business, and on Saturday mehr the last sheaf was neatly tied and sent in to the motress, and every thing was finished, all to the that hing of the colks. Well you see, just as Larry Toole was come down from heading the last rick and we wire taking away the ladder, out mas the motress, herself - long life to her by the light of the moon, and Boxs, mys she, 'vez have brooked the harvest bravely, and I invite yez all to dinner here, to-morniw, and if yes come

early, yez shall have mass in the big hall, without the trouble of going up all the ways to the chapel for it."

- "Why, then, did she really say so, Paddy?"
- " That she did-the sorrow the lie in it."
- " Well, go on."
- "Well, if we did not set up a shout for her,
 - " Ay, and good right you had too, Paddy, aviek."
- Well, you see, yesterday morning—which, God be praised! was as fine a day as ever came out of the sky—when I had taken the beard off me, Tom Connor and I set out for the big house. And I don't know, Thady, whether it was the fineness of the day, or the thoughts of the good danner we were to have, or the kindness of the mistress, that made my heart so light, but I felt, myhow, as gay as any sky-lark.—Well, when we got up to the house, there was every one of the people that 's in the work, men, women, and childer, all come together in the yard; and a pretty sight it was to look upon, Thady—they were all so gay, and so clean, and so happy."

"True for you, Paddy, agrah; and a fine thing it is, too, to work with a real gentleman, like the master. But tell us, avick, how it was the mistress contrived to get the mass for yes oure father Clancey, himself, or the condjutor, didn't come over "

managed it better nor all that. You see, Thady, there is a priest, an old friend of the family's, one father Mullin, on a visit this fortnight pust, up at the ing bouse. He is as gay a little man as ever spake, only he is a little too fond of the drop—the more is the pity—and it is whispered about among the servants, that by means of it he has lost a parish he had down the country; and he was on his way up to Dublin, when he stopped to spend a law days with his old friends, the master and master.

"Well, you see, the mistress, on Saturday, without saving a single word of it to any living sail, writes a letter with her own hand, and sends Tom Freen off with it to father Clancey, to ax him for a loan of the vestments. Father Clancey, you know is a nighty gented man, and one that takes to oblige the quality in any thing that does not go against his duty, and glad he was to have at in his power to serve the mistress; and he sent off the vestments with all his heart and soul, and as civil a letter. Tummy Freen says—for he hoard the mistress reading it—as ever was penned.

"Well there was an altur, von see, got up in the log hall, just between the two doors-if ever you were in it—leading into the store-room and the room the childer sleep in; and when every thing was ready we all came in, and the priest gave us as good mass every bit as if we were up at the chapel for it. The mistress and all the family attended themselves, and they stood just within-side of the parlour-door; and it was really surprising. Thady, to see how decently they behaved themselves. If they'd been all their lives going to chapel they could not have behaved themselves better nor they did."

" Ay, Paddy, mayourneen, I'll be bail they didn't skit and laugh the way some people would be doing."

"Laugh!—not themselves, indeed! They'd more manners, if nothing else, nor to do that.—Well, to go on with my story: when the mass was over we went strolling about the lawn and place till three o'clock come, and then, you see, the big bell rung out for dinner, and maybe it was not we that were glad to hear it. So away with us to the long barn where the dinner was laid out, and upon my conscience, Thady Byrne, there's not one word of he in what I in going to tell you; but at the night of so much victuals every taste of appetite in the world left me, and I thought I'd have fainted down on the ground that was under me. There was, you see, two

rows of long tables laid the whole length of the barn and table-cloths spread upon every meh of them, and there was rounds of beef, and rumps of beef, and ribs of beef, both boiled and roast; and there was legs of mutton, and hands of pork, and pieces of fine bacon; and there was cabbage and potatoes to no end, and a knife and fork laid for every body; and barrels of beer and partie, with the cocks in every one of them, and many and portungers in heaps. In all my born tays. Thady dear, I never laid eyes on such a load of victuals."

By the powers of delph! Paddy shayger, and it was a grand eight sure enough. Tear and argure' what ill luck I had not to be in the work this year! But go on, agrah."

"Well, you see, the master, himself, stood up at the end of one of the tables, and cut up a fine piece of the beef for us, and right forenent him at, at the other end, old Paddy Byrne; for, though you know he is a farmer himself, yet the matrices is so foud of him the is such a decent man that the would, by all manner of means, have him there. Then the proest was at the bead of the other table, and said grace for us, and then fell to slashing up another piece of the beef for us, and forenent him sat Jem Murray the stewart, and sure enough, Thady, it was our-

selves that played away in grand style at the beef and the mutton, and the cabbage, and all the other fine things. And there was Tom Freen, and all the other servants waiting upon us, and handing us drink, just as if we were so many grand gentlemen that were dining with the master-Well, you see, when we were about half done, in walks the mistress berself, and the young masters and the young ladies, and the ladies from Dublin that's down on a visit with the mistress, just, the said, to see if we were happy and merry over our dinner; and then, Thady, you see, without any body saying a single word, we all stood up like one man, and every man and boy, with his full porringer of porter in his hand, drank long life and success to the mistress and master, and every one the family.-I don't know for others, Thady, but for myself, I never said a prayer in all my life more from the heart; and a good right I had, sure and every one that was there, too; for, to say now thing of the dinner, is there the like of her the whole side of the country for goodness to the poor, whether they 're sick or they 're well? Would not I myself, if it was not but for her, be a lone and desolate man this blessed day?"

" It's true for you, avick, for she brought Judy through it better nor any doctor of them all."

" Well, to make a long story short, we use und

we drank, and we talked and we laughed, till we were tired, and as mon as it grew duck we were all called again into the hall; and there, you see, the mastress had got over Tim Connel, the blend paper, and had sent for all the women that could come, and the cook had tea for them down below the kitchen; and they came up to the hall, and there was chairs set round it for us all to sit upon, and the mistress came out of the parlour, and Boys, says she. 'I hope yes have made a good dinner, and I 've been thinking of yez, you see, and I re got yez plenty of partners, and it's your own faults if yes don't spend a pleasant evening. Bu with that we set up another shout for the mistrees, and Tim struck up, and the master took at Nelly Mooney into the middle of the floor to sance a jig, and it was they that footed it neatly. Then the master called out Dinny Moran, and drugged him up to one of the Duhlin young ladies, and bul Dinny be stout and ax her out to dance with him. So Dinny, you see, though he was ashamed to make so free with the lady, still be was afcard not to do as the master bid him; a, he my consisency, he bowled up to her manfully, and held out the firt and axed her out to dance with him, and she gave him her hand in a crack, and Dinny whipped her out into the muldle of the hall, forement us all, and pulled up his

breeches, and called out to Tim to blow up . The Rocks of Cashel' for them. And then, my jewel. if you were to see them! Dinny flinging the legs about as if they 'd fly from off him, and the lady now here now there, just for all the world us if she was a spirit, for not a taste of noise did she make on the floor that ever was heard; and Dinny calling out to Tim to play it up faster and taster, and Tim almost working his elbow through the bag, till at last the lady was fairly tired, and Dinny clapped his hands and called out Peggy Reilly, and she attacked him boldly, and danced down Dinny, and then up got Johnny Regan, and put her down completely. And since the world was a world, I believe there never was such dancing seen."

"The sorrow the doubt of it, avick, I 'm certain; they 're all of them such real fine dancers. And only to think of the lady dancing with the likes of Dinny!"

"Well, you see, poor old Paddy Byrne, when he hears that the women were all to be there, in he goes into the pariour to the mistress, and axes her if he might make so bold as to go home and fetch his woman. So the mistress, you see—though you know Katty Byrne is no great favourite with her—was glad to oblige Paddy, and so Katty Byrne was there too. And then old

Hugh Carr used her out to move a minnet with him, and there was Hugh, as stiff as if he had direct upon one of the spits, with his black wig and his long brown cost, and his blue stockings, moving about with his hat in his hand, and leading Katt, about, and looking so soft upon her; and Katts, in her stiff mob-cap, with the ears pursed down under her chin, and her little black hat on the top of her head; and she at one corner we have a to Hugh, and Hugh at another bowing to her and every brain wondering at them, they moved it as elegantly."

Troth, Paddy, avenineen, that was well worth going a mile of ground to see."

Well, you see, when the dancing was over, they took to the anging, and Bill Carey gave the Wounded Husser and the 'Poor but Honest Solder to such style, that you'd have heard him up on the top (CShe Roo, and Dinny Moran and old Torn Freen gave us the best songs they had, and the priest song the Cruiskeen haun for us garly, and one of the young lather played and song upon a thing within in the parlour like a table, that was pretter nor any pipes to listen to."

And dain't Bult give year 'As down by Banna's banks I straved?' Sure that's one of the last songs he has,"

" And that he did, till he made the very scats

shake under us; but a body can't remember every thing, you know. Well, where was I?-oh, ay ! -You see, my dear, the poor little priest was all the night long going backwards and forwards, every minute, between the parlour and the hall. and the spirits, you see, was lying open upon the sideboard, and the dear little man he couldn't keep himself from it, but kept helping himself to a drop now and a drop then, till at last he became all as one as tipsy. So, then, he comes out into the hall among us, and goes about whispering to us to go home, and not be keeping the family out of their beds. But the mistress saw what he was at, and she spoke out, and she said, 'Good people,' says she, ' never mind what the pricet says to ves -yez are my company, and not his, and yez are heartily welcome to stay as long as yez like.' So when he found he could get no good of us, he rolled off with himself to his bed; and his head, you see, was so bothered with the liquor he'd been taking that he never once thought of taking off his boots, but tumbled into bed with them upon him-Tommy Freen told us when he went into the room to look after him; and devil be in Tim, when he heard it, but he lilts up the 'Priest in his boots; and, God forgive us! we all burst out laughing; for sure who could help it, if it was the bishop himself?"

"Troth it was a shame for yez, anyhow. But Paddy, agrah, did yez come away at all?"

"Why at last we did, after another round of peach to the glory and success of the family. And now, Thady, comes the most surprisingest part of the whole story. I was all alone, you ee, for my woman, you know, could not leave the childer to come to the dance, so, as it was a for moonship night, nothing would do me but I must go out into the paddock to look after poor Basishow, the plough-builock, that has got a had ecoulder, so by that means, you see, I missed the company, and had to go home all alone. Well, you see, it was out by the back gate I went, and at was then about twelve in the night, as well as I could judge by the plough, and the moon was chiming as bright as a salver dish, and there was not a wound to be heard but the screeching of the old owl down in the ivy-wall; and I felt it all pleasant, for I was somehow rather hearty with the drink I d been taking, for you know, Thady Byrrer, I'm a sober man."

"That a no lie for you, Paddy, avick. A little, as they say, goes a great way with you."

Well, you see, on I went whistling to mymif were of the tunes they'd been singing, and thinking of any thing, sure, but the good people; when just as I came to the corner of the plants-

tion, and got a sight of the big bush, I thought, faith, I saw some things moving backwards and forwards, and dancing like, up in the bush. I was quite certain it was the fairies that, you know, resort to it, for I could see, I thought, their little red caps and green jackets quite plain. Well, I was thinking at first of going back and getting home through the fields: but, says I to myself, what should I be afeard of? I'm an honest man, says I, that does nobody any harm; and I heard mass this morning, and it's neither Hollyeve, nor St. John's eve, nor any other of their great days, and they can do me no hurt, I'm certain. So I made the sign of the cross, and on I went in God's name, till I came right under the bush, and what do you think they were, Thady, after all >"

"Arrah, how can I tell? But you were a stout man anyhow, Paddy, agrah!"

"Why then, what was it but the green leaves of the old bush and the red bunches of the haws that were waving and shaking in the moonlight. Well, on I goes till I came to the corner of the erab-road, when I happened to east my eyes over towards the little most that is in the most-field, and there, by my sore!! (God forgive me for swearing) I saw the fairies in real earnest."

" You did, then, did you?"

[&]quot; Ay, by my faith, did I, and a mighty pretty

ght it was too, I can tell you. The side of the most, you see, that looks into the field was open, and out of it there came the darlintest little cavalsle of the prettiest little fellows you ever laid pair even upon. They were all dressed in green hanting fraks, with nice little red caps on their and they were mounted on pretty little long-tailed white points, not so big as young kids, and they rode two and two so nucely. Well, you er they had right acress the field just above the said-pit, and I was wondering in myself what they I have the venue to the ing ditch, thinking they I have get over it. Hot I'll tell you what a Roals, Mr. Tota and the brown mare. bough they're both of them gay good at either artch or wall, they're not to be talked of in the same day with them. They took the ditch, you or bag as it a, in fall stroke, not a man of them was shook in his wat or lest his rink, it was pop, pop p. p. over with them, and then, hurra!was with them like that across the high field, in the direction of the old church.

Well, my dear, while I was straining my eyes tooks a after, I hears a great reaching nerse coming out of the most, and when I turned about to look at most should I see but a great old family couch and see homes out of the most and making direct for the gate where I was standing. Well, mys I,

I 'm a lost man now anyhow. There was no use at all, you see, in thinking to run for it, for they were driving at the rate of a hunt; so down I got into the gripe, thinking to sneak off with myself while they were opening the gate. But, by the laws! the gate flew open without a soul laying a finger to it, the instant minute they came up to it, and they wheeled down the road just close to the spot where I was hiding, and I saw them as plain as I now see you; and a queer sight it was, too, to see, for not a morsel of head that ever was, was there upon one of the horses or on the coachman either, and yet, for all that, Thady, the lord Leffenent's coach could not have made a handier or a shorter turn nor they did out of the gate; and the blind thief of a coachman, just as they were making the wheel, was near taking the eye out of me with the lash of his long whip, as he was cutting up the horses to show off his driving. I've my doubts that the schemer knew I was there well enough, and that he did it all on purpose. Well, as it passed by me, I peeped in at the quality within-side, and not a head, no not as hig as the head of a pin, was there among the whole kit of them, and four fine footmen that were standing behind the couch were just like the rest of them."

[&]quot;Well, to be sure, but it was a queer sight."

[&]quot;Well, away they went tattering along the

and, making the fire fly out of the stones at no size. So when I saw they'd no eyes, I knew it was unpounble they could ever see me, so up I ex out of the disch and after them with me along the read as hard as ever I could drive. But when got to the rise of the hill I saw they were a great way a-head of me, and had taken to the helds, and were making off for the old church too. I thought they might have some business of their on there, and that it might not be safe for trangers to be going after them; so as I was by the time near my own house, I went in and got quest's to bed without saying any thing to the some about it, and long enough it was before would get to sleep for thinking of them, and that a the reason, Thady, I was up so late this CHOPTLES But was not it a strange thing, Pault 2"

Faith, and sure it was, Paddy, ahayger, as arrange a thing at ever was. But are you quite certain and sure now you saw them "

Am I certain and sure I saw them? Am I certain and sure I see the nose there on your face? What was to ad me not to see them? Was not the most ahiming as bright as day? And did not there pers within a yard of where I was? And ead any one over see me drunk or hear me tell a as.

"It's true for you, Paddy, no one ever did, and myself does not rightly know what to say to it."

The scene of the Harvest Dinner lies in Leinster; and the nice observer will perceive some slight differences between the language in it, and the Munster dialect of the other tales. At the end of "the drawing-in," a sheaf very neatly bound up is sent in to "the mistress," a symbol of the termination of her harvest cares: as a matter of course, the bearer "gets a glass" to drink her health, and a general invitation to "the people in the work" follows.

Gossamers, a word used in the opening, Johnson says, are the long white cobwebs which fly in the air in calm sunny weather, and he derives the word from the low Latin gossapium. This is altogether very unsatisfactory. The gossamers are the cobwebs which may be seen, particularly during a still autumnal morning, in such quantities on the furze bushes, and which are raised by the wind and floated through the air, as thus exquisitely pictured by Browne in Britannia's Pastorals:

"The milk-white gossamers not upwards snowed."

Book 11. Song 2.

Every lover of nature must have observed and admired the beautiful appearance of the gossamers in

the early morning, when covered with dew-drops, which, like prisms, separate the rays of light, and short the blue, red, yellow, and other colours of the spectrum, in brilliant confusion. Of king Oberon we are told—

"A rich mantle he did wear,
Made of unsel gossamer,
Bestarred over with a few
Diamond drops of morning dew."

The word gomemer is evalently derived from goss, the gome or furse. Query, Goss sample? You, in a note to Lange, til 17, says, that in Germany the popular belief attributes the manufacture of the gome-mer to the dwarfs and elses.

There is something peculiarly pleasing in the terms of adection used by the lower orders of the Irish in addressing each other, the expressions, agrah (my tore) and arich (my ton) resemble the hope and history and arich (my ton) resemble the hope and history and sons of the flebrews and Araba. It is curious that this orientalism, if it may be called such, should be only found in Spain and Irriand. Perhaps its common origin lies in warmth of affection, of which no country affords more that areas than the one last mentioned. On turning over the unhappily too dark pages of Irish history, the reader must be struck with meeting, in the space of one reign, the deaths of no less than three persons acribed to grief for the loss of friends. One is an

carl of Kildare, who, we are told, pined and died when leath deprived him of his foster brother. The cause assigned may not be the true one, but the bond of affection must have been strong in a country where such could even be mentioned. Golownin gives an instance of nearly similar strength of affection among the Japanese.

The perfection of singing, in the opinion of an Irish peasant, consists in strength of lungs. " A powerful bass voice that could be heard at the top of a neighbouring mountain," carries off the palm of excellence, and is sought after and listened to with enthusiasin. The favourite songs display no mean degree of popular taste. Campbell's beautiful and pathetic bailed, mentioned in the tale, is an especial favourite; and "Adelaide," and "the dark-rolling Danube," are as tainihar to the cars of the Irish peasantry as Ogle's " Molly Asthore," and " Banna's banks " As a further proof of their natural good taste, it may be mentioped, that of the books printed and circulated by the Kildare Street Society, none is found to equal in sale Ehrabeth, or the Exiles of Stheria. The reader will probably call to mind Gilbert Burns' remarks on the kindred tasty of the Scottish peasabtry. Much may be said respecting educating the lower orders, according to their taste and through the medium of their superstitions, as the most attractive and effectual modes of instruction. But the great question of national education is one of too much importance to be trifled with in a hastily written note.

The appearance of the fairy hunters has some reemblance to the relation in M'Culloch's account of the Highlands and Western Isles of Scotland, vol. iv. p. 350. "One Highlander, in passing a mountain, bears the tramp of horses, the music of the horn, and the cheering of the huntaman; when suddenly a gallant crew of thirteen fairy hunters, dressed in green, weep by him, the silver bosses of their bridles jinding in the night breeze."

The subsequent attested statement has been transmented to the writer from treland, among other inteltigence of farry proceedings there.

The accuracy of the following story I can vouch im, having heard it told several times by the person who saw the circumstances.

bey to a person near (ork, had, after finishing his tay's work, to go through six or eight fields to his own house, about 13 o clock at night. He was passing alongside of the ditch (Anglice, hedge) of a large field, and coming near a quarry, he heard a great cracking of whips at the other side, he went on to a gap in the same ditch, and out rode a little horseman, dressed in green, and mounted in the best manner, who put a whip to his breast and made him stop until several hundred horseman, all dressed alike, rode out of the gap at full speed, and swep, round a ghn, when the last horseman was clear off, the sentinel clapt spurs to his horse, gave three cracks of his whip, and was out of eight in a accorde."

132 THE HARVEST DINNER.

. "The person would swear to the above, as he was quite sober and sensible at the time. The place had always before the name of being very airy"."

(Signed)

P. BATH,

Royal Cork Institution, 3d June, 1825.

* A lonesome place, in Scotland and Ireland, is commonly said to be "an airy place," from airidhe, which in Irish signifies spectres, visions.

Sir Walter Scott, in Minstreley of Scottish Border, vol. ii. explains this word " as producing superstitious dread."

In the ballad of Tamlane we find

"Gloomy, gloomy was the night, And ciry was the way," &c.

THE DEATH COACH.

Tes midnight '-how gloomy and dark!

By Jupiter there's not a star!—

To fearful '-'tis awful!—and hark!

What sound is that comes from afar?

Makes nearer and nearer approach;

Do I tremble, or is it the ground?—

Lord save us!—what is it?—a coach!—

A coach ' -but that coach has no head;
And the horses are headless as it;
Of the driver the same may be said,
And the passengers inside who sit.

And whirl, as the whip it goes crack

Their spokes are of dead men's thigh bones.

And the pole is the spine of the lack!

The hammer-cloth, shabby display,
Is a pall rather mildew'd by damps;
And to light this strange coach on its way,
Two hollow skulls hang up for lamps!

From the gloom of Rathcooney church-yard,
They dash down the hill of Glanmire;
Pass Lota in gallop as hard
As if horses were never to tire!

With people thus headless 'tis fun To drive in such furious career; Since headlong their horses can't run. Nor coachman be headdy from beer.

Very steep is the Tivoli lane,
But up-hill to them is as down;
Nor the charms of Woodhill can detain
These Dullahans rushing to town.

Could they feel as I 've felt—in a song—
A spell that forbade them depart;
They 'd a lingering visit prolong,
And after their head lose their heart!

No matter !—'tis past twelve o'clock;

Through the streets they sweep on like the wind,

And, taking the road to Blackrock, Cork city is soon left behind.

Should they harry thus reckless along,

The supportinates of to bed,

The landlord will surely be wrong.

If he charge it at so much a head!

Yet more host may suppose them too poor To bring to his wealth an increase; As all now, all who drove to his door, Possess'd at least one crosss a-piece

Up the Deadwoman's bill they are roll'd;
Ber emmanush is quite out of sight;
Buthut mple they reach, and behold!
At its church-yard they stop and alight

Who a there?" and a voice from the ground;
"We've no room, for the place is quite full."
O mann most be speedily found.
For we come from the parish of Skull.

Though Murphys and Crowleys appear On headstones of deep-letter'd pride; Though Scannels and Murleys be here, Fitzgeralds and Toomics beside; "Yet here for the night we lie down,
To-morrow we speed on the gale;
For having no heads of our own.
We seek the Old Head of Kinsale."

The Death Coach is called in Irish " Coach a bower."

The time of its appearance is always midnight, and when heard to drive round any particular house, with the coachman's whip cracking loudly, it is said to be a sure omen of death.

The following account of the Dullahans and their coach was communicated to the writer by a lady resident in the neighbourhood of Cork:—

"They drive particularly hard wherever a death is going to take place. The people about here thought that the road would be completely worn out with their galloping before Mrs. Spiers died. On the night the poor lady departed they brought an immense procession with them, and instead of going up the road, as usual, they turned into Tivoli: the lodge-people, according to their own account, 'were kill from them that night.' The coachman has a most marvellously long whip, with which he can whip the eyes out of any one, at any distance, that dares to look at him. I suppose the reason he is so incensed at being looked at, is because he cannot return the compliment, 'pon

the 'count of having no head. What a pity it is none but the Dullahans can go without their heads! Some people's heads would be no loss to them, or any one

A like superstition to the circumstance of "whipping out the eyes," is related by Mr. Thiele as current in Denmark. He tells us, that the oppressive lords of Glorup drive every Christmas night, in a stately couch, from their magnificent tomb in St. Knud's church, in Odense, to Glorup. The coach is drawn by an white horses, with long glowing tongues; and he who dares not hide his face when he hears it seeming, atones for his rashness with loss of sight.

Dunske Folkesagn, vol. ii. p. 104.

I cannot find," says a fair Welsh correspondent, "that we have any peculiar designation for the headtem people beyond "Frayw heb un pen," the headless woman." (effet heb un pen," the headless horse; further we have not aspired, nor have I heard that this headless race in Wales extends beyond an humble horse. With us they have not assumed the same importance as in Ireland, by setting up their carriage."

The localities mentioned in the verses are all in the homeodiate vicinity of the city of Cork, with the exception of Fauil and the Old Head of Kinsale, both of which he on the coast of that county.

THE HEADLESS HORSEMAN.

"Gon speed you, and a safe journey this night to you, Charley," ejaculated the master of the little sheebeen house at Ballyhooley after his old friend and good customer, Charley Culnane, who at length had turned his face homewards, with the prospect of as dreary a ride and as dark a night as ever fell upon the Blackwater, along whose banks he was about to journey.

Charley Culnane knew the country well, and, moreover, was as bold a rider as any Mallow-boy that ever rattled a four-year-old upon Drumrue race-course. He had gone to Fermoy in the morning, as well for the purpose of purchasing some ingredients required for the Christinas dinner by his wife, as to gratify his own vanity by having new reins fitted to his snaffle, in which he intended showing off the old mare at the approaching St. Stephen's day hunt.

Charley did not get out of Fermoy until late; for although he was not one of your "nasty particular sort of fellows" in any thing that related to

the common occurrences of life, yet in all the appointments connected with hunting, riding, leaping, in short, in whatever was connected with the ald mare, " Charley," the soddlers said, " was the devil to place." An illustration of this fastidiousness was afforded by his going such a distance for anaffic hadle. Mallow was full twelve miles searer Charles a farm (which lay just three quarsee of a mile below Carrick) than Fermoy; but Charles had quarrelled with all the Mallow sadthere from hard-working and hard-drinking Tim Clancer, up to Minter Ryan, who wrote himself " Saddler to the Duhallow Hunt;" and no one could content him in all particulars but honest Michael Twomey of Fermoy, who used to assert -and who will doubt it? -that he could stitch a midle better than the lord-heutenant, although they made him all as one as king over Ireland.

This delay in the arrangement of the snaffle bridle dal not allow Charley Culnane to pay so long a visit as he had at first intended to his old friend and gumip, Con Buckley, of the "Harp of Eris ' Con, however, knew the value of time, and insisted upon Charley making good use of what he had to spare. "I won't bother you waiting for water, Charley, because I think you'll have curring of that same before you get home, so drank off your liquor, man. It's as good parlia-

ment as ever a gentleman tasted, sy, and holy church to, for it will bear "x maters," and carry the bead after that, may be."

Charley, it must be confessed, nothing loth, drank success to Con, and success to the jolly " Harp of Erm," with its head of beauty and its strings of the bair of gold, and to their better acquaintance, and so on, from the bottom of his soul, until the bottom of the bottle reminded him that Carrick was at the bottom of the hill on the other side of Castletown Roche, and that he had got no further on his journey than his gossip's at Ballyhooley, close to the big gate of Convamore. Catching hold of his oil-skin hat, therefore, whilst Con Buckley went to the cupboard for another bottle of "the real stuff," he regularly, as it is termed, bolted from his friend's hospitality, darted to the stable, tightened his girths, and put the old mare into a canter towards home.

The road from Ballyhooley to Carrick follows pretty nearly the course of the Blackwater, occasionally diverging from the river and passing through rather wild scenery, when contrasted with the beautiful seats that adorn its banks. Charley cantered gaily, regardless of the rain which, as his friend Con had anticipated, fell in torrents: the good woman's currants and raisins were carefully packed between the folds of his yeomanry cloak,

which Charley, who was proud of showing that he belonged to the "Royal Mallow Light Horse Volunteers," always strapped to the saddle before tim, and took care never to destroy the military effect of by putting it on.—Away he went singing like a thrush—

- * Sporting, belling, dancing, drinking,

 Breaking windows—(hickup!)—sinking;

 Ever raking—never thinking,

 Lave the rakes of Mallow.
- " Spending faster than it comes,

 Benting-(hicesp, hic), and duns,

 Duhallow's true-beginten sons,

 Live the rakes of Mallow"

Notwithstanding that the visit to the jolly "Harp of Erin" had a little increased the natural complacency of his mind, the drending of the new matthe reins began to disturb him, and then followed a train of more anxious thoughts than even were on assumed by the dreaded defeat of the pride of his long-anticipated turn out on St. Stephen i day. In an hour of good fellowship, when his heart was warm, and his head not over cool, Charley had backed the old mare against Mr. Jepion's tay filly Desdemons for a neat hundred,

and he now felt sore misgivings as to the prudence of the match. In a less gay tone he continued

> " Living short, but merry lives, Going where the devil drives, Keeping——"

" Keeping" he muttered, as the old mare had reduced her canter to a trot at the bottom of Kilcummer Hill. Charley's eye fell on the old walls that belonged, in former times, to the Templars; but the silent gloom of the ruin was broken only by the heavy rain which splashed and pattered on the gravestones. He then looked up at the sky to see if there was, among the clouds, any hopes for mercy on his new snaffle reins; and no sooner were his eyes lowered, than his attention was arrested by an object so extraordinary as almost led him to doubt the evidence of his senses. The head, apparently, of a white horse, with short cropped ears, large open nostrils, and immense eyes, seemed rapidly to follow him. connexion with body, legs, or rider, could possibly be traced—the head advanced—Charley's old mare, too, was moved at this unnatural sight. and, snorting violently, increased her trot up the hill. The head moved forward, and passed on :

Charley pursuing it with astonished gaze, and ondering by what means, and for what purpose, this detached head thus proceeded through the air, and not perceive the corresponding body until he was suddenly started by finding it close at his Charley turned to examine what was thus a secondly jogging on with him, when a most anexampled apparation presented itself to his view. A figure, whose height (judging as well as the obscurity of the night would permit him) he computed to be at least eight feet, was seated on the budy and legs of a white home full eighteen hands and a half high. In this measurement Charley muld not be mistaken, for his own mare was exealy litteen hands, and the body that thus jogged dongade he could at once determine, from his practice in horseflesh, was at least three hands and a baif higher.

After the first feeling of astonishment, which found sent in the exclamation "I m sold now for ever" was over, the attention of Charley, being a toera sportaman, was naturally directed to this extractionary tooly, and having examined it with the ore of a composeur, he proceeded to reconstantly the figure so unusually mounted, who had authorite remained perfectly mute. Wishing to whether his companion's allence proceeded from bad semper, want of conversational powers.

or from a distate to water, and the fear that the opening of his mouth might subject him to have it filled by the rain, which was then drifting in violent gusts against them, Charley endeavoured to catch a sight of his companion's face, in order to form an opinion on that point. But his vision failed in carrying him further than the top of the collar of the figure's coat, which was a scarlet single-breasted hunting frock, having a waist of a very old fashioned cut reaching to the saddle, with two huge shining buttons at about a yard distance behind. " I ought to see farther than this, too," thought Charley, "although he is mounted on his high horse, like my cousin Darby, who was made barony constable last week, unless 'tis Con's whiskey that has blinded me entirely." However, see further he could not, and after straining his eyes for a considerable time to no purpose, he exclaimed, with pure vexation, " By the big bridge of Mallow, it is no head at all he bas !"

"Look again, Charley Culnane," said a hourse voice, that seemed to proceed from under the right arm of the figure.

Charley did look again, and now in the proper place, for he clearly saw, under the aforesaid right arm, that head from which the voice had proceeded, and such a head no mortal ever saw before.

Is looked like a large croam cheese hung round with black puddings: no speck of colour enlivened the ashy paleness of the depressed features; the km hay stretched over the uncarthly surface, almost like the purchment head of a drum. Two hery eyes of prodigious circumference, with a strange and stregular motion, flashed like meteors upon Charley, and a mouth that reached from either extremity of two ears, which peeped forth from under a profusion of matted locks of lustreten blackness. This head, which the figure had cridently hitherto concealed from Charley's eyes, now burst upon his view in all its hideousness. Charley, although a lad of proverbial courage m the county Cork, yet could not but feel his nerves a little shaken by this unexpected visit from the headless horseman, whom he considered this figure doubtless must be. The cropped-eared head of the gigantic horse moved steadily forward, always keeping from aix to eight yards in advance. The horseman, unusded by whip or spur, and dudaming the use of stirrups, which dangled melessly from the saddle, followed at a unt by Charley's ode, his hideous head now lost tehind the lappet of his cost, now starting forth in all its borror as the motion of the horse caused his arm to move to and fro. The ground shook under the weight of its supernatural borthen, and

the water in the pools was agitated into waves as he trotted by them.

On they went—heads with bodies, and bodies without heads.—The deadly silence of night was broken only by the fearful clattering of hoofs, and the distant sound of thunder, which rumbled above the mystic hill of Cecaune a Mona Finnes. Charley, who was naturally a merry-hearted, and rather a talkative fellow, had hitherto felt tonguetied by apprehension, but finding his companion showed no evil disposition towards him, and having become somewhat more reconciled to the Patagonian dimensions of the horseman and his headless steed, plucked up all his courage, and thus addressed the stranger—

"Why, then, your honour rides mighty well without the stirrups!"

"Humph," growled the head from under the horseman's right arm.

"Tis not an over civil answer," thought Charley; "but no matter, he was taught in one of them riding-houses, may be, and thinks nothing at all about bumping his leather breeches at the rate of ten miles an hour. I'll try him on the other tack. Ahem!" said Charley, clearing his throat, and feeling at the same time rather daunted at this second attempt to establish a conversation. "Ahem! that's a mighty next cost of your hothe present cut."

"Humph," growled again the head.

This second humph was a terrible thump in face to poor Charley, who was fairly bothered know what subject he could start that would we more agreeable. "Tis a sensible bead," aght Charley, " although an ugly one, for 'tis a enough the man does not like flattery." third attempt, bowever, Charley was detered to make, and having failed in his observaso to the riding and coat of his fellow-traer, thought he would just drop a trifling alin to the wonderful headless home, that was ging on so sociably bende his old more; and Charley was considered about Carrick to be knowing in horses, besides being a full priin the Royal Mallow Light Horse Volun-, which were every one of them mounted like Hessians, he felt rather sunguine as to the it of his third attempt.

To be sure, that 's a brave horse your honour s,' recommenced the persevering Charley.

You may say that, with your own ugly oth " growled the head.

charley, though not much flattered by the comcent, nevertheless chuckled at his success in loung an answer, and thus continued: " May be your honour wouldn't be after riding him across the country?"

"Will you try me, Charley?" said the head, with an inexpressible look of ghastly delight.

"Faith, and that 's what I'd do," responded Charley, "only I'm afraid, the night being so dark, of laming the old mare, and I've every halfpenny of a hundred pounds on her heels."

This was true enough, Charley's courage was nothing dashed at the headless horseman's proposal; and there never was a steeple-chase, nor a fox-chase, riding or leaping in the country, that Charley Culnane was not at it, and foremost in it.

"Will you take my word," said the man who carried his head so snugly under his right arm, "for the safety of your mare?"

"Done," said Charley; and away they started, helter, skelter, over every thing, ditch and wall, pop, pop, the old mare never went in such style, even in broad daylight; and Charley had just the start of his companion, when the hoarse voice called out "Charley Culnane, Charley, man, stop for your life, stop!"

Charley pulled up hard. "Ay," said he, "you may beat me by the head, because it always goes so much before you; but if the bet was neck-and-neck, and that's the go between the old mare and Desdemona, I'd win it hollow!"

It appeared as if the stranger was well aware of what was passing in Charley's mind, for he moderaly broke out quite loguncious,

"Charley Culnane," says he, " you have a stout soul in you, and are every inch of you a good rider. I've tried you, and I ought to know; and that's the sort of man for my money. A hundred years it is since my horse and I broke our necks at the bottom of Kilcummer hill, and ever since I have been trying to get a man that dared to ride with me, and never found one before. Keep, as you have always done, at the tail of the hounds, never baulk a ditch, nor turn away from a stone wall, and the headless horseman will never desert you nor the old mare."

Charley, in amazement, looked towards the stranger's right arm, for the purpose of seeing in his face whether or not he was in carnest, but behold the head was snugly ledged in the huge pecket of the horseman's scarlet hunting-cost. The hurse's head had ascended perpendicularly above them, and his extraordinary companion right quickly after his awant courier, vanished from the astonished gaze of Charley Culnane.

Charley, as may be supposed, was lost in wonder, delight, and perplexity, the pelting rain, the writes pudding, the new maffle—even the match pariset square Jopson—all were forgotten; nothing could be think of, nothing could be talk of, but the headless horseman. He told it directly that he got home, to Judy; he told it the following morning to all the neighbours; and he told it to the hunt on St. Stephen's day: but what provoked him after all the pains he took in describing the head, the horse, and the man, was, that one and all attributed the creation of the headless horseman to his friend Con Buckley's "X water parliament." This, however, should be told, that Charley's old mare best Mr. Jepson's bay filly, Desdemons, by Diamond, and Charley pocketed his cool hundred; and if he didn't win by means of the headless horseman. I am sure I don't know any other reason for his doing so.

It has been already mentioned that Green Jette, the wild huntsman, usually rides with his head under his arm.

Cervantes mentions tales of the Caballo are cube; a among the cuentos de vicjas con que se entretumen al fuego las delatadas noches del invierno. In the early part of the last century the headless horse was not unknown in England. The Spectator (No. 110) mys—" My friend the butler desired me, with a very grave face, not to venture myself in it" (the wood), " after sunset, for that one of the footmen had been

almost frightened out of his wits by a spirit that had appeared to him in the shape of a black horse without a head."

The borne, probably, like the dog, on account of our catmany with him, is a favourite actor in popular superstition. The following story from tervane of Tilbury exhibits him in one of his mildest and most broeffcent appearances:

"Eat in Anglia quoddam demonum genus quod suo idiomate tirant nominant, ad instar pulli equini numenh, tibus orectum, oralis scintillantibus. Istud demonum graus sepisatme comparet in plateta, in ipsius diei fervure, aut circa solis occidirum. Et quoties apparet futurum in urbo illa vel vico portendit instalium. Cum ergo, sequente die val nocte, instat periculum, its plateis discursu facto capes provocat ad latrandum, et dum fugam aimulat sequentes capes ad insequendam spe vana consequendi invitat. Hupumorii illusio convicanets de ignus custodia cautelam facit, et luc officiorum demonum genus, dum conspicientes terret, suo adventu munite ignorantes solet."—

(62.

In Denmark an extraordinary custom prevailed of busying a live animal—a horse, a lamb, a pig, and even a child—at the commesseement of a building. It is strange that a similar custom appears, from the Servian Ballada, to have prevailed among the Slavonians. A lamb was generally entombed in the foundation of a church, a horse in that of the church—yard. This horse, the peasants say, appears again and

goes round the churchyard on three legs; when he meets any one he displays his grinning teeth-and death accompanies him. He is therefore called the Hælhest*, the death-horse; and it is usual for a person on recovering from a fit of sickness, to say-" I have given Death a bushel of oats." Keysler (Antiq. Sept. et Celt. p. 181) saya; " În ducatu Sleavicensi ca superstitio etiamnum obtinet, ut Hel dicant mortem vel spectrum tempore pestis equo (qui tribus tantum pedibus incedit, inequitans mortalesque trucidans. Vico vel oppido fatali hoc contagio afflato vulgus ait Helam circumire Der Hell geht umber. Canes etiam tum ab ea inquietare indicant formula Der Hell est bey denen Hunden." This last circumstance reminds us of the classic Hecate, the rest of the sublime apparition of Death on his pale horse in the Apocalypse.

* Harl was the Pluto of the ancient Scandingviens.



FAIRY LEGENDS. THE FIR DARRIG.



Whene'er such wanderers I meete,

As from their night-sports they trudge home,
With counterfeiting voice I greate,

And call them on, with me to reame Through woods, through lakes, Through togs, through brakes;

Or else, unseems, with them I go, All m the nicks,

To play scape tricke,

And freliche it, with his, ho, ho!

OLD SONG.

DIARMID BAWN, THE PIPER.

Own stormy night Patrick Burko was scated in the chimney corner, smoking his pipe quite contentedly after his hard day's work; his two little boys were roasting potatoes in the salies, while his rosy daughter held a splinter * to her mother, who, scated on a siesteen †, was mending a rent in Patrick's old cont; and Judy, the maid, was staging merrily to the sound of her wheel, that kept up a beautiful humming noise, just like the sweet drone of a bagpipe. Indeed they all memed quite contented and happy; for the storm bowled without, and they were warm and mug within, by the indee of a blazing turf fire. "I was just thinking," said Patrick, taking the du-

^{*} A spinster, or slip of bog-deal, which, being dipped in sallow, is send as a quality.

^{*} Susseme to a low block-like sent, made of strew bands family sewed or hound together.

deen from his mouth and giving it a rap on his thumb-nail to shake out the ashes—" I was just thinking how thankful we ought to be to have a snug bit of a cabin this pelting night over our heads, for in all my born days I never heard the like of it."

"And that's no lie for you, Pat," said his wife;
"but, whisht! what noise is that I hard?" and
she dropped her work upon her knees, and looked
fearfully towards the door. "The Fargin herself"
defend us all!" cried Judy, at the same time tupidly making a pious sign on her forehead, "if
"tis not the banshee!"

"Hold your tongue, you fool," said Patrick,
it's only the old gate swinging in the wind;"
and he had scarcely spoken, when the door was
assailed by a violent knocking. Molly began to
mumble her prayers, and Judy proceeded to mutter over the muster-roll of saints; the youngsters
scampered off to hide themselves behind the settlebed; the storm howled louder and more fiercely
than ever, and the rapping was renewed with redoubled violence.

"Whisht, whisht!" said Patrick—" what a noise ye're all making about nothing at all. Judy. a roon, can't you go and see who's at the door?" for, notwithstanding his assumed bravery, Pat.

Burke preferred that the maid should open the

"Why, then, is it me you're speaking to?"
and Judy, in the tone of autonishment; "and is
a cracked mad you are, Mister Burke; or is it,
anyle, that you want me to be read away with,
and made a borse of, like my grandfather was?—
the surrow a step will I stir to open the door, if
you were as great a man again as you are, Pat
Burke."

" Bother you, then ' and hold your tongue, and I'll go myself." So saying, up got Patrick, and made the best of his way to the door. " Who 's there " and he, and his voice trembled mightily the while. " In the name of Saint Patrick, who is there?" "Tis I, Pat," answered a voice which he immediately knew to be the young quants. In a moment the door was opened, and a walked a young man, with a gun in his hand, and a brace of dogs at his heels. " Your honour's bonour is quite welcome, entirely," said Patrick; who was a very civil port of a fellow, especially to his bettern. "Your honour's honour is quite welcome, and if ye'll be so condescending as to demoun vourself by taking off your wet jacket, Molly can give ye a bran new blanket, and ye can at forement the fire while the clothes are drying."

"Thank you, Pat," said the squire, as he wrapt himself, like Mr. Weld, in the proffered blanket.

" But what made you keep me so long at the

"Why, then, your honour, 'twas all along of Judy, there, being so much afraid of the good people; and a good right she has, after what happened to her grandfather—the Lord rest his soul!"

" And what was that, Pat?" said the squire.

"Why, then, your honour must know that Judy had a grandfather; and he was ould Diarmid Bawn, the piper, as personable a looking man as any in the five parishes he was; and he could play the pipes so sweetly, and make them spake to such perfection, that it did one's heart good to hear him. We never had any one, for that matter, in this side of the country like him, before or since, except James Gandsey, that is own piper to Lord Headly-his honour's lordship is the real good gentleman-and 'tis Mr. Gandsey's music that is the pride of Killarney lakes Well, as I was saving, Diarmid was Judy's grandfather, and he rented a small mountainy farm; and he was walking about the fields one moonlight night, quite melancholylike in himself for want of the Tobaccy; because, why, the river was flooded, and he could not got

* See Weld's Killarney, 8vo ed. p. 228.

to bed without his supper than a whiff of the andeen. Well, your honour, just as he came to the old fort in the far field, what should he see?—the Lord preserve us!—but a large army of the pad people, 'contered for all the world just like the dragoons! 'Are ye all ready?' said a little fellow at their head dressed out like a general. 'No;' and a little curmudgeon of a chap all dressed in red, from the crown of his cocked hat to the sole of his boot. 'No, general,' said he, 'if you don't get the Fir darrig a home he must stay behind, and ye'll lose the battle."

There a Durmal Bawn, said the general, positing to Judy's grandfather, your honour, make a horse of hem.

Diarmid, who, you may be sure, was in a mighty creat fright; but he determined, seeing there was no help for him, to put a bold face on the matter; and so he legan to cross himself, and to say some blowed words, that nothing had could stand before.

" Is that what you'd be after, you spalpeen?"

and the little red imp, at the same time granning
a horrible gran; "I'm not the man to care a straw

for either your words or your crossings." So, without more to do, be given poor Diaraud a rap with
the flat aide of his sword, and in a moment he was

changed into a horse, with little Fir darrig stuck fast on his back.

" Away they all flew over the wide ocean, like so many wild geese, screaming and chattering all the time, till they came to Jamaica; and there they had a murdering fight with the good people of that country. Well, it was all very well with them, and they stuck to it manfully, and fought it ought fairly, 'till one of the Jamaica men made a cut with his sword under Diarmid's left eye, and then, sir, you see, poor Diarmid lost his temper entirely, and he dashed into the very middle of them, with Fir darrig mounted up on his back, and he threw out his heels, and he whisked his tail about, and wheeled and turned round and round at such a rate, that he soon made a fair clearance of them, horse, foot, and dragoons. At last, Diarmid's faction got the better, all through his means; and then they had such feasting and rejoicing, and gave Diarmid, who was the finest horse amongst them all, the best of every thing.

"' Let every man take a hand of Tobaccy for Diarmid Bawn,' said the general, and so they did; and away they flew, for 'twas getting near morning, to the old fort back again, and thero they vanished like the most from the mountain.

"When Diarmid looked about the sun was rising, and he thought it was all a dream, till he

saw a big rick of Tobaccy in the old fort, and felt the bleed running from his left eye; for sure coough he was wounded in the battle, and would have been hilt entirely, if it wasn't for a gospel composed by father Murphy that hung about his peck ever since he had the scarlet fever; and for certain, it was enough to have given him another earlet fever to have had the little red man all night on his back whip and spur for the bare life. However, there was the Tohneey heaped up in a great heap by his side, and he heard a voice, although he could see no one, telling him, 'That twas all his own, for his good behaviour in the battle, and that whenever Fir daring would want horse again he'd know where to find a clever best as he never rode a better than Diarmid Bown That 's what he sold, ur "

Thank you, Pat," and the squire, "it certainly is a wonderful story, and I am not surprised at Judy's alarm. But now, as the storm is over and the moon shining hightly, I'll make the lest of my way home." So saying, he disrubed himself of the blanket, put on his coat, and, whistling his dogs, set off series the mountain, while Patrick stood at the door towling after him, "May God and the blewed Virgin preserve your himmer, and keep ye from the good people.

for 'twas of a moonlight night like this that Diarmid Bawn was made a horse of, for the Fir darrig to ride.

Fir Darrig, correctly written, fear dearg, means the red man, and is a member of the fairy tribe of Ireland, who bears a great resemblance to the I'uck or Robin Goodfellow of Shakspeare's days. Like that merry goblin, his delight is in mischief and mockery; and numberless are the wild and whimsical stories in which he figures. Although the German Kobolds partake of the good-natured character of the people, yet the celebrated Hinzelman occasionally amused himself with playing tricks somewhat similar to those of master. Fir darrig.

The red dress and strange flexibility of voice possessed by the Fir darrig form his peculiar characteristics; the latter is said, by Irish tale-tellers, to be as Fusim na dtonn, the sound of the waves; and again it is compared to Ceol na naingeal, the music of angels; Ceileabhar na nean, the warbling of birds, &c.; and the usual address to this fairy is, Na dean for Amoid filina, do not mock us. His entire dress, when he is seen, is invariably described as crimson; whereas, the fairies generally appear in Hata dubh, calagh ghlas, stocaigh bana, agus broga dearga; a black hat, a green suit, white stockings, and red shoes.

The transformation of Diarmid into a horse is no smoothmen one. Circe used to transmute people by bundreds. Queen Labe and Co. in the Arabian Nights were equally expert at metamorphoses; a horse, by-the-bye, was the very form that queen gave long Beder, who, however, had previously transformed her majesty into a mare. King Carpalus, too, in the ild romance of Ogier le Dannoys, was condemned to pend three hundred years in the form of a horse, for the resistance he made to king Arthur in Fairy land.

Durmui Bawn signifies white or fair Edward. "A Gospel," to which be owes his preservation in the fairy 5ght, is a text of scripture written in a particular namer, and which has been blessed by a priest. It is sewed in red cloth, and hung round the neck as a cure or preventive against various diseases, &c. Few Irish peasants will be found without "a gospel;" or, as in the vicinity of Holy Cross, a blessed string, a blessed string, a blessed string, a blessed string, a blessed stone, or a blessed bit of wood, about their persons, which they consider to be an infallable safeguard against evil. Indeed, the popular mind at the present moment is full as credulous in these matters as it was nearly two centuries since, when lord Broghill captured a "peckful of spells and charms" among the baggings, after defeating lord Muskerry.

TEIGUE OF THE LEE.

" I CAN'T stop in the house-I won't stop in it for all the money that is buried in the old castle of Carrigroban. If ever there was such a thing in the world !-to be abused to my face night and day, and nobody to the fore doing it and then, if I'm angry, to be laughed at with a great roaring ho, ho, ho! I won't stay in the house after to-night, if there was not another place in the country to put my head under." This angry soliloguy was pronounced in the hall of the old manorhouse of Carrigrohan by John Sheehan. John was a new servant; he had been only three days in the house, which had the character of being haunted. and in that short space of time he had been abused and laughed at, by a voice which sounded as if a man spoke with his head in a cask, nor could he discover who was the speaker, or from whence the voice came. "I'll not stop here," said John; " and that ends the matter."

" Ho, ho, ho! be quiet, John Sheehan, or else worse will happen to you."

John instantly ran to the hall window, as the

words were evidently spoken by a person immediately outside, but no one was visible. He had scarcely placed his face at the pane of glass, when be beard another loud "Ho, ho, ho!" as if behind him in the hall; as quick as lightning he turned his bead, but no living thing was to be seen.

Ho, ho, ho, John!" shouted a voice that appeared to come from the lawn before the house; do you think you'll see Teigue?—oh, never! long as you live! so leave alone looking after tim, and mind your humness; there's plenty of company to dinner from Cork to be here to-day, and the time you had the cloth laid."

"Lord bless us! there's more of it!-I'll never

"Hold your tougue, and stay where you are queetly, and play no tricks on Mr. Pratt, as you did on Mr. Jerrois about the spoons."

"Lord between us and harm! this beats all!

I'll watch you at dinner!—maybe you will;—
the brund day-light, so 'tis no ghost; but this

is a terrible place, and this is the last day I 'Il stay in it. How does he know about the spoons?—if he tells it, I 'm a ruined man!—there was no living soul could tell it to him but Tim Barrett, and he 's far enough off in the wilds of Botany Bay now, so how could he know it—I can't tell for the world! But what 's that I see there at the corner of the wall!—'tis not a man!—oh, what a fool I am! 'tis only the old stump of a tree!—But this is a shocking place—I 'Il never stop in it, for I 'Il leave the house to-morrow; the very look of it is enough to frighten any one."

The mansion had certainly an air of desolation; it was situated in a lawn, which had nothing to break its uniform level, save a few tufts of narcissuses and a couple of old trees coeval with the building. The house stood at a short distance from the road, it was upwards of a century old, and Time was doing his work upon it; its walls were weather-stained in all colours, its roof showed various white patches, it had no look of comfort; all was dim and dingy without, and within there was an air of gloom, of departed and departing greatness, which harmonised well with the exterior. It required all the exuberance of youth and of gaiety to remove the impression, almost amounting to awe, with which you trod the huge square hall, paced along the gullery which surrounded the half, or explored the long rambling passages below stairs. The half-room, as the large drawing-room was called, and several other apartments were in a state of decay; the walls were stained with damp, and I remember well the sensation of awe which I felt creeping over me when, lary as I was, and full of boyish life, and wild and ordent spirits, I descended to the vaults; all without and within me became chilled beneath their dampness and gloom -their extent, too, terrified the; nor could the meriment of my two school-fellows, whose father, a respectable clergyman, rented the dwelling for a time, dispel the feelings of a romantic imagination until I once again accended to the upper regions.

John had pretty well recovered himself as the dinner-hour approached, and several guests arrived. They were all scated at table, and had begun to enjoy the excellent repost, when a voice was heard in the lawn.

"Ho, ho, ho, Mr. Pratt, won't you give poor Tengue some dinner? ho, ho, a fine company you have there, and plenty of every thing that's good, sure you won't forget poor Tengue?"

John dropped the glass he had in his hand.

"Who is that " said Mr. Pratt's brother, an about of the artillery.

"That is Teigue," said Mr. Pratt, laughing, "whom you must often have heard me mention."

"And pray, Mr. Pratt," inquired another geutleman, "who is Teigue?"

"That," he replied, " is more than I can tell. No one has ever been able to catch even a glimpse of him. I have been on the watch for a whole evening with three of my sons, yet, although his voice sometimes sounded almost in my ear, I could not see him. I fancied, indeed, that I saw a man in a white frieze jucket pass into the door from the garden to the lawn, but it could be only fancy, for I found the door locked, while the fellow, whoever he is, was laughing at our trouble. He visits us occasionally, and sometimes a long interval passes between his visits, as in the present case; it is now nearly two years since we heard that hollow voice outside the window. He has never done any injury that we know of, and once when he broke a plate, he brought one back exactly like it."

" It is very extruordinary," said several of the company.

"But," remarked a gentleman to young Mr. Pratt, "your father said he broke a plate; how did he get it without your seeing him?"

"When he asks for some dinner, we put it

watch he will not take it, but no sooner have we withdrawn than it is gone."

" How does he know that you are watching?"

"That a more than I can tell, but he either knows or suspects. One day my brothers Robert and James with myself were in our back parlour, which has a window into the garden, when he came outside and said, 'Ho, ho, ho! master James, and Robert, and Henry, give poor Teigue a glass of whickey. James went out of the room, filled a gine with whiskey, vinegar, and salt, and brought it to him. ' Here, Teigue,' and he, ' come for it ow.' Well, put it down, then, on the step outade the window.' This was done, and we stood looking at it. 'There, now, go away,' he shouted. We retired, but still watched it. 'Ho, ho! you see watching Teigue; go out of the room, now, or I won't take it.' We went outside the door and returned, the giase was gone, and a moment ofter we heard him roaring and cursing frightfully. He mok away the glass, but the next day the giase was on the stone step under the window, and there were crums of bread in the inside, as if he had put it in his pocket, from that time he was not heard till to-day."

"Oh," mut the colonel, "I'll get a sight of him, you are not used to these things; an old

soldier has the best chance, and as I shall finish my dinner with this wing, I'll be ready for him when he speaks next.—Mr. Bell, will you take a glass of wine with me?"

"Ho, ho! Mr. Bell," shouted Teigue. "Ho, ho! Mr. Bell, you were a quaker long ago. Ho, ho! Mr. Bell, you're a pretty boy;—a pretty quaker you were; and now you're no quaker, nor any thing else:—ho, ho! Mr. Bell. And there's Mr. Parkes: to be sure, Mr. Parkes looks mighty fine to-day, with his powdered head, and his grand silk stockings, and his bran new rakish-red waistcoat.—And there's Mr. Cole,—did you ever see such a fellow? a pretty company you've brought together, Mr. Pratt: kiln-dried quakers, butter-buying buckeens from Mallow-lane, and a drinking exciseman from the Coal-quay, to meet the great thundering artillery-general that is come out of the Indies, and is the biggest dust of them all."

"You scoundrel!" exclaimed the colouel: "I'll make you show yourself;" and snatching up his sword from a corner of the room, he sprang out of the window upon the lawn. In a moment a shout of laughter, so hollow, so unlike any human sound, made him stop, as well as Mr. Bell, who with a huge oak stick was close at the colonel's heels; others of the party followed on the lawn, and the remainder rose and went to the windows.

"Come on, extend," said Mr. Bell; "let us entch this impudent rascal,"

"Ho, bo! Mr. Bell, here I am—here a Teigue—why don't you eatch him?—Ho, ho! colonel Pratt, what a pretty soldier you are to draw your sword upon poor Teigue, that never did any body harm."

"Let us see your face, you scoundrel," said the

"Ho, ho, ho!-look at me-look at ma: do you see the wind, colonel Pratt?-you'll see Tengue as soon, so go in and finish your dinner."

"If you're upon the earth I 'll find you, you vallam!" and the colonel, whilst the same uncarthly shout of derision seemed to come from behind an angle of the building. "He's round that corner," and Mr. Bell. -" run, run."

They followed the sound, which was continued as intervals along the garden wall, but could discover no human being; at last both stopped to draw breath, and in an instant, almost at their cars, sounded the shout.

"Ho, ho, ho ' colonel Pratt, do you see Teigue now? do you hear him?—Ho, ho, ho! you're a fine colonel to follow the wind."

"Not that way, Mr. Bell-not that way; come here," mid the colonel.

" Ha, ho, he I what a fool you are; do you

think Teigue is going to show himself to you in the field, there? But, colonel, follow me if you can :- you a soldier !- ho, ho, ho !" The colonel was enraged-he followed the voice over hedge and ditch, alternately laughed at and taunted by the unseen object of his pursuit-(Mr Bell, who was heavy, was soon thrown out), until at length. after being led a weary chase, he found himself at the top of the cliff, over that part of the river Lee which, from its great depth, and the blackness of its water, has received the name of Hell-hole. Here, on the edge of the cliff, stood the coluncl out of breath, and mopping his forehead with his handkerchief, while the voice, which seemed close at his feet, exclaimed-" Now, colonel Prattnow, if you're a soldier, here's a leap for you;now look at Teigue-why don't you look at him? -Ho, ho, ho! Come along; you're warm, I'm sure, colonel Pratt, so come in and cool yourself; Teigue is going to have a swim!" The voice seemed as descending amongst the trailing ivy and brushwood which clothes this picturesque cliff nearly from top to bottom, yet it was impossible that any human being could have found footing. " Now. colonel, have you courage to take the leap?-Ho, ho, ho! what a pretty soldier you are. Good-bye -I'll see you again in ten minutes above, at the house-look at your watch, colonel :- there 's a

dive for you;" and a heavy plunge into the water was heard. The colonel stood still, but no sound followed, and he walked slowly back to the house, not quite half a mile from the Crag."

"Well, did you see Teigste?" said his brother, whilst his nepbews, scarcely able to smother their broghter, stood by —"Give me some wine," said the relinel. "I never was led such a dance in my life, the fellow carried me all round and round till be brought me to the edge of the cliff, and then down he went into Hell-hole, telling me he'd be here in ten minutes: 'tis more than that now, but he's not come."

"Ho, bo, bo' colonel, isn't be here '-Teigue never told a lie in his life: but, Mr. Pratt, give me a drink and my dinner, and then good night to you all, for I'm tired, and that 's the colonel's doing." A plate of food was ordered; it was placed by John, with fear and trembling, on the laws under the window. Every one kept on the watch, and the plate remained undisturbed for some time.

"Ah ' Mr Peatt, will you starve poor Trigue?

Make every one go away from the windows, and

matter Henry out of the tree, and master Richard

of the gurden wall."

The eyes of the company were turned to the tree and the garden wall; the two boys' attention

was occupied in getting down; the visitors were looking at them; and "Ho, ho, ho!—good luck to you, Mr. Pratt!—'tis a good dinner, and there 's the plate, ladies and gentlemen—good-bye to you, colonel!—good-bye, Mr. Bell!—good-bye to you all"—brought their attention back, when they saw the empty plate lying on the grass; and Teigue's voice was heard no more for that evening. Many visits were afterwards paid by Teigue; but never was he seen, nor was any discovery ever made of his person or character.

The pranks of Teigne resemble those related by Gervase of Tilbury of the spirit called Follet, which he describes as inhabiting the houses of ignorant rustics, and whose exorcisms fail in banishing him. He says of the Folletos:

"Verba utique humano more audiuntur et effigies non comparent. De istis pleraque miracula memini me in vita abbreviata et miraculis beatissimi Antonii reperisse."—Otra Imperaha, p. 897.

Their voices may be heard in human fashion, but their form is not visible. I remember to have read a great many marvels about them in the short life and miracles of the blessed Anthony.

The evening previous to sending this note to press, it was the writer's good fortune to meet major Percy

rests, son of the colonel (afterwards general) Pratt mentioned in the tale, who related to Sir William Beetham, and repeated to him, all the particulars of this strange story. Several respectable persons in the south of Ireland have favoured him with accounts of Teigue, but they are so nearly similar that it becomes unnecessary to give them. One of these accounts, however, received from Mr. Newenham de la Cour, contains some few circumstances which have been centitied in the foregoing relation:

"I never heard," writen Mr. de la Cour, " of a more femaliar goblin than Teigue. His vicit generally commenced with a civil salutation to the master of the house, which was quickly followed by an application for a glass of whiskey; but no human creature could he seen or found in the quarter from whence the voice proceeded. These visits were usually repeated once week , sometimes, however, a month or more clapsed between them. If any friend came to dine or to stay at the house for a few days, Teigue was sure to be heard in the evening accosting them in a very courteous manner, inquiring after the different members of their family, and often mentioning domestic occurrences with a surprising intimacy. If a stranger happened to excel in music, this could not escape the penetration of Teigne, who sectoed to be familiar with every peran's acquarements and habits, and he invariably requested the musician to play or sing. A young lady from Youghall was once called on by Teigue to farour hum with a tune; she sat down to the pianoforte all

fear and trembling. When she had concluded, Teigue applicated her performance, and said, in return, he would treat her to a song to the best of his ability. He accordingly sung, with a most tremendous voice, My name is Teigue, and I lives in state; a composition well known in the south of Ireland.

" Several cleverly concerted plans have been formed for the discovery of thus strange being, yet they all failed of their object. Two different and contradictory opinions prevail respecting Teigue: some people report him to be a giant, others a dwarf; the former opinion is founded on the following circumstance:-Amongst the ingenious methods devised for deciding whether the voice might be that of a mortal man or a goblin was the plan of strewing carefully some fine ashes at twilight before the windows. That night Tergue was unusually noisy without; and the next morning early, when the place was inspected, the print of one foot only, of superhuman dimensions, was found. The notion of his being a dwarf rests on no less an authority than Teigue himself. He frequently styled hunself Teigueen, or little Teigue; yet this diminutive may be nothing more than a pet name one occasion, when some guests expressed their surprise that master Teigue had never been caught, this curious being replied, " Tis to no use at all, gentlemen, you're thinking of catching poor Teigueen, for he is no higger than your thumb!' All those who have heard him speak agree in this, that the sound of his voice was not in the least like that of ordinary mortais, it resembled, they said, that hollow hourse kind of vince emitted by a man speaking with his head (as a gallant English officer has described it) inclosed in an empty rank."

Connected with the belief of supernatural voices, a summon superstitious notion may be worth mentioning here. It is popularly believed in Ireland, and possibly in other countries, that when a friend or relative dies a warning voice is heard, and the greater the space between the parties the more certain the word. The following is an attempt at translating an Irish song founded on this idea, which is sung to a angularly wild and melancholy air:

A low amund of song from the distance I hear,
In the ellence of night, breathing sad on my car!
Whence comes it? I know not—unearthly the note,
And unearthly the tonce through the air as they float;
For it wounds like the lay that my mother once sung,
As o'er her first-born in his cradle she hung.

Long parted from her, far away from her home,

Mong people that speak not her language I roam:

It it she that sends over the hillowy sea

This law-breathing murmur of sadness to mo!

What gives it the power thus to shake me with dread?

Does it say, that and voice, that my mother is dead?

NED SHEEHY'S EXCUSE.

NED SHEEHY was servant-man to Richard Gumbleton, esq. of Mountbally, Gumbletonmore, in the north of the county of Cork; and a better servant thun Ned was not to be found in that honest county, from Cape Clear to the Kilworth Mountains, for no body-no, not his worst enemy, could say a word against him, only that he was rather given to drinking, idling, lying, and loitering, especially the last, for send Ned of a five minute message at nine o'clock in the morning, and you were a lucky man if you saw him before dinner. If there happened to be a public-house in the way, or even a little out of it. Ned was sure to mark it as dead as a pointer; and knowing every body, and every body liking him, it is not to be wondered at he had so much to say and to hear, that the time slipped away as if the sun somehow or other had knocked two hours into one.

But when he came home, he never was short of an excuse, he had, for that matter, five hundred ready upon the tip of his tongue, so much in that I doubt if even the very reverend dector

Swift, for many years Denn of St. Patrick's, in Dublin, could match him in that particular, though his reverence had a pretty way of his own of writing things which brought him into very decent company. In fact, Ned would fret a saint, but then he was so good-humoured a fellow, and really then he was so good-humoured a fellow, and really handy about a house, for, as he said himself, he was as good as a lady's-maid, that his master could not find it in his heart to part with him.

In your grand houses—not that I am saying that Richard Gumbleton, esquire, of Mounthally, Gumbletonmore, did not keep a good house, but a plain country gentleman, although he is second country to the last high-sheriff of the county, canoot have all the army of servants that the lord-neutenant has in the castle of Dublin—I say, in your grand houses, you can have a servant for every kind of thing, but in Mountbally, Gumbletonmore, Ned was expected to please master and mistress; or, as counsellor Curran said,—by the same token the counsellor was a little dark man—one day that he direct there, on his way to the Channel sames. Ned was minister for the home and foreign departments.

But to make a long story short, Ned Sheehy
was a good butler, and a right good one too, and
as for a groom, let him alone with a horse; he
could dress it, or ride it, or shoe it, or physic it,

or do any thing with it but make it speak—he was a second whisperer!—there was not his match in the barony, or the next one neither. A pack of hounds he could manage well, my, and ride after them with the boldest man in the land. It was Ned who leaped the old bounds ditch at the turn of the boreen of the lands of Reenascreens, after the English captain pulled up on looking at it, and cried out it was "No go." Ned rode that day Brian Boro, Mr Gumbleton's famous chesnut, and people call it Ned Sheehy's leap to this hour.

So, you see, it was hard to do without him; however, many a scolding he got, and although his master often said of an evening, " I'll turn off Ned," he always forgot to do so in the morning. These threats mended Ned not a bit; indeed he was mending the other way, like bad fish in hot weather.

One cold winter's day, about three o'clock in the afternoon, Mr. Gumbleton said to him,

"Ned," said he, "go take Modderaroo down to black Falvey, the horse-doctor, and bid him look at her knees, for Doctor Jenkinson, who rode her home last night, has hurt her somehow. I suppose he thought a parson's horse ought to go upon its knees, but, indeed, it was I was the fool to give her to him at all, for he sits twenty stone if he sits a pound, and knows no more of riding.

particularly after his third bottle, than I do of preaching. Now mind and be back in an hour at furthest, for I want to have the plate cleaned up properly for dinner, as sir Augustus O'Toole, you know, is to dine here to-day.—Don't loiter for your life."

"Is it I, sir?" mys Ned. "Well, that beats my thing; as if I'd stop out a minute!" So mounting Modderaroo, off he set.

Four, five, six o'clock came, and so did air Aucustus and lady O'Toole, and the four misses O'Toole, and Mr. O'Toole, and Mr. Edward O'Toole, and Mr. James O'Toole, which were all the young O'Tooles that were at home, but Ned Sheehy appeared to clean the plate, or to lay the table-cloth, or even to put dinner on. It is needless to say how Mr. and Mrs. Dick Gumbleton fretted and fumed, but it was all to as use. They did their best, however, only it was a disgrace to see long Jem the stable-boy, and Hill the gumoon that used to go of errands, waiting, without any body to direct them, when there was a real haronet and his lady at table, for air Augustus was none of your knights. But a good bottle of claret makes up for much, and it was not one only they had that night. However u is not to be concealed that Mr Dick Gumbleton went to bed very cross, and he awoke still crosser

He heard that Ned had not made his appearance for the whole night, so he dressed himself in a great fret, and taking his horsewhip in his hand he said,

"There is no further use in tolerating this scoundrel; I'll go look for him, and if I find him, I'll cut the soul out of his vagabond body! I will by —"

"Don't swear, Dick dear," said Mrs. Gumbleton (for she was always a mild woman, being daughter of fighting Tom Crofts, who shot a couple of gentlemen, friends of his, in the cool of the evening, after the Mallow races, one after the other), "don't swear, Dick, dear," said she, "but do, my dear, oblige me by cutting the flesh off his bones, for he richly deserves it. I was quite ashamed of lady O'Toole, yesterday, I was, 'pon honour."

Out sallied Mr. Gumbleton; and he had not far to walk; for not more than two hundred yards from the house, he found Ned lying fast usleep under a ditch *, and Modderaroo standing by him, poor beast, shaking every limb. The loud snoring of Ned, who was lying with his head upon a stone as easy and as comfortable as if it had been a bed of down or a hop-bag, drew him to the spot, and

^{*} Duch, a hedge.

Mr. Gumbleton at once perceived, from the disscray of Ned's face and person, that he had been engaged in some perdous adventure during the night. Ned appeared not to have descended in the most regular manner, for one of his shoes remained sticking in the stirrups, and his hat, having rolled down a little slope, was imbedded in green mud. Mr. Gumbleton, however, did not give himself much trouble to make a curious survey, but with a vigorous application of his thong soon bamaked sleep from the eyes of Ned Sheehy

"Ned," thundered his master in great indignation, and on this occasion it was not a word and blow, for with that one word came half a dozen. Get up, you scoundfel," said he.

Ned reared lustily, and no wonder, for his master's hand was not one of the lightest; and he cried out, between sleeping and waking—"O, sir's—don't be angry, sir's—don't be angry, and I'll reset you camer—easy as a lamb"

Reset me camer, you vagabond?" mid Mr. Gumbleton, "what do you mean?—I'll road you my lad. Where were you all night?—Modderaroo will never get over it.—Pack out of my creace, you worthless villain, this moment; and, indeed, you may give God thanks that I don't get you transported."

"Thank God, master, dear," said Ned, who

was now perfectly awakened—" it's yourself anyhow. There never was a gentleman in the whole county ever did so good a turn to a poor man as your honour has been after doing to me: the Lord reward you for that same. Oh! but strike me again, and let me feel that it is yourself, master, dear;—may whiskey be my posson—"

" It will be your poison, you good-for-nothing scoundrel," said Mr. Gumbleton.

"Well, then, may whiskey be my poison," said Ned, "if 'twas not I was—God help me! in the blackest of misfortunes, and they were before me, whichever way I turned 'twas no matter. Your honour sent me last night, sure enough, with Modderaroo to mister Falvey's—I don't deny it —why should I > for reason enough I have to remember what happened."

"Ned, my man," said Mr. Gumbleton, "I'll listen to none of your excuses: just take the mare into the stable and yourself off, for I vow to —"

"Begging your honour's pardon," said Ned, earnestly, "for interrupting your honour, but, master, master! make no vows—they are bud things: I never made but one in all my life, which was to drink nothing at all for a year and a day, and 'tis myself reprinted of it for the clean twelvementh after. But if your honour would only listen to reason; I'll just take in the poor

baste, and if your honour don't pardon me this one time may I never see another day's luck or grace."

"I know you, Ned," said Mr. Gumbleton.
"Whatever your lock has been, you never had may grace to lose: but I don't intend discussing the matter with you. Take in the mare, sir."

Ned obeyed, and his master saw him to the modes. Here he reiterated his commands to quit, and Ned Sheehy's excuse for himself begun. That it was heard uninterruptedly is more than I can after; but as interruptions, like explanations, sport a story, we must let Ned tell it his own way.

No wonder your honour," said he, "should be but angry—grand company coming to the house and all, and no regular serving-man to wait, only long Jem, so I don't blame your honour the least lot long frested like, but when all's heard, you will see that no poor man is more to be pitted for last night than myself. Fin Mac Coul never went through more in his larn days than I did, though he was a great joint", and I only a man.

"I had not rode half a mile from the house, when it came on, as your honour must have perceived clearly, mighty dark all of a sudden, for all the world, as if the sun had tumbled down plump out of the fine clear blue sky. It was not so late, being only four o'clock at the most, but it was as black as your honour's hat. Well, I didn't care much, seeing I knew the road as well as I knew the way to my mouth, whether I saw it or not, and I put the mare into a smart canter; but just as I turned down by the corner of Terence Leahy's field—sure your honour ought to know the place well—just at the very spot the fox was killed when your honour came in first out of a whole field of a hundred and fifty gentlemen, and may be more, all of them brave riders."

(Mr. Gumbleton smiled.)

Just then, there, I heard the low cry of the good people wafting upon the wind. How early you are at your work, my little fellows, says I to myself; and, dark as it was, having no wish for such company, I thought it best to get out of their way; so I turned the horse a little up to the left, thinking to get down by the boreen, that is that way, and so round to Falvey's, but there I heard the voice plainer and plainer close behind, and I could hear these words:

'Ned! Ned!

By my cap so red!

You're as good, Ned,

As a man that is dead.'

A clean pair of spurs is all that 's for it now, said I, would leet as hard as I could lick, and in my husry knew no more where I was going than I do the rund to the hill of Tara. Away I galloped on for some time, until I came to the noise of a stream, rouring away by itself in the darkness. What river is this? said I to myself-for there was nobody else to ask-I thought, says I, I knew ever each of ground, and of water too, within twenty miles, and never the river surely is there in this direction. So I stopped to look about; but I might have spared myself that trouble, for I could not see as much as my hand. I didn't know what to do, but I thought in myself, it's a queer river, surely, if somebody does not live near it, and I shouted out, as loud as I could, Murder ! murder ! - fire ! - robbery ! - any thing that would be natural in such a place-but not a cound did. I hear except my own votee echoed back to me, like a hundred packs of hounds in full cry, above and below, right and left. This didn't do at all , so I dismounted, and guided myself along the stream, directed by the noise of the water, as cautious as if I was treading upon eggs, holding poor Modderarno by the brudle, who shook, the poor brute, all over in a tremble, like my old grandmother, rest her soul, anyhow ' in the ague. Well, ser, the heart was sinking in me, and I was giving myself up, when, as good luck would have it, I saw a light. 'Maybe,' said I, 'my good fellow, you are only a jacky lanthorn, and want to bog me and Modderaroo.' But I looked at the light hard, and I thought it was too study (steady) for a jacky lanthorn. 'I'll try you,' says I—' so here goes;' and walking as quick as a thief, I came towards it, being very near plumping into the river once or twice, and being stuck up to my middle, as your honour may perceive cleanly the marks of, two or three times in the slob.' At last I made the light out, and it coming from a bit of a house by the road side; so I went to the door, and gave three kicks at it, as strong as I could.

"'Open the door for Ned Sheehy,' said a voice inside. Now, besides that I could not, for the life of me, make out how any one inside should know me before I spoke a word at all, I did not like the sound of that voice, 'twas so hourse and so hollow, just like a dead man's '—so I said nothing immediately. The same voice spoke again, and sud, 'Why don't you open the door to Ned Sheehy?' 'How put my name is to you,' said I, without speaking out, 'on tip of your tongue, like butter;' and I was between two minds about staying or going, when what should the door do but open,

^{*} Or slath; mire on the sca strand or river's bank,-

and out came a man holding a candle in his hand, and be had upon him a face as white as a sheet.

" Why, then, Ned Sheehy,' says he, 'how grand you re grown, that you won't come in and see a friend, as you're passing by."

" Pray, sir, says I, looking at him—though that face of his was enough to dumbfounder any tomest man like myself - ' Pray, sir,' says I, ' may I make so hold as to ask if you are not Jack Myers that was drowned seven yours ago, next Murtin-mass, in the ford of Ah-na-fourah "

" Suppose I was," says he; " has not a man a right to be drowned in the ford facing his own calan-door any day of the week that he likes, from Sunday morning to Saturday night?"

" I m not denying that same, Mr. Myers, sir,' mys I, 'if 'tis vours if is to the fore speaking to me.'

"Well, says he, 'no more words about that matter now, our you and I, Ned, were friends of old, come in, and take a glass, and here's a good tire before you, and nobody shall hurt or harm you, and I to the fore, and myself able to do it.

Now, your honour, though 'twas much to drink with a man that was drowned seven years before, in the ford of Ab-na-fournh, facing his own door, yet the glass was hard to be withstood

—to say nothing of the fire that was blazing within —for the night was mortal cold. So tying Modderaroo to the hasp of the door—if I don't love the creature as I love my own life—I went in with Jack Myers.

"Civil enough he was—I'll never say otherwise to my dying hour—for he handed me a stool by the fire, and bid me sit down and make myself comfortable. But his face, as I said before, was as white as the snow on the hills, and his two eyes fell dead on me, like the eyes of a cod without any life in them. Just as I was going to put the glass to my lips, a voice—'twas the same that I heard bidding the door be opened—spoke out of a cupboard that was convenient to the left hand side of the chimney, and said, 'Have you any news for me, Ned Sheehy?'

"The never a word, sir,' says I, making answer before I tusted the whiskey, all out of civility; and to speak the truth, never the least could I remember at that moment of what had happened to me, or how I got there; for I was quite bothered with the fright.

" 'Have you no news,' says the voice, 'Ned, to tell me, from Mountbally Gumbletonmore; or from the Mill; or about Moll Trantum that was married last week to Bryan Oge, and you at the wedding?'

" No, str,' says I, ' never the word."

What brought you in here, Ned, then? wys the voice. I could my nothing; for whatever other people might do, I never could frame an excuse, and I was loth to my it was on account of the glass and the fire, for that would be to speak the truth.

"Turn the sounded out," says the voice; and at the sound of it, who would I see but Jack Myers making over to me with a lump of a stick in his hand, and it denched on the stick so wicked. For certain, I did not stop to feel the weight of the blow, so, dropping the glass, and it full of the stuff too, I bolted out of the door, and never rested from running away, for as good I believe a twenty miles, till I found myself in a big wood.

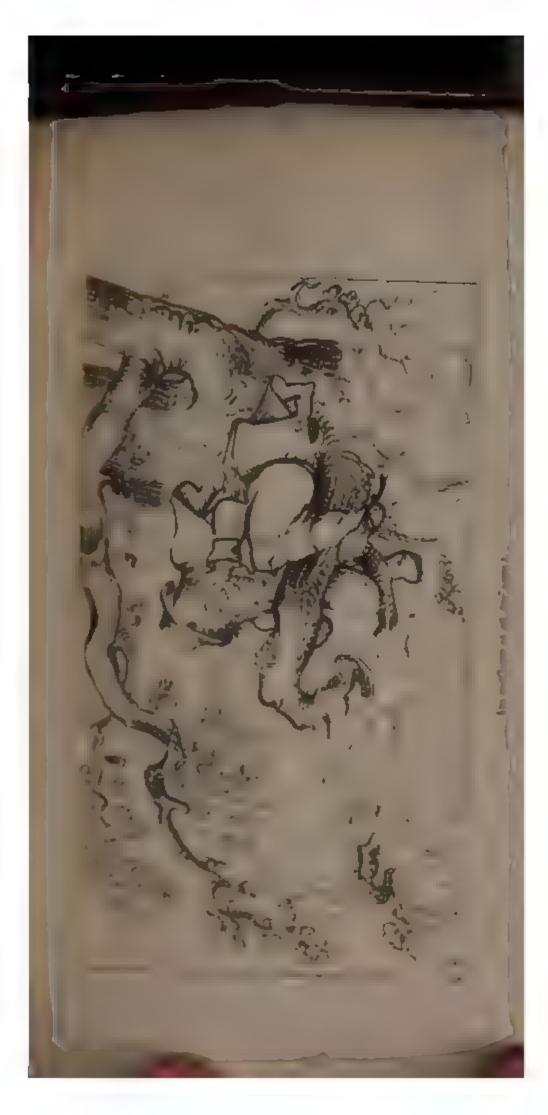
The Lord preserve me! what will become of for, now" mys I. 'Oh. Ned Sheehy!' says I, speaking to myself, 'my man, you're in a pretty hobble, and to leave poor Modderaroo after you!' But the words were not well out of my mouth, when I heard the domallest ullagoane in the world, enough to break any one's heart that was not broke before, with the grief entirely; and it was not long 'till I could plainly see four men coming towards me, with a great black cothin

on their shoulders. 'I'd better get up in a tree,' says I, 'for they say 'tis not lucky to meet a corpse: I'm in the way of misfortune to-night if ever man was.'

"I could not help wondering how a berrin" should come there in the lone wood at that time of night, seeing it could not be far from the dead hour. But it was little good for me thinking, for they soon came under the very tree I was roosting in, and down they put the coffin, and began to make a fine fire under me. I'll be anothered alive now, thinks I, and that will be the end of me; but I was afraid to stir for the life, or to speak out to bid them just make their fire under some other tree, if it would be all the same thing to them. Presently they opened the coffin, and out they dragged as fine looking a man as you'd meet with in a day's walk.

- " ' Where 's the spit?' says one.
- " Here 'tis,' says another, handing it over; and for certain they spitted him, and began to turn him before the fire.
- " If they are not going to eat him, thinks I, like the Hanmbals father Quinlan told us about in his sarmint last Sunday.

[·] Faperal.





" Who'll turn the spit while we go for the other ingredients?" says one of them that brought the coffin, and a big ugly-looking blackguard he was.

" Who'd turn the spit but Ned Sheehy?"

" Burn you! thinks I, how should you know that I was here so handy to you up in the tree?

" Come down, Ned Sheehy, and turn the

" I'm not here at all, sir,' says I, putting my hand over my face that he may not see me.

" 'That won't do for you, my man,' says he .
you'd better come down, or maybe I'd make
you.

" I'm coming, sir,' mys I, for 'the always right to make a virtue of necessity. So down I came, and there they left me turning the spit in the moddle of the water wood.

" Don't scorch me, Ned Sheeby, you vaga-

" And my lord, ser, and ar'n't you dead, sir,"
says I, and your honour taken out of the coffin
and all "

" I ar'n't, save he.

But surely you are, sir, says I, ' for 'tis to no use now for me denving that I saw your homour, and I up in the tree.'

" ' I ar'n't,' says he again, speaking quite short and snappish.

"So I said no more until presently he called out to me to turn him easy, or that may be 'twould be the worse turn for myself.

- " Will that do, sir?' says I, turning him as easy as I could.
- " 'That 's too easy,' says he; so I turned him faster.
- " 'That's too fast,' says he; so finding that turn him which way I would, I could not please him, I got into a bit of a fret at last, and desired him to turn himself, for a grumbling spalpeen as he was, if he liked it better.
- "Away I ran, and away he came hopping, sput and all after me, and he but half roasted. 'Murder!' says I, shouting out; 'I'm done for at long last—now or never!'—when all of a sudden, and 'twas really wonderful, not knowing where I was rightly, I found myself at the door of the very little cabin by the roadside that I had bolted out of from Jack Myers; and there was Modderaroo standing hard by.
- " Open the door for Ned Sheeby,' says the voice, for 'twas shut against me, and the door flew open in an instant. In I ran, without stop or stay, thinking it better to be bent by Jack Myers, he being an old friend of mine, than to

the spitted like a Michaelmas goose by a man that I knew nothing about, either of him or his family, one or the other.

- " Have you any news for me?' says the voice, putting just the same question to me that it did before.
- "Yes, sir,' says I, ' and plenty.' So I mentrood all that had happened to me in the big wood, and how I got up in the tree, and how I was made come down again, and put to turning the spit, reasting the gentleman, and how I could not please him, turn him fast or easy, although I wied my best, and how he ran after me at last, spit and all.
- " If you had told me this before, you would not have been turned out in the cold," said the
- " And how could I tell it to you, sir,' says
 I, ' before it happened?'
- "No matter," mys he, "you may sleep now till morning on that bundle of hay in the corner there, and only I was your friend, you d have been tilt entirely." So down I lay, but I was treaming, dreaming all the rest of the night, and when you, master dear woke me with that blessed blow. I thought twas the man on the spit had hold of me and could hardly believe my eyes when I found myself in your honour's presence, and post

Modderaroo safe and sound by my side; but how I came there is more than I can say, if 'twas not Jack Myers, although he did make the offer to strike me, or some one among the good people befriended me."

"It is all a drunken dream, you scoundrel," said Mr Gumbleton: "have I not had fifty such execuses from you?"

"But never one, your honour, that really happened before,' said Ned, with unblushing front "Howsomever, since your honour fancies 'tis drinking I was, I'd rather never drink again to the world's end, than lose so good a master as yourself, and if I'm forgiven this once, and get another trial ——"

"Well," said Mr. Gumbleton, "you may, for this once, go into Mountbally Gumbletonmore again; let me see that you keep your promise as to not drinking, or mind the consequences; and above all, let me hear no more of the good people, for I don't believe a single word about them, whatever I may do of lad ones."

So saying, Mr. Gumbleton turned on his heel, and Ned's countenance relaxed into its usual expression.

" Now I would not be after saying about the good people what the master said last," exclaimed Peggy, the maid, who was within hearing, and who, by the way, had an eye after Ned: "I would not be after saving such a thing; the good people, maybe, will make him feel the differ (difference) to he cost."

Nor was Peggy wrong, for, whether Ned Sheehy dreams of the Fir Darrig or not, within a fortnight after, two of Mr. Gumbleton's cows, the last milkers in the parish, ran dry, and before the week was out Modderaroo was lying dead in the stone quarry.

The name, and some of the situations in the foregoing tale are taken from Mr. Lynch's manuscript
collection of killiarney legends, which has been most
obbgingly forwarded by him to the compiler of this
value as Several versions of this whimsical adventure
are current in Ireland one, which was noted down
many years since, from the writer's nume, is given as
a proof how faithfully the main incidents in these tales
are orally circulated and preserved. The herotine is
Joan Coleman of Kansale, who, after being driven
out from an enchanted house, for having no story
in tell, when called upon by an invisible speaker to
do so, finds herself in a dark wood. Here she disouvers a very old man, with a long beard, rossting
another man as old as himself on a spit before a great

"When the old man, who was turning the spit, naw Joan, he welcomed her, and expressed his joy at seeing his gossip's daughter, Joan Coleman of Kinsale. Joan was much frightened; but he welcomed her so kindly, and told her to sit down to the fire in so friendly a manner, that she was somewhat assured, and complied with the invitation. He then handed her the spit to turn, and gave her the strictest charge not to allow a brown or a burned spot on the old man who was roasting until he came back; and with these directions left her.

" It happened to be rather a windy night, and Joan had not turned the spit long before a spark flew into the beard of the roasting old man, and the wind blowing that way it was speedily on fire. Joan, when she saw what had happened, was much troubled, and ran away as fast as possible. When the old fellow felt his beard on fire, he called out to Joan, in a great pasaion, to come back, and not to allow him to be hurned up to a cinder. Joan only ran the faster; and he, without ever getting off the spit, raced after her, with his beard all in flames, to know why, after the orders she had received, he was treated in that manner. Joan rushed into a house, which happened to be the very same that she had been turned out of for want of a story to tell. When she went in, Joan Coleman was welcomed by the same voice which had directed her to be turned out. She was desired to come to the fire. and pitied much, and a bed was ordered to be made for her. After she had lain down for some time, the

water taked her if she had now a story to tell? Joan asswered that she had; having 'a fright in her heart,' from what had imprened to her since she left, and without more words related her adventure. 'Very well,' said the voice, 'if you had told the same story when you were asked before, you would have had your comfortable lodging and your good night's rest by this time. I am sorry, Joan, that I was obliged to turn you out, that you might have nomething to tell me, for Father Red Cap never gives a bed without being paid for it by a story.' When Joan awoke next day at the crowing of the cock, she found herself lying an a little bank of rushes and green moss, with her bundle under her head for a pillow."

The Irish Fir darrig is doubtless the same as the Southsh Red Cap; and a writer in the Quarterly Review (No. 2022, p. 358), tracing national analogies, says, that this fairy is the Robin Hood of England, and the Saxon spirit Hudkin or Hodeken, so called from the heedakin or little bood which he wore.

Ned Sheehy, in his power over horses, is said to be a ground Whisperer. To the English reader this may appear obscure, but it will be well understood in the south of Ireland. The reverend Horatio Townsend, in his valuable Statistical Survey of Cork, gives so remarkable an account of the Whisperer that the length of the extract will doubtless be pardoned.

"Among the enrionties of this district" (Newmarket)
"may be properly included a very extraordinary power
displayed by one of its natives, in controlling and sub-

duing the refractory disposition of horses. What I am about to relate will appear almost incredible, and is certainly very hard to be accounted for; but there is not the least doubt of its truth. Many of the most respectable inhabitants have been witnesses of his performances, some of which came within my own knowledge.

" He was an awkward, ignorant rustic of the lowest class, of the name of Sullivan, but better known by the appellation of the Whisperer-his occupation, horse-breaking. The nickname he acquired from a vulgar notion of his being able to communicate to the animal what he wished by means of a whisper, and the singularity of his method seemed in some degree to justify the attribute. In his own neighbourhood, the notoriety of the fact made it appear less remarkable, but I doubt if any instance of similar subjugating talent is to be found on record. As far as the sphere of his control extended, the boast of cent, ends, etcs, was more justly claimed by Sullivan than by Casar himself How his art was acquired, or in what it consisted, is likely to remain for ever unknown, as he has lately" about 1810, "left the world without divulging it. His son, who follows the same trade, possesses but a small portion of the art, having either never learned the true secret, or being meapable of putting it in practice. The wonder of his skill consisted in the celerity of the operation, which was performed in privacy, and without any apparent means of coercion. Every description of horse, or even mule, whether presiously broke or unhandled, whatever their pecuhar vices or ill habits might have been, submitted authout show of resistance to the magical influence of his art, and in the short space of half an hour became gentle and tractable. The effect, though instantancously produced, was generally durable. Though more submissive to him than to others, they seemed to have acquired a docility unknown before. When was for to tame a vicious beast, for which he was paid thore or less, according to distance, generally two or three guiness, he directed the stable in which be said the object of the experiment were placed to be that, with orders not to open the door until a signal given. After a tete-a-tete of about half an hour, during which little or no bustle was heard, the agnal was made, and upon opening the door the horse appeared lying down, and the man by his side, playing familiarly with him, like a child with a puppy-dog. From that time he was found perfectly willing to submit to any discipline, however repugnant to his nature before.

"I once," continues Mr. Townsend, "asw his still tried on a horse which could never before be brought to stand for a smith to shoe him. The day after Sullivan's half-hour lecture I went, not without some incredulity, to the sinith's shop, with many other curious spectators, where we were eye-witnesses of the complete success of his art. This, too, had been a troop horse, and it was supposed, not without reason, that, after regimental discipline had failed, no other

would be found availing. I observed that the animal appeared terrified whenever Sullivan cither spoke or looked at him; how that extraordinary ascendancy could have been obtained it is difficult to conjecture. In common cases this mysterious preparation was unnecessary. He seemed to possess an instinctive power of inspiring awe, the result, perhaps, of natural intrepidity, in which I believe a great part of his art consisted, though the circumstance of the tête-àtête shows that, upon particular occasions, something more must have been added to it. A faculty like this would, in other hands, have made a fortune, and I understand that great offers have been made to him for the exercise of his art abroad. But hunting was his passion. He hved at home in the style most agreeable to his disposition, and nothing could induce him to quit Duhallow and the fox-hounds."

THE LUCKY GUEST.

The kitchen of some country houses in Ireland prounts in no ways a bad modern translation of the ancient feudal hall. Traces of clauship still larger round its hearth in the numerous dependants on "the master's" bounty. Nurses, foster-brothers, and other hangers on, are there as matter of right, while the strolling piper, full of mirth and music, the benighted traveller, even the passing beggar, are received with a hearty welcome, and each contributes plansty, song, or superstitious tale, towards the evening's amusement.

An amembly, such as has been described, had collected round the kitchen fire of Ballyrahen-house, at the foot of the Galtee mountains, when, as is ever the case, one tale of wonder called forth another, and with the advance of the evening each succeeding story was received with deeper and deeper attention. The history of Cough na Looba's dance with the black from at Rahiil, and the fearful tradition of Coum as 'ir morrie (the dead man's hollow), were listened to in breath-

less silence. A pause followed the last relation, and all eyes rested on the narrator, an old nurse who occupied the post of honour, that next the fireside. She was scated in that peculiar position which the Irish name "Currigguib," a position generally assumed by a veteran and determined story-teller. Her haunches resting upon the ground, and her feet bundled under the body; her arms folded across and supported by her knees, and the outstretched chin of her hooded head pressing on the upper arm; which compact arrangement nearly reduced the whole figure into a perfect triangle.

Unmoved by the general gaze, Bridget Doyle made no change of attitude, while she gravely asserted the truth of the marvellous tale concerning the Dead Man's Hollow; her strongly marked countenance at the time receiving what painters term a fine chiaro-scuro effect from the fire-light.

"I have told you," she said, "what happened to my own people, the Butlers and the Doyles, in the old times; but here is little Ellen Connell from the county Cork, who can speak to what happened under her own father and mother's roof—the Lord be good to them!"

Ellen was a young and blooming girl of about sixteen, who was employed in the dairy at Bally-

taken. She was the picture of health and rustic leauty; and at this hint from nurse Doyle, a deep blash mantled over her countenance; yet although unaccustomed to public speaking," she, without further heatstion or excuse, proceeded as follows:

"It was one May eve, about thirteen years ago, and that is, as every body knows, the airiest day mail the twelve months. It is the day above all other," and Ellen, with her large dark eyes cast down on the ground, and drawing a deep sigh, when the young boys and the young girls go looking after the Druthern, to learn from it rightly the name of their sweethearts.

were sitting round the turf fire, and were talking of one thing or another. My mother was hushoing my little sitter, striving to quieten her, for she was cutting her teeth at the time and was mighty uneasy through the means of them. The day, which was threatening all along, now that it was rounning on to dask, began to min, and the rain movement and fell faster and faster, as if it was prorring through a sieve out of the wide heavens; and when the rain stopped for a bit there was a wind which kept up such a whistling and tacket, that you would have thought the sky and the

earth were coming together. It blew and it blew as if it had a mind to blow the roof off the cahin, and that would not have been very hard for it to do, as the thatch was quite loose in two or three places. Then the rain began again, and you could hear it spitting and hissing in the fire, as it came down through the big chimbley.

"' God bless us, says my mother, but 'tis a dreadful night to be at sea, says she, and God be praised that we have a roof, bad as it is, to shelter us."

" I don't, to be sure, recollect all this, mistress Doyle, but only as my brothers told it to me, and other people, and often have I heard it; for I was so little then, that they say I could just go under the table without tipping my head. Anyway, it was in the very height of the pelting and whistling that we heard something speak outside the door. My father and all of us listened, but there was no more noise at that time. We wanted a little longer, and then we plainly heard a sound like an old man's voice, asking to be let in, but mighty feebly and weak. Tim bounced up, without a word, to ask us whether we'd like to let the old man, or whoever he was, in-having always a heart as soft as a mealy potatoe before the voice of sorrow. When Tim pulled back the bolt

that did the door, in marched a little bit of a shrivelled, weather-beaten creature, about two feet and a half high.

"We were all watching to see who'd come in, for there was a wall between us and the door; but when the sound of the undoing of the bolt stopped, we heard Tim give a sort of a screech. and instantly he bolted in to us. He had hardly tome to say a word, or we either, when the little centleman shuffled in after him, without a God we all here, or by your leave, or any other sort of thing that any decent body might say. We all, of one accord, scrambled over to the furthest ead of the room, where we were, old and young, every one trying who'd get nearest the wall, and furthest from him. All the eyes of our body were suck upon him, but he didn't mind us no more than that frying-pan there does now. He walked wer to the fire, and squatting himself down like a freg, took the pape that my father dropped from his mouth in the hurry, put it into his own, and then began to smoke so hearty, that he soon filled the room of it.

"We had plenty of time to observe him, and my brothers say that he wore a sugar-leaf hat that was so red as blood—he had a face as yellow as a hite's law, and as long as to-day and to-morrow put together, with a mouth all screwed and puckered up like a washer-woman's hand, little blue eyes, and rather a highish nose; his hair was quite grey and lengthy, appearing under his hat, and flowing over the cape of a long scarlet coat which almost trailed the ground behind him, and the ends of which he took up and planked on his knees to dry, as he sat facing the fire. He had smart corduroy breeches, and woollen stockings drawn up over the knees, so as to hide the kneebuckles, if he had the pride to have them; but, at any rate, if he hadn't them in his knees he had them in his shoes, out before his spindle legs. When we came to ourselves a little we thought to escape from the room, but no one would go first, nor no one would stay last; so we huddled ourselves together and made a dart out of the room. My little gentleman never minded any thing of the scrambling, nor hardly stirred himself, sitting quite at his ease before the fire. The neighbours, the very instant minute they got to the door, although it still continued pelting rain, cut gutter as if Oliver Cromwell himself was at their heels; and no blame to them for that, anyhow. It was my father, and my mother, and my brothers, and myself, a little hop-of-my-thumb midge as I was then, that were left to see what would come out

of this strange visit; so we all went quietly to the labbig*, scarcely daring to throw an eye at him as we passed the door. Never the wink of deep could they sleep that live-long night, though, to be sure, I slept like a top, not knowing better, while they were talking and thinking of the little

"When they got up in the morning every thing was as quiet and as tidy about the place as if nothing had happened, for all that the chairs and tools were tumbled here, there, and everywhere, when we saw the lad enter. Now, indeed, I forget whether he came next night or not, but, anyway, that was the first time we ever laid eye upon him. This I know for certain, that, about a month after that, he came regularly every night, and used to give us a ngual to be on the move, for twas plans he did not like to be observed. This sign was always made about cleven o'clock; and then, if we'd look towards the door, there was a little hairy arm thrust in through the key-hole, which would not have been lag anough, only there was a fresh hole made near the first one, and the bit of stack latteren them had been broken away, and twas just fitting for the little arm.

^{*} Lablag - bed, from Leabs. - Vide O'Barrx and

"The Fir darrig continued his visits, never missing a night, as long as we attended to the signal; smoking always out of the pipe he made his own of, and warming himself till day dawned before the fire, and then going no one living knows where: but there was not the least mark of him to be found in the morning; and 'tis as true, nurse Doyle, and honest people, as you are all here sitting before me and by the side of me, that the family continued thriving, and my father and brothers rising in the world while ever he came to us. When we observed this, we used always look for the very moment to see when the arm would come, and then we'd instantly fly off with ourselves to our rest. But before we found the lock, we used sometimes sit still and not mind the arm, especially when a neighbour would be with my father, or that two or three or four of them would have a drop among them, and then they did not care for all the arms, harry or not, that ever were seen. No one, however, dared to speak to it or of it insolently, except, indeed, one night that Davy Kennane-but he was drunk-walked over and hit it a rap on the back of the wrist: the hand was matched off like lightning; but every one knows that Davy did not live a menth after this happened, though he was only about ten days sick. The like of such tricks are ticklish things to do.

"As sure as the red man would put in his arm for a sign through the hole in the door, and that we did not go and open it to him, so sure some mushap befel the cattle : the cows were elf-stoned, er overlooked, or something or another went wrong with them. One night my brother Dan refused to gu at the signal, and the next day, as he was cattung turf in Crogh-na-driming bog, within a male and a half of the house, a stone was thrown at him, which broke fairly, with the force, into two halves. Now, if that had happened to hit hom, he'd be at this hour as dead as my great great-grandfather. It came whack-slap against the spade he had in his hand, and split at once a two pieres. He tank them up and fitted them together, and they made a perfect heart. Some way or the other he lost it since, but he still has the one which was shot at the spotted milch cow, before the little man came near us. Many and many a time I may that same, it is just the shape of the our of hearts on the camis, only it is of a dark-red enlour, and polished up like the grate that is in the grand purlour within. When this did not till the cow on the spot, she swelled up; but if you took and put the elf-stone under her udder, and milked her upon it to the last stroking, and then made her drink the milk, it would cure her, and she would thrive with you ever after

"But, as I said, we were getting on well enough as long as we minded the door and watched for the hairy arm, which we did sharp enough when we found it was bringing luck to us, and we were now as glad to see the little red gentleman, and as ready to open the door to him, as we used to dread his coming at first and be frightened of him. But at long last we throve so well that the landlord-God forgive him-took notice of us, and envied us, and asked my father how he came by the penny he had, and wanted him to take more ground at a rack-rent that was more than any Christian ought to pay to another, seeing there was no making it. When my father-and small blame to him for that refused to lease the ground, he turned us off the bit of land we had, and out of the house and all, and left us in a wide and wicked world, where my father, for he was a soft innocent man, was not up to the roguery and the trickery that was practised upon him He was taken this way by one and that way by another, and he treating them that were working his downfall. And he used to take bite and supwith them, and they with him, free enough as long as the money lasted; but when that was gone, and he had not as much ground, that he could call his own, as would sod a lark, they soon shabbed him off. The landlord died not long

after; and he now knows whether he acted right or wrong in taking the house from over our heads.

down, so we took another cabin, and looked out with great desire for the Fir darrig to come to us. But ten o'clock came, and no arm, although we cut a bole in the door just the moral (model) of the other. Eleven o'clock!—twelve o'clock!—an, not a sign of him, and every night we watched, but all would not do. We then travelled to the other house, and we rooted up the hearth, for the tandlerd asked so great a rent for it from the poor people that no one could take it; and we carried away the very door off the hinges, and we brought every thing with us that we thought the little man was in any respect partial to, but he did not come, and we never saw him again.

"My father and my mother, and my young meer, are since dead, and my two brothers, who could tell all about this better than myself, are both of them gone out with Ingram in his last voyage to the Cape of Good Hope, leaving me behind without kith or kin."

Here young Ellen's voice became choked with acrow, and bursting into tears, she had her face in her apron. This tale is preserved verbatim as taken down by Mr. M'Clise, to whose clever pencil the present volume is also indebted for the idea of two or three of the sketches which illustrate it.

The Fir darrig here has many traits of resemblance with the Scotch Brownie, the German Kobold, and the Hob-goblin of England Milton's "Lubber fiend.") They all love cleanliness and regularity, are harbingers of good-luck, and in general, for some exceptions occur, are like cats, attached to the house rather than to the family.

Crogb-na-drimina bog lies at the foot of Caira. Thierna, near Fermoy, a hill which is the scene of a subsequent story.

Cough-na-Looba's dance with the black friar at Rahill, as well as the legend of the Dead Man's Hollow, are traditions well known in the county of Tipperary. The present worthy possessor of Rahill (Mr. Fennell, a Quaker gentleman) can bear witness to the popular belief in Cough-na-Looba's existence, and her supposed abode in his orchard, where she is constantly heard singing

" Na feek a vecetoo

Na clush a glushetoo

Na nish gevacketoo

Cough a na Luoba."

The fair dame's song is given as it is pronounced, and has been translated to the writer by a singular cha-

reacter manual Cleary, whose soubriquet was "The Wild Pos," as follows:

Don't see what you see, Don't hear what you hear, Don't tell what you saw Of Catherine Looby

"The Druthoen," which is supposed to pomess the power of revealing the name of a sweetheart, is a small white along or naked small, and it is the common practice of boys and maids on May morning to place one on a pacce of slate lightly sprinkled with flour or fine dust, covering it over with a large leaf, when it never fails to describe the initial of "the one loved name."

The same custom prevailed in England in the time of Gay, and is described by him in "The Shepherd's Week."

That might my secret lover's name reveal;
Upon a gooseherry-hush a small I found,
For always smalls near sweetest fruit abound.
I wised the vermin, home I quickly sped,
And on the hearth the milk-white embers spread.
Slow crawl'd the small, and if I right can spell,
In the soft ashes mark'd a curious L:
Oh, may this wond rous omen lucky prove,
For L is found in Lubberkin and Love."

The ward to correctly written deschden, which signation marning-dew, as, according to vulgar opinson. these snails fall with, and are born of the dew, and are never seen but when the dew is on the ground. A kind correspondent (Mr. Richard Dowden Richard) suggests, as a probable derivation, Drundh, a magician, and hence Drundheen, the little magician.

The flint arrow-heads of the princtive inhabitants, and the axes termed by antiquaries stone celts, are frequently found in turning up the ground in Ireland, as well as Scotland and other countries. By the peasantry they are termed elf-stones, and believed to have been maliciously shot at cattle by "the wandering people."

Thus Collins, in his beautiful ode on the superstitions of the Highlands

"There every herd by sad experience knows

How wing'd with fate their elf-shot arrows fly;

When the sick ewe her summer-food foregoes,

Or, stretch'd on earth, the heart-smit heifers

lie."

noways in the opening sentence of the tale, after the declaration of Dr. Johnson, who, in his derivation of nowise, says "this word is, by some ignorant barbarians, written and pronounced noways." Few, however, now rate the authority of Dr Johnson very high upon any subject, and in etymological ones it goes for nothing. Sir Walter Scott very slily remarks, when speaking of the greatest of the Johnsons, old Ben, that "he is not the only one of the name that has bullied his con-

but the man who wrote the Alchymist was certainly very far superior in every respect to the author of frene

We cannot venture decidedly to maintain that noways is the proper writing of the word, for we know that our faxon ancestors more frequently employed one name piran, in nowine; on oppe piran, otherwise; on ange piran, in nowine; on the piran, otherwise; on ange piran, in anywise; on the opiran, in two or three wise. But we also meet calle page, omnibus modes, and calme page, always, semper. And besides always we still use straightways, lengthways, and other similar adverba, which would appear to indicate the former use of several adverba formed from pagent the regular Teutonic manner, that is, by a genitive termination. Nowise and noways is, in German, keinesways. It is curious that the Saxon Errona should have become efficients.





FAIRY LEGENDS. TREASURE LEGENDS.



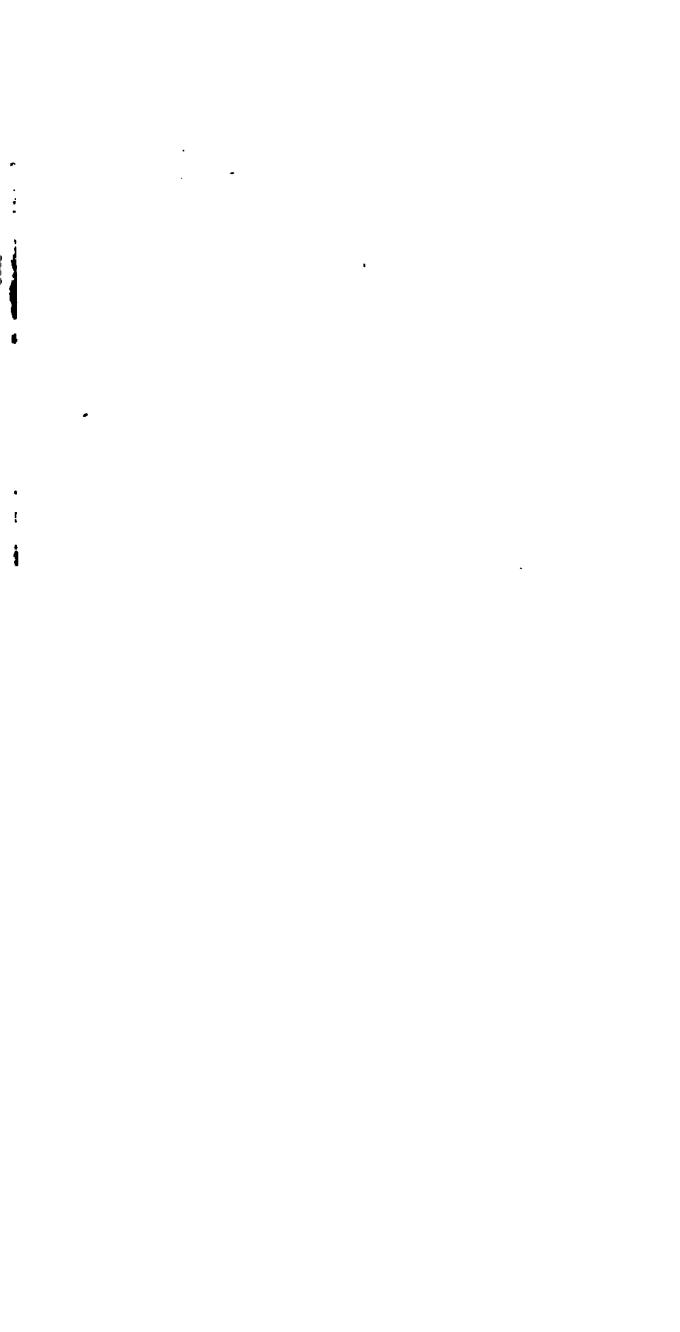
" Bell, book, and candle, shall not drive me back.

When gold and eilver becks me to come on."

King John.

" This is fairy gold, boy, and 'twill prove so."

WINTER's TALE.



TREASURE LEGENDS.

DREAMING TIM JARVIS.

TIMOTHY JETUS was a decent, bonest, quiet, ward-working man, as every body knows that knows Balledehob

Now Ballesh hob is a small place, about forty miles west of Cork. It is situated on the summit of a hill, and yet it is in a deep valley, for on all sides there are lofty mountains that rise one above another in barren grandeur, and seem to nok down with scorn upon the little busy village, which they surround with their idle and unproductive magnificence. Man and beast have alike deserted them to the dominion of the eagle, who wars majestically over them. On the highest of those mountains there is a small, and as is commonly believed, unfathomable lake, the only inhabitant of which is a huge serpent, who has been sometimes seen to stretch its enormous head above the waters, and frequently is beard to utter a none which shakes the very rocks to their foundation

But, as I was saying, every body knew Tim Jarvis to be a decent, honest, quiet, hard-working man, who was thriving enough to be able to give his daughter Nelly a fortune of ten pounds; and Tim himself would have been snug enough besides, but that he loved the drop sometimes. However, he was seldom backward on rent day. His ground was never distrained but twice, and both times through a small bit of a mistake, and his landlord had never but once to say to him-" Tim Jarvis, you're all behind, Tim, like the cow's tail." Now it so happened that, being heavy in himself, through the drink, Tim took to sleeping, and the sleep set Tim dreaming, and be dreamed all night, and night after night, about crocks full of gold and other precious stones, so much so, that Norah Jarvis his wife could get no good of him by day, and have little comfort with him by night. The grey dawn of the morning would see Tim digging away in a hog-hole, maybe, or rooting under some old stone walls like a pig. At last he dreamt that he found a mighty great crock of gold and silver-and where, do you think? Every step of the way upon London-bridge, itself ' Twice Tim dreamt it, and three times Tim dreamt the same thing; and at last he made up his mind to transport himself, and go over to London, in Pat Mahoney's coaster-and so he did!

Well, he got there, and found the bridge without much difficulty. Every day he walked up and down looking for the crock of gold, but never the find did he find it. One day, however, as he was looking over the bridge into the water, a man, or something like a man, with great black whiskers, like a Hessian, and a black clock that reached down to the ground, taps him on the shoulder, and says he—" Tim Jarvis, do you see me?"

"Surely I do, str," said Tim; wondering that my body should know him in the strange place.

"Tim," says he, "what is it brings you here in foreign parts, so far away from your own cabin by the mine of grey copper at Balledehob?"

" Please your honour," says Tun, "I'm come to seek my fortune."

"You 're a fool for your pains, Tim, if that s and," remarked the stranger in the black clouk, "this is a big place to seek one's fortune in, to be pure, but it is not so easy to find it."

Now, Tim, after delating a long time with binnelf, and considering, in the first place, that it might be the stranger who was to find the crock of gold for him, and in the next, that the stranger might direct him where to find it, came to the resolution of telling him all.

There's many a one like me comes here seeking their fortunes," and Tim.

- " True," said the stranger.
- "But," continued Tim, looking up, "the body and bones of the cause for myself leaving the woman, and Nelly, and the boys, and travelling so far, is to look for a crock of gold that I in told is lying somewhere hereabouts."
 - " And who told you that, 'Tim?"
- "Why, then, sir, that 's what I can't tell myself rightly—only I dreamt it."
- "Ho, ho! is that all, Tim?" said the stranger, laughing; "I had a dream myself; and I dreamed that I found a crock of gold, in the Fort field, on Jerry Driscoll's ground at Balledehob; and by the same token, the pit where it lay was close to a large furze bush, all full of yellow blossom."

Tim knew Jerry Driscoll's ground well; and, moreover, he knew the fort field as well as he knew his own potatoe garden, he was certain, too, of the very furse bush at the north end of it—so, swearing a bitter big oath, says he—

" By all the crosses in a yard of cheek, I always thought there was money in that same field!"

The moment he rapped out the oath the stranger disappeared, and Tim Jarvis, wondering at all that had happened to him, made the best of his way back to Ireland. North, as may well be supposed, had no very warm welcome for her runaway husband—the dreaming blackguard, as she called

the blood of her body in one minute was into her knuckles to be at him; but Tim, after his long purney, looked so cheerful and so happy-like, that she could not find it in her heart to give him the first blow! He managed to pacify his wife by two or three broad hints about a new cloak and a pair of shees, that, to speak honestly, were much wanting to her to go to chapel in, and decent dother for Nelly to go to the patron with her meetheart, and brogues for the boys, and some cordures for himself. "It wasn't for nothing," ava Tim, "I went to foreign parts all the ways; and you'll see what 'll come out of it—mind my meethe."

A few days afterwards Tim sold his cabin and an garden, and bought the fort field of Jerry Drocoll, that had nothing in it, but was full of thistles, and old stones, and blackberry bushes; and all the neighbours—as well they might—abought he was cracked!

The first night that I'm could assume courage to begin his work, he walked off to the field with as spade upon his shoulder, and away he dug all night by the side of the furze bash, till he came to a lag stone. He struck his spade against it, and he heard a hallow sound, but as the morning had begun to dawn, and the neighbours would be

going out to their work, Tim, not wishing to have the thing talked about, went home to the little hovel, where Norah and the children were huddled together under a heap of straw; for he had sold every thing he had in the world to purchase Driscoll's field, that was said to be "the back-bone of the world, picked by the devil."

It is impossible to describe the epithets and reproaches bestowed by the poor woman on her unlucky husband for bringing her into such a way. Epithets and reproaches which Tim had but one mode of answering, as thus:—" Norah, did you see e'er a cow you'd like?"—or, " Norah, dear, hasn't Poll Deasy a feather-bed to sell?"—or, " Norah, honey, wouldn't you like your silver buckles as big as Mrs. Doyle's?"

As soon as night came Tun stood beside the furze bush spade in hand. The moment he jumped down into the jut he heard a strange rumbling noise under him, and so, putting his car against the great stone, he listened, and querheard a discourse that made the hair on his head stand up like bulrushes, and every limb tremble.

- " How shall we bother Tim?" said one voice.
- "Take him to the mountain, to be sure, and make him a toothful for the old serpent; 'tis long succ he has had a good meal," said another voice.

Tim shook like a potutoe-blossom in a storm.

" No," said a third voice; " plunge him in the

Tim was a dead man, barring the breath *.

Stop!" said a fourth; but Tim heard no more, for Tim was dead entirely. In about an hour, however, the life came back into him, and he crept home to Norah.

When the next night arrived the hopes of the crock of gold got the better of his fears, and taking care to arm himself with a bottle of potheen, away be went to the field. Jumping into the pit, he took a little sup from the bottle to keep his heart up—he then took a big one—and then, with desperate wrench, he wrenched up the stone. All at care, up rushed a blast of wind, wild and fierce, and down fell Tim—down, down, and down he went—outil he thumped upon what seemed to be, for all the world, like a floor of sharp pins, which made him bellow out in carnest. Then he heard a whisk and a hurra, and instantly voices beyond number cruel out—

" Welcome, Tim Jarvia, dear! Welcome, down here!"

[&]quot;I' non more, a non rimed viro:
Pense aremai per ta, a' has fine d' ingagno
Qual la divenus d' une e d'altro pavo."
DANTE INTERNO, Canto St.



FAIRY LEGENDS.

TREASURE LEGENDS.



" Bell, book, and candle, shall not drive me back.

When gold and silver backs me to come on."

KING JOHN.

"The se fary gold, boy, and 'twill prove so."
Wingen's Talk-



-

1 2

TREASURE LEGENDS.

DREAMING TIM JARVIS.

Tractity Jarvis was a decent, honest, quiet, hard-working man, as every body knows that knows Halledehob.

Now Balledehob is a small place, about forty miles west of Cork. It is situated on the summit of a hill, and yet it is in a deep valley, for on all sales there are lofty mountains that rise one shove another in barren grandeur, and seem to lank down with scorp upon the little busy village, which they surround with their idle and unproductive magnificence. Man and beast have alike deserted them to the dominion of the eagle, who cours may stically over them. On the highest of those mountains there is a small, and us is commouly believed, unfathomable lake, the only inhabitant of which is a huge serpent, who has been sometimes seen to stretch its enormous head above the waters, and frequently is beard to utter a none which shakes the very rocks to their foundation

heart-broken, followed his wife home: and, strange to say, from that night he left off drinking, and dreaming, and delving in bog-holes, and rooting in old caves. He took again to his hard working habits, and was soon able to buy back his little cabin and former potato-garden, and to get all the enjoyment he anticipated from the fairy gold.

Give Tim one or, at most, two glasses of whiskey punch (and neither friend, acquaintance, or gossip can make him take more), and he will relate the story to you much better than you have it here. Indeed it is worth going to Balledehob to hear him tell it. He always pledges himself to the truth of every word with his fore-fingers crossed; and when he comes to speak of the loss of his guineas, he never fails to console himself by adding—" If they staid with me I wouldn't have luck with them, sir; and father O'Shea told me 'twas as well for me they were changed, for if they hadn't, they'd have burned holes in my pocket, and got out that way."

I shall never forget his solemn countenance, and the deep tones of his warning voice, when be concluded his tale, by telling me, that the next day after his ride with the fames, Mick Dowling was missing, and he believed him to be given to the serpent in his place, as he had never been

heard of since. "The blessing of the saints be between all good men and harm," was the concluding entence of Tim Jarvis's narrative, as he flung the remaining drops from his glass upon the green

In Gramm's Deutsche Sagan (vol. i. p. 290) this take, which is also current, with little variation, in the East, is thus related :- " A man once dreamed that if he went to Regemburg and walked on the bridge he should become rich. He went accordingly; and when he had spent near a fortnight walking backwards and forwards on the bridge, a rich merchant some up to him, wondering what he was doing there every day, and asked bun what he was looking for ; he answered that he had dreamed if he would to the bridge of Regensburg he should become rich. Ah I said the merchant, ' what do you say about dreams?-Dreams are but froth (Tritume and Schoone J. I too have dreamed that there is buried ander youder large tree (pointing to it) a great kettle hall of money; but I give no heed to this, for dreams we froth' (Transe and Schame).

"The man went immediately and dug under the troe, and there he got a great treasure, which made a rich man of him; and so his dream was accomplished.

"This story," eays Agricols, "I have often beard

from my father. The same story is told of several other places. At Lubeck it was a baker's boy who dreamed he should find a treasure on the bridge. On the bridge he met a beggar, who said he had dreamed there was one under a lime-tree in the church-yard of Mollen, but that he would not take the trouble of going there. The baker's boy went and got the treasure."

Precisely the same legend is recorded in the Danske Folkesagn (vol ii. p. 24), of a man at a place called Als, who dreamed he should find a treasure in the streets of Flensborg, and was directed back to Tanalet near Als. But perhaps there is no country in which this story is not current.

Should any reader be fortunate enough to dream of buried money, it may be of some advantage to know the proper "art and order" to be used in digging for it.

"There must be made upon a hazel wand three crosses, and certain words, both blasphemous and unpious, must be said over it; and hereunto must be added certain characters and barbarous names. And whilst the treasure is a-digging, there must be read the psalms De profundis, Misercatur nostri, Requiem, Pater noster, Are Maria, Et ne nas inducas in tentationem, sed libera nos a malo, Amen, A porta inferni credo videre bona, &c., and then a certain prayer. And if the time of digging be neglected the devil will carry all the treasure away." Reg. Scot. Discourre of Witcheraft, p. 102.

All money-diggers, bowever, ought to take warning

he fate of one recorded in Dodsley's Annual Re-

Daniel Healey of Donoghmore, in Ireland, having self-trent times dreamed that money lay concealed as a large stone in a field near where he lived, prolame workmen to assist him in removing it; when they had dug as far as the foundation, it lealy fell and killed Healey on the spot."



RENT-DAY.

"On ullagone, ullagone! this is a wide world, but what will we do in it, or where will we go?" muttered Bill Doody, as he sat on a rock by the Lake of Killarney. "What will we do? to-morrow's rent-day, and Tim the Driver swears if we don't pay up our rent, he'll cant every ha'perth we have; and then, sure enough, there's Judy and myself, and the poor little grawls will be turned out to starve on the high road, for the never a halfpenny of rent have I!—Oh hone, that ever I should live to see this day!"

Thus did Bill Doody bemoan his hard fate, pouring his sorrows to the reckless waves of the most beautiful of lakes, which seemed to mock his misery as they rejoiced beneath the cloudless sky of a May morning. That lake, glittering in sunshine, sprinkled with fairy isles of rock and verdure, and bounded by giant hills of ever-varying

Children.

nucs, might, with its magic beauty, charm all mines but despuir; for alas,

"How ill the scene that offers rest And heart that cannot rest agree!"

Yes Hell Doody was not so desolate as he supposed, there was one listening to him he little thought of, and help was at hand from a quarter he could not have expected.

"What 's the matter with you, my poor man?" and a tall portiv-looking gentleman, at the same ame stepping out of a furze brake. Now Bill was sented on a rock that commanded the view of large field. Nothing in the field could be conconled from him, except this furze-brake, which grew in a hollow near the margin of the lake. He was, therefore, not a little surprised at the centleman's sudden appearance, and began to question whether the personage before him belonged to this world or not. He, however, soon mustered coursers sufficient to tell him how his crops had fulled, how some bad member had charmed away his butter, and how Tim the Driver threatened to turn him out of the farm if he didn't pay up every penny of the rent by twelve o'clock next day.

" A sad story, indeed," mid the stranger; " but

surely, if you represented the case to your landlord's agent, he won't have the heart to turn you out."

"Heart, your honour! where would an agent get a heart!" exclaimed Bill. "I see your honour does not know him; besides, he has an eye on the farm this long time for a fosterer of his own; so I expect no mercy at all, at all, only to be turned out."

"Take this, my poor fellow, take this," said the stranger, pouring a purse full of gold into Bill's old hat, which in his grief he had flung on the ground. "Pay the fellow your rent, but I'll take care it shall do him no good. I remember the time when things went otherwise in this country, when I would have hung up such a fellow in the twinkling of an eye!"

These words were lost upon Bill, who was insensible to every thing but the sight of the gold, and before he could unfix his gaze, and lift up his head to pour out his hundred thousand blessings, the stranger was gone. The bewildered peasant looked around in search of his benefactor, and at last he thought he saw him riding on a white horse a long way off on the lake.

"O'Donoghue, O'Donoghue!" shouted Bdl; the good, the blessed O'Donoghue!" and he ran

ring like a madman to show Judy the gold, to rejoice her heart with the prospect of wealth happiness.

meakingly, with his hat in his hand, his eyes on the ground, and his knees bending under but bold and upright, like a man conscious independence.

Why don't you take off your hat, fellow; you know you are speaking to a magistrate?"

The agent.

Bill, "and I never takes off my hat but to I can respect and love. The Eye that sees mows I've no right either to respect or love

You scoundred!" retorted the man in office, ag his lips with rage at such an unusual and aparted opposition, "I'll teach you how to be sent again—I have the power, remember."

To the cost of the country, I know you have,"
Bill, who still remained with his head as
ly covered as if he was the lord Kingsale him-

But, come," said the magistrate; "have you the maney for me?—this is rent-day. If the one penny of it wanting, or the running that's due, prepare to turn out before night,

for you shall not remain another hour in pos-

"There is your rent," said Bill, with an unmoved expression of tone and countenance; " you'd better count it, and give me a receipt in full for the running gale and all."

The agent gave a look of amazement at the gold; for it was gold—real gumens! and not bits of dirty ragged small notes, that are only fit to light one's pipe with. However willing the agent may have been to ruin, as he thought, the unfortunate tenant, he took up the gold, and handed the receipt to Bill, who strutted off with it as proud as a cat of her whiskers.

The agent going to his desk shortly after, was confounded at beholding a heap of gingerbread cakes instead of the money he had deposited there. He raved and swore, but all to no purpose; the gold had become gingerbread cakes, just marked like the guineas, with the king's head, and Bill had the receipt in his pocket; so he saw there was no use in saying any thing about the affair, as be would only get laughed at for his pains.

From that hour Bill Doody grew rich; all his undertakings prospered; and he often blesses the day that he met with O'Donoghue, the great prince that lives down under the lake of Killarney.

Another legend respecting the appearance of O'Domoghue is given in the preceding volume, where, to use the words of Miss Luby, (the fair minstrel of Killarney,)

"Arrial spirits in a heavenly throng
Skim the blue waves, and follow him along."

Spirit of the Lakes, c. ii.

When at hallarney in the spring of 1825, the writer received the following accounts of the appearance of O'Donoghue from actual spectators. The first from a man who was employed in the mines at Itoss about twelve or thirteen years before, when colonel Hall had curried an excavation under the lake, which invasion of his dominions was popularly considered to be retremely officially to the Liberty of the considered to the retremely officially to the considered to

"I saw him, sir," he continued, "early in the morning, when the water broke into the mines asserping all before it like a raging sea, and made the workmen fly for their lives. It was just at daybecak that morning I saw him on the lake, followed by mimbers of men mounted upon horseback like carrotty (cavalry), and each having a drawn aword as bright as the day in his right hand, and a corband (carbine) slung at the side of himself and his horse; a thing like a great tent came down from the sky, and covered them all over, and when it cleared away nothing more of O'Doneighne or his men was to be seen."

The other account was given by a bostman usually called (from his familiarity with the great chieftain)

O'Donoghue, but whose real name was Edward Doolin; and the accuracy of his statement is confirmed by Tim Lyne, the old coxswain.

"Ten years ago we went out about seven o'clock in the morning to make a long day on the lakes; the water was calm and the sun was skining bright, and it was just nur o'clock when we saw O'Donoghue going from the 'half-moon' of Toomies round Rabbit Island. He was dressed in white, with a cocked-hat, and shoes with great buckles in them, and he walked very smart on the water, spattering it up before him; James Curtin, who pulled the bow oar, saw hun, too, for as good as seven min ites, and he is alive and able to speak the truth as well as myself. We had two gentlemen in the boat at the time. One of them was a counsellor Moore from Dublin, and they mab great wonder at the sight. O'Donoghue, when he tinds poor travellers benighted, who are coming for h llarney, takes them down into his palace below the lake, where he entertains them grandly without their paying any cost. The white horse that he sometimes rides, and whose image is in a rock upon the lake, is called Crebough."

The circulation of money bestowed by the fairies or supernatural personages, like that of counterfeit com, is seldom extensive. The story in the Arabian Nights of the old rogue whose fine-looking money timed to leaves, must be familiar to every reader. When Waldemar, Holger, and Græn Jette, in Danish tradition, bestow money upon the Bours whom they

meet, their gift sometimes turns to fire, sometimes to pebbles, and sometimes is so hot, that the receiver drops it from his hand, when the gold, or what seemed to be so, sinks into the ground and disappears. come cases these changes take place as in the forecoing tale, after the Boors have parted with their money. If a piece of coal, or any thing in appearonce equally valueless, is given, it always, if kept, waves to be gold. The travelling municians, who had the benour to play before the enchanted German curperur, Frederick, in the incuntain in which he reades, were each rewarded by the monarch with a green teanch. Highly incensed at such shabby wages, they all except one flung away the gift, and went out of the mountain. One minstrel, however, who kept his branch found it growing heavy in his hand, and on examinacon he discovered that it was composed of pure gold, His companions numediately went back to look for those which they had thrown away, but their branches pere not to be found.

SCATH-A-LEGAUNE.

"Well, for sure and certain, there must be acmething in it," said Johnny Curtin, as he awoke and stretched himself one fine morning, "for certain there must be something in it, or he'd never have come the third time. Troth and faith, as I can't do it myself without help, I'll just speak to the master about it, for half a loaf is better than no bread any day in the year."

Johnny Curtin was a poor scholar; he had been stopping for the last week at the house of Dick Cassidy, a snug farmer, who lived not far from the fine old abbey of Holy Cross, in the county of Tipperary. Mr. Cassidy was a hearty man, and loved a story in his soul; and Johnny Curtin had as good a budget of old songs, and stories of every kind and sort, as any poor scholar that ever carried an ink-bottle dangling at his breast, or a well-thumbed book and a slate under his arm. He was, moreover, as good a man in a hay-field, for a boy of his years, as need to be, so that no one was a more welcome guest to Dick Cassidy in harvest time than Johnny Curtin.

The third night after Johnny had taken up his

puriters at Cassidy's farm-house, after sitting up very late, and telling his most wonderful stories to Dick and the children, Johnny went to sleep on a shake-down (of straw) in a corner, and there be dreamed a dream. For he thought that an old man, with a fine long beard, and dressed from head to foot in the real old ancient Irish fashion, came and stood bearde him, and called him by his name.

" Johnny Curtin, my child," said the old man.
" do you know where you are?"

"I do. sir," said Johnny, though great was his surprise. "I do. sir," said he; "I am at Dick Casady's."

"John, do you know," says he, "that this land belonguis, in the good old times, to your own people?"

"Oh I 'm sure," says Johnny, " it 's little myseif knows about my own people, beyond my father and my mother, who, when one would catch
the fish, the other would sell it; but the I know,
if 'tie as your honour says, and not doubting your
word in the least, that I wish my own people had
kept their land, that I might have got the larning
without begging for it from door to door through
the country "

John," mid the old man, " there's a treasure

as rich as kings. Now, mind my words, John Curtin, for I have come to put you in the right way. You know the height above the abbey—the blessed spot where the piece of the holy cross fell from its concealment at the sweet sound of the abbey bells, and where the good woman met her son, after his having travelled to Jerusalem for it? You know the old bush that is standing there—Scath-a-legaune—in the bleak situation, close to the road, upon the little bank of earth and stones? dig just six feet from it, in a line with the tower of the old abbey; the work must be done in the dead hour of the night, and not a word must be spoken to living man."

When Johnny woke next morning he recollected every part of his dream well, but he gave no great heed to it. The next night he dreamed that the same old man came to him again and spoke the very same words; and in the course of the day following, he could not help going up to Scath-alegaune, to take a look at the old bush and the little bank of stones and earth, but still he thought it all nonsense going digging there. At last, when the old man came to him in his sleep the third time, and seemed rather angry with him, he resolved to broach the matter to Dick after breakfast, and see if he would join him in the search.

Now Dick Cassidy, like many wiser men, was a firm believer in dreams; and Dick was also a prudent man, and willing to better himself and his family in any honest way, so he gave at once into Johans's proposal, that they should both go the ockt night and dig under the bush. When Cusadv mentioned this scheme to Peggy his wife, she being a religious woman, was much against it, and wanted Dack not to go, and tried to persuade him to take neither hand, nor act, nor part in it; but Dick was too sensible a man, and too fond of his own way, to be said he any foolish woman : so it was ettled, that at twelve o'clock he and Johnny (cr: n should take squale, pick-axe, and crow-bar with them, and set out for the bush, having agreed to divide fairly between them whatever they should gel.

After a good supper, and a stiff jug of punch to keep their bearts up. Mr. Casside and Johnny Cortin regardless of the admonstrons of Peggy, at out. They had to pass close under the walls of the old abbee, and the wind, which was rather high kept flapping the branches of the ash and try backwards and forwards, and to w and then some of the old stones would tumble down, and the tanights would move and creak with a sound just like the voice of some Christian that was in pain.

Dick and Johnny, with all their courage, were not much assured at hearing this; but they did not remain very long to listen, and crossing the bridge with all convenient speed, directed their steps towards Scath-a-legaune. When they got to the old bush, Dick, without a moment's delay, threw off his coat, stepped the six feet of ground from the little bank towards the tower of the abbey, and began to turn up the sod, and then to dig hard and fast. Johnny all the time stood by, praying to himself, and making pious signs on his forehend and breast. When Dick had dug for better than an hour, he found his spade strike against something hard. He cleared out the loose earth from the hole he had made, and then found that he had come to a great broad flag-stone which was lying quite that: he saw plainly that he and Johnny could no more lift it than they could thing the rock of Cashel back again into the Devel's but; so he got up out of the hole and made motions to Johnny Curtin, minding well not to speak a word; and they threw in part of the clay to cover up the dag, and went home to bed planning to get more help against the next night, and fully convinced of success.

The next day Cassidy pitched on three of his best and stoutest men, and in the evening early

taok them down to the sign of the Saint ", kept by one Mullowney in the village, and proposed the job them, after giving each a rummer of Roscreat. They heattated at the first, saying it was not inchy, and they never heard of good that came out of money that was got at through the means of dreams, and so on, until Dick ordered a second rummer for every man: then he made Johnny tell them his dream over again from beginning to end, and he asked them, if they could see any reason upon earth to doubt what Johnny Curtin told them, or that the old man came to him through his deep, and he able to mention every pin's worth of his dress. Dick argued with them in this manser, saying a thousand things more of the same kind, until they made an end of their drink, and then he made an offer of giving them a fair share of whatever money was under the flag-stone.

The men at last were over-persuaded; and between eleven and twelve they set out, provided with spades, shovels, and good crow-bars. When they came to the rise of the height, Johnny stopped, and again told them that all their work was sure to fail if any one spoke a word, and he said that silence must be kept, let what would happen, otherwise there was no chance of making out the trea-

^{*} Patrick.

sure that beyond all doubt was lying there buried down in the ground.

They cleared away the earth from off the stone, and got the crow-bars under it. The first prise they gave they thought they heard a rombling noise below: they stopped and listened for a minute or more, but all was silent as the grave. Again they heaved, and there was a noise like as if a door was clapped to violently. The men besitated, but Dick Cassidy and Johnny, by signs, encouraged them to go on. They then made a great effort and raised the stone a little, while Johnny and Tom Doyle wedged in the handles of their spades, and with their united strength the flag was canted fairly over.

Beneath there was a long flight of steps, so they lit a piece of candle which they had brought with them, and down the steps they went, one after the other. The steps, when they got to the end of them, led into a long passage, that went some way, and there they would have been stopped by a strong door, only it was half open. They went in boldly, and saw another door to the left, which was shut. There was a little grate in this door, and Dick Cassidy held up the light while Ned Flaherty looked in.

"Hurra!" cried Ned, the minute he put his eye to the burs, and straightways making a blow

at the door, with the crow-bar in his hand—
"Hurra, boys!" says he; "by Noonan's ghost!
we are all made men!"

The words had hardly passed his lips when there was a tremendous crashing noise, just as if the whole place was falling in, and then came a screen hing wind from the inner room that whisked out the light, and threw them all on the ground that un their faces. When they recovered themselves they hardly remembered where they were, or what had happened, and they had lost all the geography of the place. They groped and tumbled about for a long time, and at last they got, with falling and roaring, to the door where they had come in at, and made their way up the steps into the field. On looking towards the abbey, there was a bright flame on the top of its tower, and Bell Dinn would have sworn he raw a figure of annething, he could not rightly make out what, in the middle of it, dancing up and down.

Frightened enough they were at the sight, for they plainly perceived something was going on which they could not understand, so they made the best of their way home, but it was little any of them could sleep, as may well be supposed, after what had happened

Next morning they all held a council about what was further to be done-Mr. Canidy and Johnny Curtin, Tom Doyle, and Bill Dunn, and Ned Flaherty, whose tongue was the reason of their not being all rich men. Some were for giving the business up entirely, but more were for trying it again; and at last Dick Cassidy said he was resolved to go to it the third time, since he was now certain the coin was there; for Ned Flaherty swore he saw a mint of money, beside gold and silver vessels in heaps, and other grand things that he could not tell the use of. It was settled, however, to do nothing the next night.

In the middle of the day Dick took Johnny with him, and walked over to look at the place where they had been digging; but what was their astonishment to find the ground as smooth and as even as if there had not been a spade put into it since the days of Brian Boro! Not a morsel of they was to be seen, and the white daisies and the glossy yellow butter-cups were growing up through the green grass as gaily there, as if nothing had ever happened to disturb them.

That night Johnny Curtin had another dream. The very same old man came to him, and looked dark and angry at him for not having followed his directions; and told Johnny that he had no right to think, and that if his larning made him think he was better without it, he had lost all chance of growing rich, and would be a poor scholar to the

end of his days; for the place was now shut up for another hundred years, and that it would be dangerous for him or any one else to go digging there until that time was out.

The stories about treasure, which has been discovered through spiritual agency, or that of dreams, are so numerous that, if collected many volumes might be filled with them, yet they vary little in their details, beyond the actors and localities.

The following I gends, two of which are translated from the Donish, will suffer note prove this assertion, airbough they illustrate nearly the extreme variations:

There are still to be seen near Flensborg the rules of a very ancient building. Two soldiers once stood on guard there together, but when one of them was gone to the town, it chanced that a tall white woman came to the other, and spoke to him, and said, I am an unhappy spirit, who have wandered here these many hundred years but never shall I find rest in the grave. She then ofermed him, that under the walls of the coarde a great treasure, was concealed, which only three in no the whole world could take up, and that he was one of the firee. The man, who now saw that his fertune was made, premaind to follow her directions in every part color, when upon she desired him to rome to the same place at twelve a clock the following night

The other soldier meanwhile had come back from the town, just as the appointment was made with his comrade. He said nothing about what unseen he had seen and heard, but went early the next evening, and concealed himself among some bushes. When his fellow-soldier came with his spade and shovel be found the white woman at the appointed place, but when she perceived that they were watched she put off the business till the next evening. The man who had lain on the watch to no purpose, went home, and suddenly fell all; and as he thought that he should die of that sickness, he sent for his comrade, and told him how he knew all, and conjured hun not to have any thing to do with witches or with spirits, but rather to acck counsel of the priest, who was a prudent man. The other thought it would be his wisest plan to follow the advice of his comrade, so he went and discovered the whole affair to the priest, who, however, desired him to do as the spirit had bid him, only to make her lay the first hand to the work herself.

The appointed time was now arrived, and the man was at the place. When the white woman had pointed out to him the spot, and they were just beginning the work, she said to him, that when the treasure was taken up, one half of it should be his, but that he must divide the other half equally between the church and the poor. Then the devil entered into the man, and awakened his covetousness, so that he cried out, "What! shall I not have the whole?" But scarcely had he spoken, when the figure, with a most mountful

wail, passed in a blue flame over the most of the castle, and the man fell sick, and died within three days.

The story soon apread through the country, and a poor scholar who heard it thought he had now an opportunity of making his fortune. He therefore went at midnight to the place, and there he met with the wantlering white woman; and he told her why he was come, and offired his services to raise the treasure. But she answered him that he was not one of the three. one of whom alone could free her, and that the wall would still remain so firm, that no human being should be able to break it. She further told him, that at some future trans he should be rewarded for his good inclimation. And it is said, that when a long time after be passed by that place, and thought with compasnon on the authorings of the unblest woman, he fell on his face over a great heap of money, which soon put int, again on his feet. But the wall still stands undisturbed, and as often as any one has attempted to throw at down, whatever is thrown cown in the day is replaced again in the night .- Danske Folkerage. rul 17 p. 3.1.

Three men went once, in the night-time, to Klumber, to try their luck, for a dragon watches there over a great treasure. They dug into the pround, giving each other a strict charge not to utter a word whatever mucht happen, otherwise ad their labour would be in vain. When they had dug pretty deep, their quadra strock against a copper chest: they then made

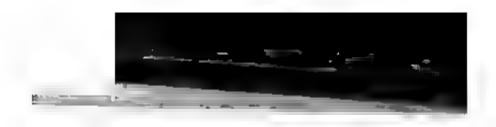
signs to one another, and all, with both hands, laid hold of a great copper ring that was on the top of the chest, and pulled up the treasure; but when they had just got it into their possession, one of them forgot the necessity of silence, and shouted out, "One pull more, and we have it!" That very instant the chest flew away out of their hands to the lake of Stoierup, but as they all held hard on the ring it remained in their grasp. They went and fastened the ring on the door of St. Olai's church, and there it remains to this very day.—Danske Folkesagn, vol. i. p. 112.

" In the next country to that of my former residence," says Kirke, in his Secret Commonwealth, " about the year 1676, when there was some scarcity of grain, a marvellous illapse and vision strongly struck the imagination of two women in one night, living at a good distance from one another, about a treasure hid in a hill, called Sithbhenauch, or fairy hill. The appearance of a treasure was first represented to the fancy, and then an audible voice named the place where it was to their awaking senses. Whereupon, both arese, and meeting accidentally at the place discovered their design, and jointly digging, found a veniel as large as a Scottish peck full of small pieces of good money of ancient coin, which halving betwixt them, they sold in dishfulls for dishfulls of meal to the country-people. Very many of undoubted credit saw and had of the coin to this day. But whether it was a good or bad angel, one of the subterranean

people, or the soul of him who hid it that discovered it, and to what end it was done, I leave to the ex-

The appearance of the tower of Holy Cross Abbey in fire is a common supernatural illusion. Another illustration is offered from the Bunske Folkesagn, which may be acceptable, as Mr Thiele's curious work is little known to the English reader.

"Near Daugatrup there is a bill which is called Daughjerg Dons. Of this hill it is related that it is at all times covered with a blue mist, and that under at there has a large copper kettle full of money. One right two men went there to dig after this treasure, and they had got no far as to have laid hold of the bandle of the kettle. All surts of wonderful things began then to appear to disturb them in their work-One time a coach, drawn by four black horses, drave by them, then they saw a black dog with a flery tongue, then there came a cock drawing a lead of hay. But still the mon persested in not letting themwives be induced to speak, and still dug on without stopping. At last a fellow came impung by them and said, " See, Daugstrup is on fire!" and when they looked towards the town, it appeared exactly as if the whole place was in a bright flame. Then at length one of them forgot to keep silence, and the moment he uttered an excismation the treasure sunk deeper and deeper, and as often enece as any attempt has been made to get it up, the Trolds have, by their spells and artiflers, prevented its success."-Yel, it-N. 56



258

SCATH-A-LEGAUNE.

The neighbourhood of Holy Cross abounds in wonders. From the Cashel road the hill of Killough is pointed out to the traveller as Gardeen a Herin, the garden of Ireland, in consequence of a belief that it is a national natural botanic establishment, and that every plant which grows in Ireland is to be found upon it. Not far from Scath-a-Legaune a small clear stream of water crosses the road from a spring called Tubher-a-Doragh, Doran's Well; whoever drinks at this fountain it is supposed will never feel the sensetion of thirst, or a wish for water again. But there is really no end to tales of this kind.

LINN-NA-PAYSHTHA.

THAVELLERES go to Leinster to see Dublin and Dargle, to Ulster, to see the Giant's Cause-toy, and, perhaps, to do penance at Lough Dearg, Dunster, to see Killarney, the butter-buying ity of Cork, and half a dozen other fine things; but whoever thinks of the fourth province?—whoever thinks of going—

" - westward, where Dick Martin ruled The houseless wilds of Cunnemara?"

The Ulster-man's ancient denunciation "to Hall or to Connaught," has possibly led to the apposition that this is a sort of infernal place love ground -a kind of terrestrial Pandemonium in short, that Connaught is little better than it, or bell little worse than Connaught, but any one only go there for a month, and, as the natives say, "I'll warrant he'll soon see the lite, and learn to understand that it is mighty be the rest of green Erin, only something poorer;" and yet it might be thought that in this particular worse would be needless;" but so it is.

"My gracious me," said the landlady of the Inn at Sligo, "I wonder a gentleman of your teest and curosity would think of leaving Ireland without making a tower (tour) of Connaught, if it was nothing more than spending a day at Hazlewood, and up the lake, and on to the ould abbey at Friarstown, and the custle at Dromahair."

Polly M'Bride, my kind hostess, might not in this remonstrance have been altogether disinterested, but her advice prevailed, and the dawn of the following morning found me in a bost on the unruffled surface of Lough Gill. Arrived at the head of that splendid sheet of water, covered with rich and wooded islands, with their ruined buildings, and bounded by towering mountains, noble plantations, grassy slopes, and precipitous rocks, which give beauty, and, in some places, sublimity to its shores, I proceeded at once up the wide river which forms its principal tributary. The "ould abbey" is chiefly remarkable for having been built at a period nearer to the Reformation than any other ecclesiastical edifice of the same class. Full within view of it, and at the distance of half a mile, stands the shattered remnant of Breffui's princely hall. I strode forward with the enthusiasm of an antiquary, and the high beating heart of a patriotic Irishman. I felt myself on classic ground, immortalized by the lays of Swift and of Moore. I pushed my way into the hallowed precincts of the grand and venerable edifice. I entered its chambers, and, oh my countrymen, I found them converted into the domicile of pigs, cows, and poultry! But the exterior of "O'Rourke's old hall," grey, frowning, and ivycovered, is well enough; it stands on a beetling precipice, round which a noble river wheels its course. The opposite bank is a very steep ascent, thickly wooded, and ruing to a height of at least eventy feet, and, for a quarter of a mile, this beautiful copse follows the course of the river.

The first individual I encountered was an old cowherd, nor was I unfortunate in my Cicerone, for he assured me there were plenty of old stories shout strange things that used to be in the place; " but," continued he, " for my own share, I never met any thing worse nor myself. If it bees ould stories that your honour's after, the story about Linnas-Payshtha and Poul-maw-Gullyawn is the only thing about this place that 's worth one jack-straw Dues your honour see that great big black hole in the over yonder below?" He pointed my attention to a part of the river about fifty yards from the old hall, where a long island occupied the entre of the wide current, the water at one side running shallow, and at the other assuming every appearance of unfathomable depth. The spacious

pool, dark and still, wore a death-like quietude of surface. It looked as if the speckled trout would shun its murky precincts—as if even the daring pike would shrink from so gloomy a dwellingplace. "That's Linn-na-Payshtha, sir," resumed my guide, " and Poul-maw-Gullyawn is just the very moral of it, only that it's round, and not in a river, but standing out in the middle of a green field, about a short quarter of a mile from this. Well, 'tis as good as fourscore years-I often hard my father, God be merciful to him! tell the story -since Manus O'Rourke, a great buckeen, a cockfighting, drinking blackguard that was long ago, went to sleep one night and had a dream about Linn-na-Payshtha This Manus, the dirty spalpeen, there, was no ho with him; he thought to ride rough-shod over his betters through the whole country, though he was not one of the real stock of the O'Rourkes. Well, this fellow had a dream that if he dived in Linn-na-Payshtha at twelve o'clock of a Hollow-eve night, he'd find more gold than would make a man of him and his wife while grass grew or water ran. The next night he had the same dream, and sure enough if he had it the second night, it came to him the third in the same form. Manus, well becomes him, never told mankind or womankind, but swore to himself, by all the books that ever were shut or open, that any

how, he would go to the bottom of the big hole. What did he care for the Payshtha-more that was lying there to keep guard on the gold and silver of the old ancient family that was buried there in the wars, packed up in the brewing-pan? Sure he was as good un O'Rourke as the best of them, taking care to forget that his grandmother's father was a cow-boy to the earl O'Donnel. At long last Hollow-eve came, and sly and silent master Manus creeps to bed early, and just at mulnight steals down to the river side. When be came to the bank his mind misgave him, and he wheeled up to Frank M'Clure's-the old Frank that was then at that time-and got a bottle of whiskey, and took it with him, and 'tis unknown how much of it he drank. He walked across to the island, and down he went gullantly to the bottom like a stone. Sure enough the Payshtha was there afore him, lying like a great big conger eel, seven yards long, and as thick as a bull in the body, with a mane upon his nock like a horse. The Payalitha-more reared himself up, and looking at the poor man as if he'd cat him, says he, in good English.

" 'Arrah, then, Manus, says be, ' what drought you here? It would have been better for you to have blown your brains out at once with a pustol,

and have made a quiet end of yourself, than to have come down here for me to deal with you.'

"'Oh, plase your honour,' says Manus, 'I beg my life:' and there he stood shaking like a dog in a wet sack.

O'Rourkes in you, I forgive you this once; but by this, and by that, if ever I see you, or any one belonging to you, coming about this place again, I'll hang a quarter of you on every tree in the wood.'

"' Go home,' says the Payalitha—' go home, Manus,' says he; 'and if you can't make better use of your time, get drunk, but don't come here, bothering me. Yet, stop! since you are here, and have ventured to come, I'll show you something that you'll remember till you go to your grave, and ever after, while you live.'

"With that, my dear, he opens an iron door in the bed of the river, and never the drop of water ran into it; and there Manus sees a long dry cave, or under-ground cellar like, and the Payshtha drags him in, and shuts the door. It wasn't long before the basic began to get smaller, and smaller, and smaller; and at last he grew as little as a taughn of twelve years old; and there he was, a brownish little man, about four feet high." " Place your honour, says Manus, 'if I might make so bold, maybe you are one of the good people?'

"Maybe I am, and maybe I am not; but, anyhow, all you have to understand is this, that I 'm bound to look after the Thiernas' of Breffni, and take care of them through every generation; and that my present business is to watch this cave, and what 's in it, till the old stock is reigning over this country once more.'

" Maybe you are a sort of a banshee?"

"I am not, you fool," said the little man. The banshee is a woman. My business is to live in the form you first saw me in, guarding this spot. And now hold your tongue, and look about you."

"Manus rubbed his eyes, and looked right and left, before and behind; and there was the vessels of gold and the vessels of silver, the dislice, and the plates, and the cups, and the punch-bowls, and the tankards, there was the golden mether, too, that every Thierna at his wedding used to drink out of to the kerne in real unquebungh. There was all the money that ever was saved in the family since they got a grant of this manor, in the days of the Firbolgs, down to the time of

Or Ticherna-a lord. Vide O'Barax.

on with him to where there was arms for three hundred men; and the sword set with diamonds, and the golden helmet of the O'Rourke; and be showed him the staff made out of an elephant's tooth, and set with rubies and gold, that the Thierna used to hold while he sat in his great hall, giving justice and the laws of the Brehons to all his clan. The first room in the cave, ye see, had the money and the plate, the second room had the arms, and the third had the books, papers, parchments, title-deeds, wills, and every thing else of the sort belonging to the family.

"'And now, Manus,' says the little man, 'ye seen the whole o' this, and go your ways; but never come to this place any more, or allow any one else. I must keep watch and ward till the Sassanach is druv out of Ireland, and the Thiernas o' Breffni in their glory again.' The little man then stopped for a while and looked up in Manus' face, and says to him in a great passion, 'Arth! bad luck to ye, Manus, why don't ye go about your business?'

" ' How can I?—sure you must show me the way out,' says Manus, making answer. The little man then pointed forward with his finger.

" ' Can't we go out the way we came?' says Manus.

that is the rule of this place. Ye came in at Linn-na-payshtha, and ye must go out at Poulmaw-pullyawn: ye came down like a stone to the bottom of one hole, and ye must spring up like a cork to the top of the other. With that the little man gave him one hoise, and all that Manus remembers was the roar of the water in his cars, and sure enough he was found the next morning, high and dry, fast asleep, with the empty bottle bende him, but far enough from the place he thought he landed, for it was just below roader on the island that his wife found him. My father, God be merciful to him! heard Manus twent to every word of the story."

The symbolizing genius of antiquity devised different allegarical beings as the guardians of what was hallowed and serret. In Egypt the Splignges, placed in rows, lined the approach to the temples of the gods, and many critics regard the cherubim of the Hebrews in the same light. But no creature enjoyed a consideration so extended as the dragon, which, throughout the East and Europe, has at every period been regarded as the sentinel over hidden treasures. A dragon watched the golden apples of the Hesperides; a dragon reposes on the buried gold of Scandinavia and Germany; and the Payshtha-more or great worm, in Ireland, protects the wealth of O'Rourke. Of so widespread a belief, perhaps the following is the true origin.

"Couvéra ou Paulestya est le dieu des richesses et des trésors cachés, l'ami des souterrains et des esprits qui y résident, le protecteur des cavernes et des grottes, le roi des rois. Il habite la region du nord. Là, dans Alaka, se demeure ordinaire, au centre d'une épaisse forêt, il est environné d'une cour brillante do graiss appel·s Kinnaras et Yakchas: ces dermers ont la charge de donner ou de retirer, aux mortels, les biens sur lesquels ils viellent incessamment. Quelquefois le dieu leur souverain se tient dans une grotte profonde gardée par des serpens, et défendue, en outre, par l'eau et par le fen; alors nu, et remarquable par l'enormite de son ventre, il veille lui-même sur ses tresors souterrains." Creuzer, Religions de l'Antiquite, traduction de Guigniaut. Paris, 1825, v. i. p. 248.

On which the translator gives the following note: "L'habitation de Couvera, au nord, dans les montagnes qui donnent l'or et les pierreries, est remarquable ; on voit aussi l'origine de cette opinion, si ancienne et si répandue, qui fait garder par des monstres et des esprits les tresors eachés au sein de la terre."

Mr. Owen (son of Dr. Owen Pughe) has kindly communicated to the compiler of this volume the folowing particulars respecting some treasure, which still hes concealed in North Wales, and of the efforts made and making to recover it. Mr. Owen's letter is dated Nantglyn, May 10, 1827.

"Some short time ago," he writes, "I was applied to by a man, with a view of ascertaining if I could afford him any assistance in his necromantic pursuits. He informed me he had made considerable progress in the rudiments, and was able to cause noises to disturb the rest of any obnoxious person who had displemed him, and to ascertain the purloiners of lost articles almost to infailibility; that his practice in that way was already pretty considerable, and he expected to enjoy a fair portion of business. In truth, he extracted great expertness in casting nativities, and all the himological and astronomical niceties which distinguish the profound science of astrology.

In the science had given him of a great treasure, which he had unsuccessfully attempted to obtain. Some forty years before, when the natural enthusiasm of youth, and vain confidence in his necromantic acquirements, had induced him to explore the arcana of nature, he had rashly undertaken an adventure which no person had accomplished. In a bordering parish, readition (se liver grein, or the voice of the country) asserts the existence of a chest filled with gold. So great a prize he thought deserved the most strenuous efforts and he prepared for the undertaking with the most entire and he prepared for the undertaking with the

" Fortified with all that wience or resolution could

furnish, he went to the district, and it was not long before his art discovered the unobtrusive spot of the gnomic deposit. He found the entrance of a cavewith breathless expectation he explored its intricacies. and at last arrived at its innermost recess: there he perceived a mighty chest, but some mysterious incubus brooded over the prize. Amid a mass of formless mist be discovered what were evidently talons of a most fearful magnitude, well suited to score the hide of the hapless wight whose spell might not be sufficiently potent to lull the vigilance of this modern Argus: a beak of awful curve, and two lurid eyes, whose basilisk influence unnerved all his powers. He thought he perceived it unfold its wings; dread preparatory of an attack; and finding no time was to be lost, he fumbled for the spell which was to render this appalling menace impotent. He found he had searched in the wrong pocket, and nervous trepidation incapacitated him from a proper use of his faculties, his tongue refused to perform its office; and in this cruel dilemma the impatient fiend pounced upon him. He felt its chilling grasp-and, stretched senseless, he saw no more. When the blood again animated his frame, he found himself laid upon the green sward, and every joint racked with the most excruciating torments. ' In this state,' he observed to his pupil, 'I have remained ever since; my limbs have never recovered their proper tone. I could have exemplified to you the manner in which I must have been treated if I had fortunately preserved the clothes I wore at

the time: you would have judged some malicious plough-boy had drawn his harrows over me during my awoon. The scratches on my body in such a some of time have of course healed, but their marks remain.' 'My opinion is,' remarked the disciple, 'that he ought not to have undertaken the task alone; and although, when the gold is considered, I would encounter the scratch of a demon with the talons of a ander, yet, as it happened to hun, a man may, after groung his way through those devious recesses, and coming suddenly, perhaps, in view of the treasure and its guardian, lose his prescuce of mind and use the wrong meantation. Now I intend, if you, air, will write the spell very large and plain, so that this imp can have no pretence to disregard it, to insert it in the eleft of a stick as long as a fishing-rod, and taking cary to keep it in advance, I will hold it right under has nose, and then we shall see !"

Mr. Owen adds that the old professor is still alive, and render on the banks of the Conwy.

Lann ha Payshtha significan the Pool of the Worm. The latter word is correctly written Beatin, the diminutive of I mad or justed, a little beast, which is used for any worm or insect. The application of the term worm to the serpent terbe is very general; indeed the similarity of form naturally led to it. Any one acquainted with the legends of the north must be familiar with Lind-orms, and in those of Germany the Lind-wurm is no unfrequent actor. Dante calls Satan "Il gran Verme;" Milton's Adam re-

of all men."

proaches Eve with having lent an ear "to that false worm;" and Shakspeare says, that slander's tongue "outvenoms all the worms of Nile."

The scene of Dean Swift's well known verses of "O'Rourke's noble feast" was the old hall of Dromahair. They were translated from the Irish of Hugh Mac-Gowran of Glengoole in the county of Leitrim, who was a contemporary The original begins thus:
"Pleanaca na Ryancać a coming who begins thus:
"The Revel-rout of the O'Rourkes is in the memory



RY LEGENDS. AND STONES.



in stience frown d, and nameless; and to mine eye they rolled off cloudily, themselves with gloom or grew to my troubled view and to gather much me."

BANEM's CERT'S PARAMET



ROCKS AND STONES.

THE LEGEND OF CAIRN THIERNA.

From the town of Fermoy, famous for the excellence of its bottled ale, you may plainly see the
mountain of Cairn Thierna. It is crowned by a
great heap of stones, which, as the country people
remark, never came there without "a crooked
thought and a cross job." Strange it is, that any
work of the good old times should be considered
one of labour, for round towers then spring up
take mushrooms in one night, and people played
marbles with pieces of rock, that can now no more
be moved than the hills themselves.

This great pile on the top of Cairn Thierna was caused by the words of an old woman, whose bed still remains. Labacally, the hag's bed—not far from the village of filanworth. She was certainly far wiser than any woman, either old or young, of my immediate sequaintance. Jove defend me, however, from making an envious comparison between ladses, but facts are stubborn things, and the legend will prove my assertion.

276 THE LEGEND OF CAIRN THIERNA.

O'Keefe was lord of Fermoy before the Roches came into that part of the country; and he had an only son—never was there seen a finer child: his young face filled with innocent joy was enough to make any heart glad, yet his father looked on his smiles with sorrow, for an old hag had foretold that this boy should be drowned before he grew up to manhood.

Now, although the prophecies of Pastorini were a failure, it is no reason why prophecies should altogether be despised. The art in modern times may be lost, as well as that of making beer out of the mountain heath, which the Danes did to great perfection. But I take it, the malt of Tom Walker is no bad substitute for the one; and if evil prophecies were to come to pass, like the old woman's, in my opinion we are far more comfortable without such knowledge.

" Infant heir of proud Fermoy,
Feur not fields of slaughter;
Storm nor fire fear not, my boy,
But shun the fatal water."

These were the warning words which caused the chief of Fermoy so much unhappiness. His infant son was carefully prevented all approach to the river, and anxious watch was kept over every playful movement. The child grew up in strength and

THE LEGEND OF CAIRN THIERNA. 277

in heauty, and every day became more dear to his father, who hoping to avert the doom, which however was mentable, prepared to build a castle far removed from the dreaded element

The top of Caira Thieran was the place chosen; and the lord's vassals were assembled, and employed in collecting materials for the purpose. Hither came the fated boy; with delight he viewed the laborious work of raising mighty stones from the base to the summit of the mountain until the vast beap which now forms its rugged crest was accumulated. The workmen were about to commence the building, and the boy, who was considered in matery when on the mountain, was allowed to rove about at will. In his case how true are the words of the great dramatist:

-" Put but a little water in a spoon, And it shall be, as all the occan, Enough to stifle such a being up."

A vence which contained a small supply of water, brought there for the use of the workmen, attracted the attention of the child. He saw, with wonder, the glitter of the sunbeams within it; he approached more near to gaze, when a form resembling his own arose before him. He gave a cry of joy and astonishment, and drew back, the image drew back also, and vanished. Again be ap-

278 THE LEGEND OF CAIRN THIERNA.

proached; again the form appeared, expressing in every feature delight corresponding with his own. Eager to welcome the young stranger, he bent over the vessel to press his lips, and losing his balance, the fatal prophecy was accomplished.

The father in despair abandoned the commenced building; and the materials remain a proof of the folly of attempting to avert the course of fate.

The writer hopes no reader will be uncharitable enough to suspect him of wishing to inculcate a belief in predestination: he only follows his brief. But the truth is, the human mind, as may be observed in the vulgar of every country, has, doubtless owing to its weakness, a strong bias to believe in this doctrine. The tragic muse of Greece delighted to pourtray the unavailing struggles of men "bound in the adamantine chain" of destiny; and the effect on our minds, though humbling, is not dispiriting. Over the East fate is dominant: it not only enters into the serious occupations of life, but extends its empire through the realms of fiction; and the reader, were he not now to be supposed familiar with such coincidences, might perhaps be surprised at the similarity between this legend of the Irish peasant and the exquisite tale of Prince Agib, in the Thousand and One Nights.

cairn Thierna is the scene of a subsequent tale in

THE LEGEND OF CAIBN THIERNA, 279

the section; and it only appears necessary to add that the Cock and Dublin mail coach road runs under it. Of the Hag's bed, a plate, though not a particularly correct or picturesque representation, is given in the second volume of Dr Smith's History of Cork. The Irish name (of this huge block of stone supported by smaller stones) is correctly written Leaba Cailinach. Of the hag it may be said, as has been wittily remarked of

If hard lying could gain it, he surely gained heaven;
For on rock lay his limb, and rock pillowed his head,
Whenever this good holy saint kept his bed;
And here it he roust, even to be lest dec.

-" St. Keven.

And keep it he must, even to his last day, For I in sure he could never have thrown it away."

"He court a cheans-adhair?"—a atone bolater—is the usual account given of the self-mortification of Irish maints, while the hags, their predecessors in the aland on which their piety has bestowed celebrity, seemed to prefer an entire couch of the same material. These dames, however, possessed the power of pitching their pillows after any one at whom they were displeased. What is somewhat remarkable, the Finnii, who were contemporaries with the Hags, were rather luminous in their rest, for tradition relates that

" Barraghal crann, cannach, agus ur-luachur."

thranches of trees, most, and green rushes, formed
their beds.

THE ROCK OF THE CANDLE.

A paw miles west of Limerick stands the once formidable castle of Carrigogunnel. Its riven tower and broken archway remain in mournful evidence of the sieges sustained by that city. Time, however, the great soother of all things, has destroyed the painful effect which the view of recent violence produces on the mind. The ivy creeps around the riven tower, concealing its injuries, and upholding it by a tough swathing of stalks. The archway is again united by the long-armed briar which grows across the rent, and the shattered buttresses are decorated with wild flowers, which gaily spring from their crevices and broken places.

Boldly attested on a rock, the ruined walls of Carrigogunnel now form only a romantic feature in the peaceful landscape. Beneath them, on one side, lies the flat marshy ground called Corkass land, which borders the noble river Shannon; on the other side is seen the neat parish church of Kilkeedy, with its glebe-house and surrounding improvements; and at a short distance appear the

truegular mud cabins of the little village of Bally-

On the rock of Carrigogunnel, before castle was built, or Brien Boro born to build it, dwelt a hag assered Grana, who made desolate the surrounding country. She was gigantic in size, and frightful in appearance. Her eyelrows grew into each other with a grim curve, and beneath their matted bristles, deeply sunk in her head, two small grey eyes darted forth baneful looks of evil. From her deeply wrinkled forchead issued forth a hooked brist, dividing two shrivelled cheeks. Her skinny lips curled with a cruel and malignant expression, and her prominent chin was studded with bunches of grizzly hair.

Death was her sport. Like the angler with his rud, the hag Grans would toil and watch, nor shink it labour, so that the death of a victim rewarded her vigils. Every evening did she light an enchanted candle upon the rock, and whoever looked upon it, died before the next morning's sun arose. Numberless were the victims over which Grans rejoiced; one after the other had seen the light, and their death was the consequence. Hence came the country around to be desolate, and Carrigogunnel, the Rock of the Candle, by its dreaded name.

These were fearful times to live in. But the

Finnii of Erin were the avengers of the oppressed. Their fame had gone forth to distant shores, and their deeds were sung by an hundred bards. them the name of danger was as an invitation to a rich banquet. The web of enchantment stopped their course as little as the swords of an enemy. Many a mother of a son-many a wife of a husband-many a sister of a brother had the valour of the Finnian heroes bereft. Dismembered limbs quivered, and heads bounded on the ground before their progress in battle. They rushed forward with the strength of the furious wind, tearing up the trees of the forest by their roots. Loud was their war-cry as the thunder, raging was their impetuosity above that of common men, and fierce was their anger as the stormy waves of the ocean!

It was the mighty Finn himself who lifted up his voice, and commanded the fatal candle of the hag Grana to be extinguished. "Thine, Regand be the task," he said, and to him he gave a cap thrice charmed by the magician Luno of Lochum.

With the star of the same evening the candle of death burned on the rock, and Regan stand beneath it. Had he beheld the slightest glummer of its blaze, he, too, would have perished, and the hag Grana, with the morning's dawn, rejoiced over his corse. When Regan looked towards the light,

the charmed cap fell over his eyes and prevented his seeing. The rock was steep, but he climbed up its eraggy side with such caution and dexterity, that, before the hag was aware, the warrior, with averted head, had seized the candle, and flung it with prodigious force into the river Shannon; the histing waters of which quenched its light for ever!

Then flew the charmed cap from the eyes of Regan, and he beheld the enraged hag with outstretched arms, prepared to seize and whirl him after her candle. Regan instantly bounded westward from the rock just two miles, with a wild and wonderous spring. Grana looked for a moment at the leap, and then tearing up a huge fragment of the rock, thing it after Regan with such tremondous force, that her crooked hands trembled and her broad chest beaved with heavy putts, like a south's labouring bellows, from the exertion.

The penderous stone fell harmless to the ground, for the leap of Regan far exceeded the strength of the furious hag. In triumph he returned to Fina:

"The hero valuant, renowned, and learned; White-tooth'd, graceful, magnanimous, and active "."

[&]quot; " do will armae approvae velae .
Twental, positicae, meaniques enconae."

The hag Grana was never heard of more; but the stone remains, and, deeply imprinted in it, is still to be seen the mark of the hag's fingers. That stone is far taller than the tallest man, and the power of forty men would fail to move at from the spot where it fell.

The grass may wither around it, the spade and plough destroy dull heaps of earth, the walls of castles fall and perish, but the fame of the Finni of Erin endures with the rocks themselves, and Clough-a-Regaun is a monument fitting to preserve the memory of the deed!

The Finnii are, in Ireland, what the race who fought at Thebes and Troy were in Greece; Sigurd and his companions in Scandinavis; Dictrich and his warriors in Germany; Arthur and his knights in Britain; and Charlemagne and the Paladins in France; that is, mythic heroes, conceived to have far exceeded in strength and prowess the puny beings who now occupy their place. Their deeds were confined to no one part of the island, for hills, rocks, and stones in each province still testify their superhuman might, and many an extant poem and many a traditionary tale record their exploits. The preceding is one of the latter, in which the writer has ventured to retain much of the idiomatic peculiarities of the Irish original.

THE ROCK OF THE CANDLE.

parallels in the legends of other countries. In tradition, a young grantess makes a grand see of a wide valley; and pitching rocks across of the sea, by way of trying each other's might, common amusement of the northern giants.

Lumorous friend writes thus of a large stone near a fiter describing the various objects which and assigned for its use.

their game they forsook to attack the potates.

**Lieur game they forsook to attack the potates.

**Lieur game the root was not then in its glory.

**Liter—'tis true as of giants the story !"

CLOUGH NA CUDDY.

Above all the islands in the lakes of Killarney give me Innisfallen—"sweet Innisfallen," as the melodious Moore calls it. It is, in truth, a fairy isle, although I have no fairy story to tell you about it; and if I had, these are such unbelieving times, and people of late have grown so sceptical, that they only smile at my stories, and doubt them.

However, none will doubt that a monastery once stood upon Innisfallen island, for its ruins may still be seen; neither, that within its walls dwelt certain pious and learned persons called Monks. A very pleasant set of fellows they were, I make not the smallest doubt; and I am sure of this, that they had a very pleasant spot to enjoy themselves in after dinner—the proper time, believe me, and I am no bad judge of such matters, for the enjoyment of a fine prospect.

Out of all the monks you could not pick a better fellow nor a merrier soul than father Cuddy: he sung a good song, he told a good story, and had a jolly, comfortable-looking paunch of his own, that was a credit to any refectory table. He was distinguished above all the rest by the name of "the fat father." Now there are many that will take huff at a name; but father Cuddy had no nonsense of that kind about him; he laughed at it - and well able he was to laugh, for his mouth nearly reached from one ear to the other : his might, in truth, be called an open countenance. As his paunch was no disgrace to his food, neither was his nose to his drink. 'Tis a doubt to me if there were not more carbuncles upon it than ever were seen at the bottom of the lake, which is said to be full of them. His eyes had a right merry twinkle in them, like mounshine dancing on the water, and his cheeks had the roundness and crimon glaw of ripe arbutus berries.

" He cat, and drank, and prayed, and slept.—
What then?

He est, and drank, and prayed, and slept again !"

Such was the tenor of his simple life: but when he prayed, a certain drowsiness would come upon him, which, it must be confessed, never occurred when a well-filled "black-Juck" stood before him. Hence his prayers were short and his draughts were long. The world loved him, and he saw no sood reason why he should not in return love its

venison and its usquebaugh. But, as times went, he must have been a pious man, or else what befel him never would have happened.

Spiritual affairs—for it was respecting the importation of a tun of wine into the island monastery—demanded the presence of one of the brotherhood of Innisfallen at the abbey of Irelagh, now called Mucruss. The superintendence of this important matter was committed to father Cuddy, who felt too deeply interested in the future welfare of any community of which he was a member, to neglect or delay such mission. With the morning's light he was seen guiding his shallop across the crimson waters of the lake towards the peninsula of Mucruss; and having moored his little bark in safety beneath the shelter of a wave-worn rock, he advanced with becoming dignity towards the abbey.

The stillness of the bright and balmy hour was broken by the heavy footsteps of the scalous father. At the sound the startled deer, shaking the dew from their sides, sprung up from their lair, and as they bounded off—" Hah!" exclaimed Cuddy, "what a noble haunch goes there!—how delicious it would look smoking upon a goodly platter!"

As he proceeded, the mountain bee hummed his tune of gladness around the holy man, mye

when buried in the fox-glove bell, or revelling upon a fragrant bunch of thyme; and even then the little voice murmured out happiness in low and broken tones of voluptuous delight. Father Cuddy derived no small comfort from the sound, for it presaged a good metheglin season, and metheglin he regarded, if well manufactured, to be no had bequer, particularly when there was no stant of asquebaugh in the brewing.

Arrived within the abbey garth, he was received with due respect by the brethren of Irelagh, and arrangements for the embarkation of the wine were completed to his cutire satisfaction. "Welcome, father Cuddy," said the prior: " grace be on you."

"Grace before meat, then," said Cuddy, " for a long walk always makes me hungry, and I am certain I have not walked less than half a mile this morning, to say nothing of crossing the water."

A pasty of choice flavour felt the truth of this assertion, as regarded father Cuddy's appetite. After such consoling repast, it would have been a reflection on monastic hospitality to depart without particular of the grace-cup; moreover, father Cuddy had a particular respect for the antiquity of that custom. He liked the taste of the grace-cup well,—he tried another,—it was no less ex-

PART IL.

cellent; and when he had swallowed the third he found his heart expand, and put forth its fibres. willing to embrace all mankind. Surely, then, there is christian love and charity in wine!

I said he sung a good song. Now though psalms are good songs, and in accordance with his vocation, I did not mean to imply that he was a mere psalm-singer. It was well known to the brethren, that wherever father Cuddy was, murth and melody were with him;—mirth in his eye, and melody on his tongue; and these, from experience, are equally well known to be thirsty commodities; but he took good care never to let them run dry. To please the brotherhood, whose excellent wine pleased him, he sung, and as "in time certicas," his song will well become this veritable history

" Quam pulchra sunt ova
Cum alba et nova
In stabulo scite leguntur;
Et a Margery bella,
Que festiva puella!
Pinguis lardi cum frustis coquuntur

" Ut belles in prato
Aprico et lato
Sub sole tum læte renident

CLOUGH NA CUDDY.

Ova tosta in mensa,

Mappa bene extensa

Nitidissima lance consident *."

the recollection of Margery's delicious fried which always imparted a peculiar relish to poor. The very idea provoked Cuddy to the cup to his mouth, and with one hearty breat he finished its contents.

It, and ever was, a censurious world, often using what is only a fair allowance into an but I scorn to reckon up any man's drink, unreleating host, therefore I cannot tell may brimming draughts of wine, bederked the venerable Bead, father Cuddy emptied

O 'tis eggs are a treat
When so white and so sweet
From under the manger they 're taken,
And by fast Margory,
Obbit 'his she's full of glee,
They are fried with fat rushers of bacon.

Just like dates all spread
O'er a broad sunny mond
In the sunbeams so beauteously chining,
Are mod eggs, well display'd
On a dish, when we'r laid
The cloth, and are thinking of during

into his "soul-case," so he figuratively termed the body.

His respect for the goodly company of the monks of Irelagh detained him until their adjournment to vespers, when he set forward on his return to Innisfallen. Whether his mind was occupied in philosophic contemplation or wrapped in pious musings, I cannot declare, but the honest father wandered on in a different direction from that in which his shallop lay. Far be it from me to insinuate that the good liquor which he had so commended caused him to forget his road, or that his track was irregular and unsteady. Oh no!he carried his drink bravely, as became a decent man und a good christian; yet, somehow, he thought he could distinguish two moons. " Bless my eyes," said father Cuddy, " every thing is changing now-a-days!-the very stars are not in the same places they used to be; I think Cropcéachta (the Plough) is driving on at a rate I never saw it before to-night; but I suppose the driver is drunk, for there are blackguards every where."

Cuddy had scarcely uttered these words, when he saw, or funcied he saw, the form of a young woman, who, holding up a bottle, backoned him towards her. The night was extremely beautiful,

and the white dress of the girl floated gracefully in the moonlight as with gay step she tripped on before the worthy father, archly looking back upon him over her shoulder.

"Ah, Margery, merry Margery!" cried Cuddy,
you tempting little rogue!

' Et a Margery bella, Quæ festiva puella!'

I see you, I see you and the bottle! let me but catch you, Mazgery bella!" and on he followed, panting and smiling, after this alluring apparition.

At length his feet grew weary, and his breath sailed, which obliged him to give up the chase; yet such was his piety that, unwilling to rest in any attitude but that of prayer, down dropped father Cuddy on his knees. Sleep, as usual, stole upon his devotions, and the morning was far advanced when he awoke from dreams, in which tables grouned beneath their load of viands, and write poured itself free and sparkling as the mountain spring.

Rubbing his eyes, he looked about him, and the more he looked the more he wondered at the alteration which appeared in the face of the country. "Bless my soul and body!" and the good father, "I mw the stars changing last night, but here is a change!" Doubting his senses, he looked again. The hills bore the same majestic outline as on the preceding day, and the lake spread itself beneath his view in the same tranquil beauty, and studded with the same number of islands ; but every smaller feature in the landscape was strangely altered. What had been naked rocks, were now clothed with holly and arbutus. Whole woods had disappeared, and waste places had become cultivated fields; and, to complete the work of enchantment, the very season itself seemed changed. In the rosy dawn of a summer's morning he had left the monastery of Innisfallen, and he now felt in every sight and sound the dreamness of winter. The hard ground was covered with withered leaves; micles depended from leafiess branches; he heard the sweet low note of the Robin, who familiarly approached him; and he felt his fingers numbed from the nipping frost Father Cuddy found it rather difficult to account for such sudden transformations, and to convince himself it was not the illusion of a dream, he was about to arise, when, lo! he discovered both his knees buried at least six inches in the solid stone; for, notwithstanding all these changes, he had never altered has devout position.

Coddy was now wide awake, and felt, when he got up, his joints andly cramped, which it was only natural they should be, considering the hard

ment into it. But the great difficulty was to explain how, in one night, summer had become winter, whole woods had been cut down, and well-grown trees had sprouted up. The miracle, nothing else could be conclude it to be, urged him to historian return to limisfailen, where he might learn more explaination of these marvellous events.

Seeing a heat moored within reach of the above he delayed not, in the midst of such wonders, to each his own bark, but, seizing the oars, pulled stoutly towards the island; and here new wonders awaited him.

Father Cuddy waddled, as fast as cramped limbs could carry his round corporation, to the gate of the monsutery, where he bouldy demanded admittance.

"Hollon! whence come you, master monk, and what a your business?" demanded a stranger who accupied the porter's place

"Bosiness! - my business!" repeated the confounded Cuddy, -" why do you not know me " Has the wine arrived safely?"

"Hence, fellow!" said the porter's representative, in a surly tone, "nor think to impose on me with your monkish tales."

Fellow " exclaimed the father: " mercy upon us, that I should be so spoken to at the gate of my

own house!—Scoundrel!" cried Cuddy, raising his voice, "do you not see my garb—my holy garb?"

"Ay, fellow," replied he of the keys—"the garb of laziness and filthy debauchery, which has been expelled from out these walls. Know you not, idle knave, of the suppression of this nest of superstition, and that the abbey lands and possessions were granted in August last to Master Robert Collan, by our Lady Elizabeth, sovereign queen of England, and paragon of all beauty—whom God preserve!"

"Queen of England!" said Cuddy; "there never was a sovereign queen of England—this is but a piece with the rest. I saw how it was guing with the stars last night—the world's turned upside down. But surely this is Innisfallen island, and I am the Father Cuddy who yesterday morning went over to the abbey of Irelagh, respecting the tun of wine. Do you not know me now?"

"Know you!—how should I know you?" said the keeper of the abbey. "Yet true it is, that I have heard my grandmother, whose mother remembered the man, often speak of the fat Father Cuddy of Innisfallen, who made a profane and godless ballad in praise of fried eggs, of which he and his vile crew knew more than they did of the word of God; and who, being drunk, it is said but that must have been a hundred, ay, more than a hundred years since."

"Twas I who composed that song in praise of Margery's fried eggs, which is no profane and god-less ballad—no other Father Coddy than myself ever belonged to Innisfallen," carnestly exclaimed the holy man. "A hundred years!—what was your great-grandmother's name?"

"She was a Mahony of Dunlow-Margaret ni Mahony; and my grandmother-"

What! merry Margery of Dunlow your greatcrandmother!" shouted Cuddy. St. Brandon help me!—the wicked wench, with that tempting bottle! —why, 'twas only last night—a hundred years! your great-grundmother, said you?—God bless us! there has been a strange torpor over me; I must have dept all this time!"

That Father Cuddy had done so, I think is sufficiently proved by the changes which occurred during his map. A reformation, and a serious one it was for him, had taken place. Eggs fried by the pretty Margery were no longer to be had in Innufallen, and, with a heart as heavy as his footsteps, the worthy man directed his course towards Dingle, where he embarked in a vessel on the point of miling for Malaga. The rich wine of that place had of old impressed him with a high respect for its monastic establishments, in one of which he quietly wore out the remainder of his days.

The stone impressed with the mark of Father Cuddy's knees may be seen to this day. Should any incredulous persons doubt my story, I request them to go to Killarney, where Clough na Cuddy—so is the stone called—remains in Lord Kenmare's park, an indisputable evidence of the fact. Spillane, the bugle-man, will be able to point it out to them, as he did so to me.

Stories of wonderful sleepers are common to most countries; of persons who, having fallen into a slumber, remained so for a long course of years; and who found, on waking, every thing with which they had been familiar altered; all their former friends and companions consigned to the tomb, and a new generation, with new manners and new ideas, arisen in their places. It was thus that Greece fabled of Epimenides, the epic poet of Crete, who, going in search of one of his aheep, entered a cavern to repose during the mid-day heat, and slept there quietly, according to Eudamus, for forty-seven years, while Pausanias states his nap to have extended thirty years more. When he awoke, fancying that he had only taken a short doze, he proceeded in quest of his ewe.

The legend of the Seven Sleepers was current throughout the East, since the Prophet has deigned to give them a place in the Koran. Their story, the most famous one of the kind, will be found in the Mines de l'Orient, where it is related at great length.

The scene of a similar legend is placed by Paulus Diaconus on the shure of the Baltic, where, in " a darke and obscure caverne," five men were found aleeping, their bodies and garments in no part consumed, but punel and whole as at first, who by their habits appeared to be attenut Romans. Certains of the inbabitants had often made attempts to waken them, but could but. Upon a time a wicked fellow purposing to disposle and rob one of them of his garment, he no corner touched it but his hand withered and dried up. Olaus Magnus was of opinion that they were confined thither to some strange purpose, that when their trance was expered they might either discover strange visions cevealed unto them, or else they were to teach and pernels the christian faith to infidels, who never knew the evangelicall doctrine." Heywood's Hecrorchic of the Bleand Angella.

In German tradition we meet the account of the wants who sought a night's lodging from the celebrated Heiling, and who, when she awoke in the morning, found herself lying at the foot of a rock, where she had slept an hundred years, and also the tale of honest Peter Islaus, who slumbered for twenty years in the bowling-green of Kyffhauser; which last has furnished Mr. Washington Irving with the ground-

work of his incomparable Hip van Winkle; a beautiful specimen of the mode in which true genius is able to borrow and appropriate.

Another sleepy legend, related in Ireland, called "the Song of the little Bird," was communicated to the Amulet, for 1827, one of the elegant literary toys which make their annual appearance.

Miss Luby, in her poem on Killarney, has preserved the story of Clough na Cuddy, both in clever verse and in a prose note. The localities mentioned will be perfectly familiar to all who have visited that region of enchantment. Part of the monastic ruius on innisfallen have been converted into a banqueting-house, which is the subject of the vignette title-page of Mr. Weld's account of those lakes; a work worthy of the scenery it illustrates.

Mr. Moore has written some exquisite verses, in the Irish Melodies, on his departure from that island; and a sonnet and two-thirds, of a less sentimental nature, on dining there, was extracted from an artist's sketch-book. These lines may be quoted in support of the legend, as evidence of the reputed character of the pious chroniclers of Innisfallen; but as "in vino veritas," their work, if not the very best, is certainly one of the best, Irish historical records extant.

"Hail, reverend fathers! whose long-butied bones Still sanctify this sod whereon we dine. And take, as we are wont, our glass of wine. Behold, we pour, smid these hallow'd stones. Libation due, unto your thirsty clay!

For to be dry for now six hundred years,

Upon my soul, good fathers! moves my tears,

And almost makes me rather drink than pray,

To think of what a long long thirst you have;

You who were wet and merry souls, I wot,

And most ecclesiastically took your pot.

Tis pity, faith it is, you're in the grave:

But since it is our common fate, alas!

Good by, good friars!—Come, Tom, fill your glass.

Quoth Thomas, gravely, 'I do much revere

The clay wherein such reverend bones do lie;

Yet thus to toest them, I would not comply,

But that their reverences are where they are;

For were they face to face, God bless my soul!

And we had twice as many jugs and bottles,

And they set to, with all their thirsty throttles,

A pretty hearing we'd have of our bowl."

BARRY OF CAIRN THIERNA.

Farmor, though now so pretty and so clean a town, was once as poor and as dirty a village as any in Ireland. It had neither great barracks, grand church, nor buzzing schools. Two-storied houses were but few: its street—for it had but one—was chiefly formed of miserable mud cobins; nor was the fine scenery around sufficient to induce the traveller to tarry in its paltry into beyond the limits actually required.

In those days it happened that a regiment of foot was proceeding from Dublin to Cork. One company, which left Caher in the morning, had, with "toilsome march," passed through Mitchelstown, tramped across the Kilworth mountains, and, late of an October evening, tired and hungry, reached Fermoy, the last stage but one of their quarters. No barracks were then built there to receive them; and every voice was raised, calling to the gaping villagers for the name and residence of the billet-master.

" Why, then, can't you be easy now, and let a

tody tell you," said one. " Sure, then, how can l answer you all at once?" said another. " Anan !" cried a third, affecting not to understand the sercent who addressed him. " Is it Mr. Considing you want?" replied a fourth, unswering one question by asking another. " Bad luck to the whole breed of sogers!" muttered a fifth villager-"it's come to est poor people that work for their bread out of house and home you are." "Whisht, Teigoe, can't you now?" said his neighbour, jogging the last speaker; "there's the house, gentlemen-you see it there yonder forenent you, at the testion of the street, with the light in the window, or stay, myself would think little of running down with you, poor creatures! for 'tis tired and weary you must be after the road." "That 's an honest fellow," said several of the dust-covered soldiers, and away scampered Ned Flynn, with all the men of war following close at his heels.

Mr. Considere, the billet-master was, as may be supposed, a person of some, and on such occasions as the present, of great consideration in Fermoy. He was of a portly build, and of a grave and slow movement, suited at once to his importance and his size. Three mehes of fair lines were at all times visible between his waisthand and waistenst. His breeches-pockets were never but-toped; and, sourning to conceal the buil-like pre-

portions of his chest and neck, his collar was generally open, as he wore no cravat. A flaxen bobwig commonly sat fairly on his head and squarely on his forehead, and an ex-officio pen was stuck behind his ear. Such was Mr. Consudine: billet-master-general, barony sub-constable, and deputy-clerk of the sessions, who was now just getting near the end of his eighth tumbler in company with the proctor, who at that moment had begun to talk of coming to something like a fair settlement about his tithes, when Ned Flynn knocked.

"See who's at the door, Nelly," said the eldest Miss Consadine, raising her voice, and calling to the barefooted servant girl.

"Tis the sogers, sir, is come!" cried Nelly, running back into the room without opening the door; "I hear the jinketing of their swords and bagnets on the paving stones."

"Never welcome them at this hour of the night," said Mr. Consadine, taking up the candle, and moving off to the room on the opposite aide of the hall which served him for an office.

Mr. Consadine's own pen and that of his son. Tom were now in full employment. The officers were sent to the inn; the serjeants, corporals, &c. were bilieted on those who were on indifferent terms with Mr. Consadine; for, like a worthy man, he leaned as light as he could on his friends.

when one poor fellow, who had fallen when one poor fellow, who had fallen manng on his musket against the wall, was at hy the silence, and, starting up, he went the table at which Mr. Consadine was sooning his worship would give him a good

burony sub-constable, and deputy-clerk sions—"that you shall have, and on the touse in the place. Do you hear. Tou! a billet for this man upon Mr. Barry of hierna."

Mr. Barry of Calra Thierna!" said Tom

on Mr Barry of Carm Thierna—the try " replied his father giving a ned, and is right eye slowly, with a semi-drunken. Is not be said to keep the grandest house not of the country? or stay, Tom, just over the paper, and I'll write the hillet

Het was made out accordingly; the sand on the agnature and broad flourishes of madine, and the weary grenadier received recoming gratitude and thanks. Taking mapsack and firelock he left the office, and madine waddled back to the proctor to chuckle over the trick that he played the soldier, and to laugh at the idea of his search after Barry of Cairn Thierna's house.

Truly had he said no house could vie in capacity with Mr. Barry's; for, like Allan-a-Dale's, its roof was

"The blue vault of heaven, with its crescent so pale."

Barry of Cairn Thierna was one of the chieftains who, of old, lorded it over the barony of Barry-more, and for some reason or other he had become enchanted on the mountain of Cairn Thierna, where he was known to live in great state, and was often seen by the belated peasant.

Mr. Consadine had informed the soldier that Mr. Barry lived a little way out of the town, on the Cork road; so the poor fellow trudged along for some time, with eyes right and eyes left, looking for the great house; but nothing could he see, only the dark mountain of Cairn Thierna before him, and an odd cabin or two on the road side. At last he met a man, of whom he asked the way to Mr. Barry's.

- "To Mr. Barry's!" said the man; "what Barry is it you want?"
- "I can't say exactly in the dark," returned the soldier. "Mr. What 's-his-name, the billet mas-

be said it was a large house, and I think he called him the great Mr. Barry."

"Why, sure, it wouldn't be the great Barry of Cairn Thierna you are asking about?"

"Ay," said the soldier, "Corn Thierna—that's the very place—can you tell me where it is?"

"Caira Thorna," repeated the man; "Barry of Caira Thorna—I'll show you the way and welcome; but it's the first time in all my born days that ever I heard of a soldier being billeted on Barry of Caira Thorna. "Tis surely a queer thing for old Dick Considere to be after sending you there," continued he, "but you see that big mountain before you—that's Caira Thorna. Any one will show you Mr. Barry's when you get to the top of it, up to the big heap of stones."

The weary soldier gave a sigh as he walked forward towards the mountain, but he had not proveded for when he heard the elatter of a horse coming along the read after him, and turning his head maind, he saw a dark figure rapidly approaching him. A tall gentleman, righly drested, and mounted on a noble gray horse, was something side, when the rider pulled up, and the soldier repeated his inquiry after Mr. Barry's of Cairn Theoria.

it's the hide of the cow which I had killed for your supper; give it to the billet-master when you go back to Fermoy in the morning, and tell him that Barry of Cairn Thierna sent it to him. He will soon understand what it means, I promise you; so good night, my brave fellow; I wish you a comfortable sleep, and every good fortune; but I must be off and away out of this long before you are stirring."

The soldier gratefully returned his host's good night and good wishes, and went off to the room which was shown him, without claiming, as every one knows he had a right to do, the second-best bed in the house.

Next morning the sun awoke him. He was lying on the broad of his back, and the sky-lark was singing over him in the beautiful blue sky, and the bee was humming close to his ear among the heath. He rubbed his eyes; nothing did be see but the clear sky, with two or three light morning clouds floating away. Mr. Barry's fine house and soft feather bed had melted into air, and he found himself stretched on the side of Cairn Thierna, buried in the heath, with the cow-hide which had been given him rolled up under his head for a pillow.

"Well," said he, "this leads cock-fighting!
—Didn't I spend the pleasantest night I ever
spent in my life with Mr. Barry last night?—

And what in the world has become of the house, and the hall door with the steps, and the very bed that was under me?"

He stood up. Not a vestige of a house or any thing like one, but the rude heap of stones on the up of the mountain, could be see, and ever so far off lay the Blackwater glittering with the morning sun, and the little quiet village of Fermoy on to banks, from whose chunneys white wreaths of smoke were beginning to rise upwards into the day

Throwing the cow-hide over his shoulder, he descended, not without some difficulty, the steep side of the mountain, up which Mr. Barry had ted his horse the preceding night with so much case, and he proceeded along the road, pondering on what had befallen him.

When he reached Fermoy, he went straight to Mr. Consadine's, and asked to see him.

"Well, my gay fellow," said the official Mr Considine, recognizing, at a glance, the soldier, what sort of an entertainment did you meet with from Barry of Corn Therms?"

"The best of treatment, sir," replied the soldier, " and will did be speak of you, and he deared me to give you this cow-hide as a taken to remember him."

" Many thanks to Mr. Barry for his generosity."

said the hillet-master, making a bow in mock solemnity; "many thanks, indeed, and a right good skin it is, wherever he got it."

Mr. Consadine had scarcely finished the sentence when he saw his cow-boy running up the street, shouting and crying aloud that the best cow in the inch field was lost and gone, and no-body knew what had become of her, or could give the least tidings of her.

The soldier had flung the skin on the ground, and the cow-boy looking at it, exclaimed -

"That is her hide, wherever she is!—I'd take my hible oath to the two small white spots, with the glossy black about them, and there's the very place where she rubbed the hair off her shoulder last Martinmas." Then clapping his hands together, he literally sung, to "the tune the old cow died of,"

Agus oro Drimen duve; oro bo
Oro Drimen duve; mhiel agrah!
Agus oro Drimen duve — O — Ochone!
Drimen duve declish—go den tu slane beugh.

This, which is written as it is pronounced, may be translated—

And oh, my black cow—oh my cow,
Oh my black cow, a thousand times dear to me;
And oh my black cow—alas, alas,
My darling black cow, why did you leave me.

This lamentation was stopped short by Mr. Con-

"It was Barry who killed my best cow, and all be has left me is the hide of the poor beast to comfort myself with; but it will be a warning to Dick Considere for the rest of his life never again to play off his tricks upon travellers."

An anenymous correspondent before alluded to, has supplied the compiler with the outline of the foregoing tale. Another version, in which a fair dame named I'ma (Angliet, Winny, who proves to be the quien of the Fatries) is substituted for Mr. Barry, was related to him some years since, under the title of "the Lady of the Rock." The circumstances of the billet, the supper, the hide, and the billet master's loss of his hert cow, are precisely similar in both. The scene of the story was Blarney, and the soldier said to be one of Cromwell's troopers.

According to tradition, the great Barry has his magic dwelling on the summit of Cairn Thierna, the legend of which incumian will be found in the present section. He appears to belong to the same class of beings as titleroon Doonoch, or Gileroon of the old Head of Kinsale. Farwinneth O'Kilbritaune, or the Green Man of Kilbritan, Garold Earloch, or Early Garrett of Killarney, &cc. respecting whom stories very

These superhuman mortals also commonly appear before any remarkable event, like the German Emperor Charles V., who, with his army, according to tradition, inhabit the Odenberg, in Hesse, and when war is on the eve of breaking out, the mountain opens, the Emperor issues forth, sounds his bugle, and with his host passes over to another mountain. Rodenstein, who in a similar manner announces war, was seen so recently as 1815, previous to the landing of Napoleon, to pass with his followers from Schnelbert to his former strong hold of Rodenstein.

An account of the rise of the town of Fermoy to its present state from the poor village described, may be found in the second volume of Brewer's Beauties of Ireland; a work which will materially assist those inclined to acquire a correct knowledge of that country. Mr. Brewer's character is already well known and highly esteemed, as an accurate observer, a pleasing writer, and a careful and industrious compiler and judging from the volumes which have appeared, the Beauties of Ireland" are worthy of that gentleman's reputation.

THE GIANT'S STAIRS.

Os the road between Passage and Cork there is an old mansion called Romayne's Court. It may be easily known from the stack of chimneys and the gable ends, which are to be seen look at it which way you will. Here it was that Maurice Romayne and his wife Margaret Gould kept house, as may be learned to this day from the great old chimney-piece, on which is carved their arms. They were a mighty worthy couple, and had but one son, who was called Philip, after no less a person than the King of Spain.

Immediately on his smelling the cold air of this world the child succeed, which was naturally taken to be a good sign of his having a clear head, and the subsequent rapidity of his learning was truly amazing, for on the very first day a primer was put into his hand, he tore out the A, B, C, page, and destroyed it, as a thing quite beneath his notice. No wonder then that both father and mother were proofs of genius, or, as they call it in that part of the world, "genus."

One morning, however, Master Phil, who was then just seven years old, was missing, and no one could tell what had become of him: servants were sent in all directions to seek him, on horseback and on foot, but they returned without any tidings of the boy, whose disappearance altogether was most unaccountable. A large reward was offered, but it produced them no intelligence, and year rolled away without Mr. and Mrs. Ronayne having obtained any satisfactory account of the fate of their lost child.

There lived, at this time, near Carrigaline, one Robert Kelly, a blacksmith by trade. He was what is termed a handy man, and his abilities were held in much estimation by the lads and the lasses of the neighbourhood; for, independent of shocing horses, which he did to great perfection, and making plough irons, he interpreted dreams for the young women, sung Arthur O'Bradley at their weddings, and was so good natured a fellow at a christening, that he was good natured a fellow ountry round.

Now it happened that Robin had a dream himself, and young Philip Romayne appeared to him in it at the dead hour of the night. Robin thought he saw the boy mounted upon a beautiful white horse, and that he told him how he was made a page to the giant Mahon Mac Mahon, who had carried him off, and who held his court in the band heart of the rock. "The seven years -my time of service—are clean out, Hobin," said he, and if you release me this night, I will be the making of you for ever after."

"And how will I know," said Robin—cunning enough, even in his aleep—" but this is all a dream?"

"Take that," and the boy, "for a token"—and at the word the white horse struck out with our of his hind legs, and gave poor Robin such a lack in the torchead, that thinking he was a dead man, he reared as loud as he could after his brains, and woke up calling a thousand murders. He found himself in hed, but he had the mark of the blow, the regular print of a horse-shoe upon his furthead as red as blood, and Bohin Kelly, who never before found himself puzzled at the dream of any other person, did not know what to think of his own

Rober was well acquainted with the Giant's Stairs, as, indeed, who is not that knows the harbour. They consist of great manes of rock, which, piled one alarve another, rise like a flight of steps, from very deep water, against the hold cliff of Carrigmahon. Nor are they builty suited for stairs in those who have legs of sutherent length to stride over a moderate suted house, or to enable them to

clear the space of a mile in a hop, step, and jump. Both these feats the giant Mac Mahon was said to have performed in the days of Finnian glory; and the common tradition of the country placed his dwelling within the cliff up whose side the stairs led.

Such was the impression which the dream made on Robin, that he determined to put its truth to the test. It occurred to him, however, before setting out on this adventure, that a plough iron may be no bad companion, as, from experience, he knew it was an excellent knock-down argument, having, on more occasions than one, settled a little disagreement very quietly: so, putting one on his shoulder, off he marched, in the cool of the evening, through Glaun a Thowk (the Hawk's Glen) to Here an old gossip of his (Tom Monkstown. Clancey by name) lived, who, on hearing Robin's dream, promised him the use of his skiff, and moreover offered to assist in rowing it to the Giant's Stairs.

After a supper which was of the best, they embarked. It was a beautiful still night, and the little boat glided swiftly along. The regular dip of the oars, the distant song of the sailor, and sometimes the voice of a belated traveller at the ferry of Carrigaloe, alone broke the quietness of the land and sea and sky. The tide was in their

favour, and in a few minutes Robin and his gossip rested on their oars under the dark shadow of the Grant's Stairs. Robin looked anxiously for the entrance to the Grant's palace, which, it was said, may be found by any one seeking it at midnight; but no such entrance could be see. His impatience had hurried him there before that time, and after waiting a considerable space in a state of suspense not to be described, Robin, with pure vexation, could not help exclaiming to his companion, "Tis a pair of fools we are. Tom Clancey, for coming here at all on the strength of a dream"

"And whose doing is it," said Tom, " but your

At the moment he spoke they perceived a faint glummering of light to proceed from the cliff, which gradually increased until a perch lig enough for a king a palace unfolded itself almost on a level with the water. They pulled the skiff directly towards the opening, and Robin Kelly seizing his plough irm, boldly entered with a strong hand and a stout heart. Wild and strange was that entrance, the whole of which appeared formed of grim and groteague faces thending so strangely each with the other that it was impossible to define any the thin of one formed the ruse of another; what appeared to be a fixed and stern eye, if due it upon, thought to a gaping mouth; and the lines of the

lofty forehead grew into a majestic and flowing beard. The more Robin allowed lumself to contemplate the forms around him, the more terrific they became; and the stony expression of this crowd of faces assumed a savage ferocity as his imagination converted feature after feature into a different shape and character. Losing the twilight in which these indefinite forms were visible, he advanced through a dark and devious passage, whilst a deep and rumbling noise sounded as of the rock was about to close upon him and swallow him up alive for ever. Now, indeed, poor Robin felt afraud.

for coming here, what in the name of fortune are you now?" But, as before, he had scurcely spoken, when he saw a small light twinkling through the darkness of the distance, like a star in the madnight sky. To retreat was out of the question; for so many turnings and undrugs were in the passage, that he considered he had but little chance of making his way back. He therefore proceeded towards the hit of light, and came at last into a spacious chamber, from the roof of which hung the solitary lamp that had guided him. Emerging from such profound gloom, the single lamp afforded Robin abundant light to discover several gigantic figures seated round a man-

word disturbed the breathless silence which prerailed. At the head of this table sat Mahon Mac Mahon himself, whose majestic beard had taken root, and in the course of ages grown into the stone slab. He was the first who perceived Robin, and instantly starting up, drew his long band from out the buge piece of rock in such laste and with so sudden a jerk that it was shattered into a thousand pieces.

"What seek you?" he demanded in a voice of thunder.

"I come," answered Robin, with as much holdness as he could put on; for his heart was almost fainting within him-" I come," said he, " to claim Philip Ronayne, whose time of service is out the night."

" And who sent you here?" said the grant.

"Twas of my own accord I came," said Robin.

"Then you must single him out from among my pages," said the giant; "and if you fix on the wrong one, your life is the forfeit. Follow me." He led Robin into a ball of vast extent, and tilled with lights, along either ade of which were rows of beautiful children all apparently seven years old, and none beyond that age, dressed in green, and every one exactly dressed alike.

"Here," said Mahon, " you are free to take

Philip Ronsyne, if you will; but, remember, I give but one choice."

Robin was sadly perplexed; for there were hundreds upon hundreds of children; and he had no very clear recollection of the boy he sought. But he walked along the hall, by the side of Mahon, as if nothing was the matter, although his great iron dress clanked fearfully at every step, sounding louder than Robin's own sledge battering on his anvil.

They had nearly reached the end without speaking, when Robin seeing that the only means he had was to make friends with the giant, determined to try what effect a few soft words might have.

"'Tis a fine wholesome appearance the poor children carry," remarked Robin, " although they have been here so long shut out from the fresh air and the blessed light of heaven. "Tis tenderly your honour must have reared them!"

"Ay," said the giant, "that is true for you; so give me your hand; for you are, I believe, a very honest fellow for a blacksmith."

Robin at the first look did not much like the huge size of the hand, and therefore presented his plough-iron, which the giant seizing, twisted in his grasp round and round again as if it had been a potatoe stalk; on seeing this all the children

set up a shout of laughter. In the midst of their mirth Robin thought he heard his name called; and all car and eye, he put his hand on the boy whom he fancied had spoken, crying out at the same time, "Let me live or die for it, but this is young Phil Ronayne."

"It is Philip Ronayne—happy Philip Ronayne," said his young companions; and in an
instant the ball became dark. Crashing noises
were heard, and all was in strange confusion;
but Robin held fast his prize, and found himself
lying in the gray dawn of the morning at the head
of the Giant's Stairs with the boy clasped in his
arms.

Robin had plenty of gossips to spread the story of his wonderful adventure—Passage, Monkstown, Carrigaline—the whole barony of Kerricurrihy rung with it

"Are you quite sure, Robin, it is young Phil Ronayne you have brought back with you?" was the regular question; for although the boy had been seven years away, his appearance now was just the same as on the day he was missed. He had neither grown taller not older in look, and he spoke of things which had happened before he was carried off as one awakened from sleep, or as if they had occurred yesterday.

"Am I sure? Well, that's a queer question,"

was Robin's reply; " seeing the boy has the blue eyes of the mother, with the foxy hair of the father; to say nothing of the purty wart on the right side of his little nose."

However Robin Kelly may have been questioned, the worthy couple of Ronayne's court doubted not that he was the deliverer of their child from the power of the giant Mac Mahon; and the reward they bestowed on him equalled their gratitude.

Philip Ronayne lived to be an old man; and he was remarkable to the day of his death for his skill in working brass and iron, which it was believed he had learned during his seven years' appronticeship to the giant Mahon Mac Mahon.

This legend, in some particulars, resembles those told in Wales of Owen Lawgoch, or Owen of the bloody hand: in Denmark, of Holger the Dane. in Germany, of Frederic Barbarosa, or red heard, &c. The writer of a valuable paper in the Quarterly Review has thus condensed the story, which may be found in Mr. Thiele's Danske Folkesagu, &c.

"The emperor (Frederic) is secluded in the castle of Kyffha sen, in the Hercynian forest, where he remains in a state not much unlike the description which Cervantes has given of the inhabitants of the cavera of Montesinos: he slumbers on his throne—his red

light arm reclines, or, as some say, it has grown round and round it. A variation of the same fable, coloured according to its locality, is found in Denmark; where it is said, that Holger Danske, whom the French romances call Ogier the Danc, alumbers in the vaults beneath Cron-nburgh eastle. A villain was once affured by splendid offers to descend into the cavern and visit the half-torpid hero. Ogier muttered to the value, requisiting him to stretch out his hand. The villain persented an iron crow to Ogier, who grasped it, indenting the metal with his fingers. 'It is well!' quoth Ogier, who imagined he was squeezing the hand of the stranger, and thus provoking his strength and fortitude 'there are yet men in Denmark."

Billy Quinn, the poet of Passage, has sung the charms of the scenery of this legend in such popular numbers, that it is presumed the reader will not be displeased at finding a verse here. After praising the noble river Lee, he tells us that at Passage

"A ferry-boat 's there, quite convenient
For man and horse to take a ride;
Who, both in clover, may go over
To Carrigaloc at the other side.
The there is seen—oh! the sweet Marino
With trees so green oh, and fruit so red—
Brave White-point, and right forenent it
The Giant's Stairs, and old Horse's bead."



326 THE GIANT'S STAIRS.

The witty Mr. Henry Bennett, in his pleasant local poem of the Steam Boat, is pleased to call the Giant's Stairs

—— " a flight of fancy."

It may be so: but against such authority the compiler is enabled to support the truth of this legend, at least, by circumstantial evidence. A wonderful pair of cubes have been exhibited to him in proof of Mr. Ronayne's supernatural handicraft. Dr. Smith, in his History of Cork, vol. i. p. 172, also says that "he (Mr. Philip Ronayne) invented a cube which is perforated in such a manner that a second cube of the same dimensions exactly in all respects may be passed through the same."



And now, farewell! the fairy dream is o'er:
The tales my infancy had loved to hear,
Like blissful visions, fade and disappear.
Such tales Momonia's peasant tells no more!
Vanish'd are MERMAIDS from her sea-beat shore;
Check'd is the HEADLESS HORSEMAN'S strange
career;

For volunta's voice no longer macks the ear,

Nor nocks bear wonderous imprints as of yore!

Such is "the march of mind,"—But did the fays

(Creatures of whim—the gossamers of will)

In Ireland work such sorrow and such ill

As stormer spirits of our modern days?

Oh land beloved! no angry voice I raise;

My constant prayer—" may peace be with thee

still."





ERRATA.

Page	101,	line	23,	for	Folksagu, read Folksagu.
_	108,		22,	for	gessoon, read gossoon.
	111,				Green, read Green.
	129,				humanos, read hermanes.
	137,		12,	for	darea, read doca.
	160,				ought, read out.
	175,		3.	for	Beetham, read Betham.
	217,		18.	for	Keinerwegs, read Keinerweges.
	333,		6,	for	Sagan, read Sagen.

IONDON:
PRINTED BY THOMAS DAVISON, WHETEFRIARS.



•

•



DR. WILHELM GRIMM,

Secretary of the Prince's Library, Member of the Royal Scientific Society of Gottingen, &c. &c. &c.

AT CASSEL, IN HESSEN.

MY DEAR SIR,

I have the pleasure of presenting to you and your brother the third and concluding volume of a work illustrative of the traditionary superstitions of my country.

You will perceive that a considerable portion consists in a close translation of your introductory essay to the Irische Elsenmärchen; and I only hope that its appearance in an English dress may be as satisfactory to you, as your translation of the legends to which it is prefixed has been to the writers. But this, critically speaking, I fear, as many words, particularly the old German, presented

difficulties similar to those which you experienced in the Irish name Boliaun, even with its English explanatory, Ragweed .

However, I trust the general meaning has been conveyed.

I have given your essay without note or comment of my own, because I perfectly coincide in the candid opinion which you so kindly expressed to me in your last valuable letter, that an essay on Fairy superstition should exhibit a collection of inferences unmixed with tales and traditions. "Although to the generality of readers," as you justly remark, "the book is thereby rendered what is called less entertaining; yet the scientific examination is undisturbed by the dispersion

^{*} In justice to the care of the Messes. Grimm, as trans-

[&]quot;Hip is here chosen, because barren and unprobtable tracta are often covered with thorns. In the original it is called Boliann. The word is not in Nemnich's Cathelicon, nor indeed in any other dictionary. Natives of Ireland, whom a friend has questioned on the subject, affirm that Boliann is a staff or cudgel; but from the context it must mean a plant. It is also explained by the addition Hagueted, which is knowned not an Hoglish word; but, as a native of Ireland says, alignifies a word which grows like a bush about an all high, and has yellow flowers of a disagreeable small."

of those points on which it really fulls, and a clear and firm view of the subject is not lost by poetic amplifications." The corrections and additional notes which you have favoured me with are inserted in their proper places, and I have again to thank you for the communication of them.

The collection of Welsh legends which appears in this volume will, I doubt not, prove acceptable to you, as from their similarity with those current in other countries, they afford an additional proof that the Fairy creed must have been a complete and connected system. I have taken some pains to seek after stories of the Elves in England; but I find that the belief has nearly disappeared, and in another century no traces of English Fairies will remain, except those which exist in the works of Shakspeare, Herrick, Drayton, and Bishop Corbet.

In Devenshire, the Pixies or Pucksies are still remembered and described as "little people and merry dancers:" but I can collect no other succdotes respecting their pranks than the two following.

About seventy years since a clergyman

named Tanner held two benefices between Crediton and Southmolton, adjoining each other. The farmers of both parishes attended the tithe-audit annually at his residence; and in going to the glebe-house the distant parishioners had to pass an extensive moor, intersected by numerous tracks or sheep-walks. Although they reached their destination in safety in the morning, yet on their return they invariably found themselves "Pixy-laid," and were compelled to pass a night of bewildered wandering upon the moor. Such recreation at Christmas was not very agreeable, and it was determined that a deputation from the parishioners should proceed to Exeter, and consult an old woman celebrated for her skill in charming away the tooth-ach. Her instructions against Pixy spells proved effectual. She directed the way-laid travellers, on reaching the verge of the moor, to strip themselves, and sit down on their clothes for five-and-thirty minutes, or more, according to the state of the weather; and so soon as they discovered the cloud which the Pixies had thrown around them to be dissipated, they might then safely proceed. By following

this valuable prescription Mr. Tanner's parishioners invariably reached their homes without further interruption from Pixy spells, or inconvenience from their hospitable pastor's excellent cockages cider.

The other legend of Devouian Elves resembles the German one alluded to in your Fisay at page 110 of this volume; and is told of the family of Sukespic or Sokespitch, respecting whom, if you are curious to inquire into their history, I can refer you to Lysons's Magna Britannia, vol. 6, part ii, p. 118. This family resided near Topsham; and a barrel of ale in their cellar had for very many years continued to run freely without being exhausted. It was considered as a valuable heir-hom, and was respected accordingly, until a curious maid-servant took out the loung, to ascertain the cause of this extraardinary power. On looking into the cask, the found it full of cobwebs; but the Pixies. it is supposed, were offended, and on turning the cock as usual, no more ale flowed out.

Captain Sainthill, of the royal navy, who is now in his eighty-eighth year, informs me that when be was a boy, the common reply

at Topsham to the inquiry how any affair went on, when it was intended to say that it was proceeding prosperously, was, "It is going on like Sokespitch's cann."

Some traces of Fairy superstition still linger also in Hampshire. Gads Hill or God's Hill, near Newport, in the Islo of Wight, is remarkable for a very ancient church built on its summit, and, until lately, the old women, as they toiled up this hill to their devotions, might be heard lamenting "that the Fairies would not let the church bide on the plain, where it was intended to be built."

This church, according to the tradition, was commenced on the plain at the foot of the hill, and considerable progress was made with the building in that situation. One morning, however, when the workmen arrived, they found, to their great astonishment, that the walls had completely disappeared, and at last they discovered them on the summit of the hill, precisely in the same state they had been left in on the plain the preceding evening. As it was not intended to have the church in that elevated situation, the work-

men pulled down the walls, removed the bricks from the hill to the plain, and again commenced the building. But no sooner had the walls gained their former height, than they were again transported to the hill. The workmen, though less surprised than before, persevered in their intention of building on the plain, and having brought down the bricks, began for the third time to erect When the walls were raised to the church. the same height as before, they determined on watching for the persons who had so provokingly removed them to the summit of the hill, and had thus twice frustrated their intention. The weather favoured the workmen. for it was a beautiful moonlight night, and they distinctly saw innumerable little people busily employed in demolishing the walls. Although the bricks seemed considerably larger than these little creatures, yet they appeared to carry them without difficulty, and very soon completed their purpose of having the church upon the hill. Some of the workmen said that they saw them dancing in a ring on the site after having removed the bricks. Ocular proof being thus given of

the impossibility of carrying on the design of building the church on the plain, it was determined to erect it on the hill, where it was speedily completed without interruption. The hill, from the church, received the name of God's Hill, afterwards corrupted into Gads Hill; and when the building was finished, great rejoicing and shouting was heard, which was supposed to proceed from the little people making merry on account of their success.

This legend I received a few months since from a friend: he had obtained it from his nurse, who was then above ninety, and with whose death he has just acquainted me. It will, I am sure, my dear sir, recall a very similar tale in Mr. Thiele's Danske Folkesagn to your memory.

On mentioning the subject of Hampshire Fairies to Mr. Landscer, who has not confined his inquiries alone to "Sabean Researches," he pointed out to my notice the names of "Puck-pool," and "Puck-aster Cove," in the Isle of Wight. The former, which is about two miles from Ryde, near the castern skirts of the grounds belonging to Appley, is now a small, sedgy, and neglected

pond, which scarcely more than answers to the line, " The nine men's morrice is filled up with mud;" and beyond its name has nothing to recall Puck to the imagination. Puck-aster is a romantic fishing-cove on the south side of the island. "It may easily be conceived," said Mr. Landseer, "to have formerly been the scene of such fairy frolics as that merry wanderer of the night boasts of as being his pastime. Its hollows, where dank vapours must in past ages have lingered, are now drained; and the plantations of Mr. Arnold, and other gentlemen, who have built cuttages there, have rendered it a scene at accesmiling and wild. But every poetical spectator will see at a glance that it must in days of yore have been the very place where Robin Goodfellow, ' in very likeness of a friar's Lastern,' has laughed at the misled clowns; where those ' faithless phantoms,' the wild-fires of autumn, have often sparkled and sported. The name Puck-aster (or Puck Star) agrees precisely with these local phepomena.

"When I visited this fairy spot," continues
Mr. Landscer, "recollecting how large a

portion of Shakspeare's life there is of which nothing is known, and reflecting how impossible it is to suppose that any portion of his life could have been inactively spent; my fancy was quite ready to fill up part of the hiatus with a supposition that our great bard was at some time during that period rambling with strolling players, and that in the course of those rambles he had visited the Isle of Wight, and gathered there some of his local fairy lore. Some thirty and odd years ago, when I was there, the island was periodically visited by histrionic strollers from the continent of England.' (This was an immemorial custom). And in the time of Shah speare, the Isle was so well wooded, that be might have found in it all his fairy scenery (for it may well be classed under sea-shore and forest scenery); and where else do you find the name Puck stamped on the country itself?"

The northern counties of England are, I am inclined to think, those which retain the memory of the Elves most strongly. Yorkshire, in particular, has many secluded districts; and although I have been unable to obtain

any tales, I know that some exist respecting the appearance and freaks of the Barguest and the Bogle. At Thorn, in that county, about fifty years since, it was a common practice of the children to go to a neighbouring hill on a particular day (Shrove Tuesday), in order that they might hear the Fairies frying their pancakes within the rock.

Amid this dearth of English Fairy Legends, I have been surprised at receiving from Mr. Balmanno the following account of the actual appearance of a fairy within three miles of the British metropolis. He gives it on the authority of his late friend, Mr. Fuseli, the artist, "than whom," remarks Mr. Balmanno, "there never lived a greater lover of a fairy tale."

For nearly half a century, a weekly dinner party of literary men took place at the house of Joseph Johnson, a respectable and honest bookseller in St. Paul's Churchyard. Johnson was the publisher of Captain Steadman's work on Surinam, and as the captain lived at Hammersmith, be usually came to town on the morning of the weekly dinner, by the Hammersmith stage. As the coach was proceed-

ing at its usual rumbling rate towards London. Captain Steadman was aroused by a very uncommon sound in the air, and on looking out of the coach-door, his surprise was increased by the apparition of a little fellow, about two feet high, dressed in a full suit of regimentals, with a gold-laced cocked hat, and a gold-headed cane, striding along the footpath, " and raising such a devil of a sough," that the captain's astonishment knew no bounds. He rubbed his eyes, looked, doubted, and looked again, but there to visible certainty was the little man striding away, swinging his arm, and " swishing his cane," in full force, going at the rate of nine miles an hour, and leaving the coach far behind him. Away he went at this prodigious pace, until he came to a green lane, which led to Holland-house, up which he wisked with the greatest nimbleness. When the coach came opposite to the lane, the little man was nowhere to be seen.

"This was related by Captain Steadman at dinner, the very day it occurred, and he continued to affirm his belief in the appearance of the goblin to the day of his death."

In Buckinghamshire and Wiltshire, where

I have had opportunities of going among the peasantry, and conversing with them. I could extract no other supernatural tales than those respecting witches, and their intercourse with the Evil One; who, according to the traditions of these counties, cannot be so formidable an enemy as he is generally considered, having been more than once vanquished by a drunken blacksmith, whose name varies in different districts, but who was well known, and is perfectly remembered by many credible witnesses in each.

Thus, my dear Sir, I have laid before you the result of nearly three years' constant inquiry after the Elves in England. Scotland has had an abundance of Fairy historians, and with what they have written, it is evident that few are better acquainted than yourself. As, however, establishing the connexion which you have pointed out between witchcraft and Fairy superstition (page 140 of this volume) you will, I think, be pleased with the following communication, for which I am indebted to the kindness of Sir Walter Scott.

"A rummager of our records," writes Sir Walter, " sent me the other day a most sin-

gular trial of an old woman, who was tried condemned, and burned alive for holding too close a connexion with Elf-land. The poor old woman was in fact tried for having succeeded in curing maladies by her prayers and spells, as well as her herbs and ointments. Her familiar was one Tom Reid, whom she saw almost daily, at the hour of noon. He died, as he told her (for to her he was a posthumous acquaintance), in the fatal battle of Pinkie, called 'the Black Saturday,' and, it seems, was carried off by those wandering spirits, the fairies, who, when heaven and hell were sharing stakes, came in for some portion, it would seem, of so magnificent a spoil as ' the Black Saturday' afforded.

"I cannot help, therefore, enclosing you a sketch of Tom Reid, a favourite, as it appears, of the queen of Elf-land. To save you and myself trouble, I use the modern orthography, but retain the Scottish words.

" Asked by what art or knowledge she could tell divers persons of things they tint (lost), or were stolen away, or help sick persons? Answered and declared, that she herself had no kind of art or science so to do.

but divers times, when any such persons came to her, she would inquire at ane Thomey Reid, who died at Pinkie (as he himself affirmed), who would tell her what she asked.' Item, she being inquired (at) what kind of man this Thomey Reid was? Declared, 'he was an honest, seemly, elderly man, gray-bearded, and had ane gray coat, with Lombart sleeves of the old fashion, ane pair of gray breeks, and white schankis (leggings or stockings), gurtered above the knee, and ane black bonnet on his head, close behind and plain before, with silken laces drawn through the lips (brims) thereof, and ane white wand in his hand.'

what manner and place the said Thomey Reid came to her? Answered, 'as she was ganging betwist her ain (own) house and the yard of Monkeastle, driving her kye to the pasture, and making heavy sair dole (sore lamentation) with herself, greeting (weeping loudly) very fast for her cow that was dead, her husband and child that were lying sick on the land, ill, and she new arisen out of grance (from grante, French, an in-lying woman), the foresaid

Thomey met her by the way, halsed ber (saluted her courteously), and said, ' Good day, Bessie,' and she said, ' Good day, good man.' 'Santa Maria!' said he, 'Bessie, why makes thou so great dole and great wisting for any worldly thing?" She answered, ' Alas! have I not cause to make great dole? for our gear is trakit (our cattle destroyed by sickness), and my husband is on the point of death, and ane baby of my own will not live, and myself at a weak point: have I not cause, then, to have so sore a heart? But Thomey said, 'Bessie, thou has craved God, and asked something you should not have done; and therefore I consell thee to wend to home. for I tell thee thy bairn (child) shall die cre you come home, thy two sheep shall die too, but thy husband shall mend, and be haill and feir as ever he was.' Then Thomey Reid went away from me, in through the yard of Monkcastle, and I thought he gard (went) in at a narrow hole of the dike, smaller that earthly man could have gone through, and I was something fleyit (affrightened).'

^{*} Haler is neck in Scotch as in German, &c.

Notwithstanding his religious commence-, Thomey became afterwards unreasonable demands, insisting, that Bessie should her Christendom, and yield up the she took, at the font-stone; but on this it she was, by her own account, resolute. tertheless Thomey appeared afterwards in Awelling, her husband and three tailors r present, although neither integer nor item! purt of a man were aware of his presence. He took her out of doors him to the kiln-end, where there were re persons, eight women and four men. men were clad in gentlemen's clothing, the women had all plaids round about and were very seemly like to see, and mey was with them.' . Demanded, if sho any of them? Answered, ' none, pt Thomey.' Demanded, what they said ? Answered, they bade her sit down, aid, 'welcome Bessie, wilt thou go with But she answered not, because Thomey brbidden her;' with much more to the purpose; especially how she excused nev of the most distant approach to imnety, except that in pressing her to go to

Elf-land, he caught her by the apron to enforce his request; and how Thomey reminded her, that when she was recovering of her confinement, a stout woman had come into her house, sat down on a bench beside her, and asked for a drink, in exchange for which she gave Bessie words of comfort. 'That,' said Thomey, was the queen of Elf-land, his mistress, who had commanded him to wait upon her and do her good.'" Thus far Sir Walter Scott.

Lengthy as my letter already is, I must crave your indulgence while I add a few words in conclusion, on Irish fairies, as a note of yours reminds me of my inadvertance in leaving the name Shefro, by which I have designated the first section of the Irish Fairy Legends, unexplained.

The term Shefro (variously, but correctly, written Stabung, Stebnog, Stebno

Sin, sigh, sighe, sigheann, siabhra, siachaire, siagidh, are Irish words, evidently: fairy or goblin, and even a hag or witch.

Thus we have the compound Leannan-right,
funiliar, from Leannan, a pet, and Singhthemidheachd, enchantment with or by spirits.

Sigh-gaoithe, or sinheann-gaoithe, a whirlind is so termed, because it is said to be
used by the fairies. The close of day is

led Sia, because twilight,

"That evert hour, when day is almost closing,"

the time when the fairies are most frequently en. Again, Sigh is a hill or hillock, because thiries are believed to dwell within. Sidhe, theadh, and sigh, are names for a blast or light, because it is supposed to proceed from a fairies. I could readily produce other mances, to show nearly as extended an use the word Si, or the (it is so pronounced) as hot of alp, which is so well illustrated in your may. In that curious poem, "The Irish Indibras," 1689, the word Shoger is used. This is probably Sigh oges, young spirits; ogenresponding to our word junior.

[&]quot; Within a wood near to this place.
There grows a bunch of three-leared grass,

xxii

DEDICATORY LETTER.

Called by the Boglanders * shamrogues (shamracks)

A present for the queen of Shages †,

Which thou must first be after fetching,

But all the cunning 's in the catching, * &c. p. 23.

In another place the nun says,

"Yet for the grace I have with Joaney,
Queen of Shages, and my own croney,
I know as much Nees as another,
But dare not tell it, were it my brother." p. 81.

It is related in O'Flaherty's Ogygia, part iii, and other works, that St. Patrick, who, with some of his followers, were engaged in chanting matins at a fountain one morning very early, were taken for sidhe or fairies by the daughters of King Laogar, whither the fair pagans repaired "to wash their faces, and view themselves in that fountain as in a mirror." The passage is curious, and I will quote it, as I do not think you have seen it.

"When the princesses saw these venerable gentlemen, clothed in white surplices, and holding books in their hands, astonished at their unusual dress and attitudes, they looked upon them to be the people Sidhe. The Irish

call these Sidhe, aërial spirits or phantoms, because they are seen to come out of pleasant hills, where the common people imagine they reside, which fictitious labitations are called by us Sidhe or siodha. St. Patrick, taking an opportunity of addressing the young ladies, introduced some divine topic, which was exescerning the existence of one God only. When the elder of the sisters, in reply, thus unembarrassed, inquired, 'Who is your God, and where doth he dwell! Does he live in heaven, or under, or on earth? or is his habitation in mountains, or in valleys, or in the sea, or in rivers? Whether has be sons remarkable for their beauty? and are his daughters handsome and more beautiful than the daughters of this world? Are many employed about the education of his son? Is he opulent, and in affluent circumstances, and does his kingdom abound with a plenty of wealth and riches? In what mode of worship does he delight? Whether is he decked in the bloom of youth, or is he bending under the weight of years? Has he a life limited to a certain period, or immortal? In which interrogations there was not a word of resemblance or comparison

between the pagan gods, Saturn, Jupiter, Apollo, Venus, Diana, Pallas, Juno, and the unknown divinity; nor did she allude, in her discourse, to that Cromeruach, the principal god of our heathen deities, or to any of their attributes.

"From whence we may infer, that the divinities of the Irish were local ones; that is, residing in mountains, plains, rivers, in the sea, and such places. For, as the pagan system of theology taught, 'as souls were divided with mortals at their birth, so fatal genii presided over them, and that the Eternal Cause has distributed various guardians through all nations.' And that these topical genii never went to other countries."—Translated by the Rev. James Hely, A. B. vol. ii. p. 55. Dublin, 1793.

I regret that the space to which I am limited prevents my giving you a curious Irish poem, of thirty verses, which Mr. Edward O'Reilly, the Secretary of the Iberno Celtic Society, most politely forwarded to me. It is an address to a fairy chief by a wandering bard.

^{*} Symmethus Ethnicus, b. i. Epist 4.

named Andrew McCurtin, wherein, by praising the splendour and hospitality of the fairy court, he contrives obliquely to censure the parsimony of the county gentry. This ideal chief is termed Donn of Dooagh, literally Lord of the Vatts, or sand pits; which are certain hollows on the coast of the county Clare However, as the commencement of this poem exhibits an interesting summary of Irish mythology, I cannot resist presenting you with two or three verses in my translation, as unmusical and as rugged to the full as the original:

Down of the scenn vatta, I give low reverence to thee;
The not with haughty Saxon nod, though such is given to me;
A measural blind, of humble mind, seeks pity in thy breast,
With how profound, unto the ground, and craves to be thy
gent.

Oh princely Donn of noble blood. for noble is thy race,
Thy published is known to one, thy actions can I trace;
Of Am and Eva art thou not, the sky descended brother,
For he of might, king Daha hight, did he not wed thy mother?

Guarden to Lar, who ploughed the field of ocurs round old Erin.

Cousin to Dono of dark Knock Unich, and Donn of high Knock Firinn,

Nursed in sunshine, to pains were thins, bind up in soyal court, Whence those didst join, by gentle Boyne, young Angus in his spect.

xxvi .DEDICATORY LETTER.

From thence away, with mild Lusy-but him thou left for dangers,

And rush'd to war with fierce Balar, and necromantic strangurs.

Milesian barks contended then with more than stormy ocean.

Against the blast of magic cast, in wild and strange commetica.

Thence far remote, with Naoise of note, thou dwelt in lonely places;

Yet doth thy field, Murthené, yield of mighty deeds some traces.

Chief of the battle field, to thee Conn owes his hundred fights; For thou to Spain led o'er the main Egan, who fied his rights: To Finn thou gave thy powerful aid on Traha's show of alaughter,

Where the battle cry pealed to the sky, and blood poured free as water.

•	•	•	•	•
•	•	•	•	•
•	•	•	• .	•
•	•	•	•	•
•	•	•	•	•
•	•	•	•	•
•	•	•	•	•
_		_	_	_

Since that day's strife thou led a life of feasting and of sleeping; And where's the need, for me indeed, to tell of thy housekeeping? Fair chief, whose beauty far exceeds the blossom of that flower, Lord of the gray and mossy rock, smooth hill and pleasant bower, &c.

On Knock Uaish and Knock Firinn, I must append Mr. O'Reilly's note, as it establishes

a conjecture offered in the first volume of this work: "The first of these mountains is situated in the county of Cork, and is now called Knock na Nosa; the other is in the county of Limerick. Of the fairy chiefs of each of these hills, and of their respective hosts, many extraordinary stories are told by the old people of the adjoining districts. Knock Firing is called by the people of the country ' Knock Dhoinn Firinne,' the mouncain of Don of Truth. This mountain is very high, and may be seen for several miles round; and when people are desirous to know whether or not any day will rain, they look at the top of Knock Firinn, and if they see a vapour or mist there, they immediately conclude that rain will soon follow; believing that Donn of that mountain and his acrial assistants are collecting the clouds, and that he holds them there for some short time, to warn the people of the approaching rain. As the appearance of mist on that mountain in the morning is considered an infallible sign that that day will be rainy, Donn is called 'Donn Firinne,' Donn of Truth.

I have now only, my dear Sir, to return you my best and warmest acknowledgments for

XXVIII DEDICATORY LETTER.

the flattering manner in which you and your brother have accepted the dedication of this volume, and to assure you that

I remain

your grateful and very faithful servant,

T. hofton boker.

London, 12th November, 1827.

The Etchings and Wood Engravings designed and executed by W. H. Brooke, F. S. A.

CONTENTS.

Dedicatory Letter .	•	•	•	•	Page iii
TRANSLATION OF GRIMM'S				HEF	RS
THE ELVES IN IRELAND		on I.	•		
1. The Good People	_	_	_		1
2. The Cluricaune	•	•	•	•	7
3. The Banshee	•	•	•	•	10
4. The Phooka.	•	•	•	•	11
5. The Land of You	th	•	•	•	12
THE ELVES IN SCOTLAR	ND.				
Authorities .	•	•	•		13
1. Descent .	•	•	•	•	14
2. Form	•	•	•	•	ib.
3. Dwellings and me	ode of	life	•	•	ib.
4. Intercourse with	men	•	•	•	16
5. 8kill	•	•	•	•	27
6. Good neighbours	•	•	•	•	33
7. Spiteful tricks	•	•	•	•	35
8. Changelings .	•	•	•	•	30
_				•	

XXX CONTENTS.

						Page
9. Elf-bolt, we	apor	ıs, and	l uter	sils	•	43
10. The Elf-bu	11	•	•	•	•	44
11. Sea Elves	• •	•	•	•	•	46
12. The Brown	ie	•	•	•	•	48
On the Nature (OF T	HE E	LVES	•	•	53
Authorities	•	•	•	•	•	54
1. Name.	•	•	•	•	•	56
2. Degrees and	l Va	rieties		•	•	64
3. Extinction	•	•	•	•	•	70
4. Form .	•	•	•	•	•	71
5. Dress .	•	•	•	•	•	77
6. Habitation	•	•	•	•	•	81
7. Language	•	•	•	•	•	85
8. Food .	•	•	•	•	•	86
9. Mode of Li	fe	•	•	•	•	87
10. Secret Pow	ers a	nd In	genui	ty.	•	94
11. Character	•	•		•	•	99
12. Connexion	with	Man	kind	•	•	105
13. Hostile Dis	posit	ion	•	•	•	116
14. Ancient Te	- stimo	onies	•	•	•	125
15. Elfin Anim	_		•			
16. Witches and	d So					
Additions to the Au	et hor	ities.	from	the M	lanu	Mrint Mrint
Communication		•				,
	• 7	•		- <i> </i>		
	•	•	•	•	•	146
Finnland.	•	•	•	•	•	147

contents.					1	EXX i		
Livonia		•	•	•	•	Page 147		
Armenia .	ı	•	•	•	•	148		
Africa .		•	•	•	•	ib.		
Lower Bretagne	•	•	•	•	•	149		
Miscellaneous .		•	•	•	•	153		
					·			
	THE MABINOGION AND FAIRY LE- GENDS OF WALES.							
Introduction	•	•	•	•	•	157		
THE MABINOGION	•	•	•	•	•	163		
Pwyll, Prince o	f Dy	ved	•	•	•	177		
The Tale of Br	an	•	•	•	•	183		
MYTHOLOGICAL PE	RBON	8	•	•	•	192		
Arianrod.	•	•	•	•	•	195		
Cawr .	•	•	•	•	•	ib.		
Don .	•	•	•	•	•	ib.		
Gwydion .	•	•	•	•	•	ib.		
Gwenidw.	•	•	•	•	•	196		
Gwidhan .	•	•	•	•	•	ib.		
Gwrach .	•	•	•	•	•	ib.		
Gwyn ap Nudd	l	•	•	•	•	197		
Idris or Edris		•	•	•	•	198		
Moll Walbee	•	•	•	•	•	199		
PAIRY LEGENDS OF	W	LES.						
Introduction	•	•	•	•	•	201		
The Story of C	itto	Bach	•	•	•	207		
Llewellyn's Da		•	•	•	•	215		

- 1

xxxii contents.

				Pag
The Egg-shell Dinner			•	22]
Stories of Morgan Rhys H	larris	•	•	224
Fairy Money	•	•	•	227
The Knockers	•	•	•	229
THE PWCCA—Cwm P	WCCA		•	230
Yanto's Chase	•	•	•	233
The Adventure of Eliduru	18	•	•	240
Stories of Fairies .	•	•	•	243
LEGENDS OF LAKES	_Ll	yn Cv	v m	
Lwch	•	•	•	252
Meddygon Myddvai .	•	•	•	256
The Island of the Fair Fair	mily	•	•	259
The Headless Lady .		•	•	263
Owen Lawgoch's Castle	•	•	•	266
Cwn Annwn	•	•	•	273
The Corpse-candle .	•	•	•	279
Story of Polly Shone Rhys	Shor	ne	•	287
The Kyhirraeth .	•	•	•	289
Additional Notes on Irish	Lege	nds i	n	
the first volume		•	•	295



THE

ELVES IN IRELAND.

1. THE GOOD PEOPLE .

THE Elves, which in their true shape are but a few inches high, have an airy, almost transparent body; so delicate is their form, that a dew-drop, when they dance on it, trembles indeed, but never breaks. Both sexes are of extraordinary beauty, and mortal beings cannot be compared with them.

They do not live alone, or in pairs, but always in large societies. They are invisible to man, particularly in the day-time; and as they can be present and hear what is said, the peasantry never

The Irish expression for Elf in this signification is .Shefro; and this in the original is the name of the first division; but it does not occur clsewhere, nor is there any explanation of it. She or Shi, without doubt, means Elf; compare Banshi and the Scotch Doese-shi and Shien.

speak of them but with caution and respect, terming them the good people, or the friends; as any other name would offend them. If a great cloud of dust rises on the road, it is a sign that they are about to change their residence and remove to another place, and the invisible travellers are always saluted with a respectful bow. They have their dwellings in clefts of rocks, caves, and ancient tumuli. Every part within is decorated in the most splendid and magnificent manner; and the pleasing music which sometimes issues from thence in the night has delighted those who have been so fortunate as to bear it.

During the summer nights, when the moon shines, and particularly in harvest-time, the Elves come out of their secret dwellings, and assemble for the dance in certain favourite spots, which are hidden and secluded places, such as mountain-valleys—meadows near streams and brooks—churchyards where men seldom come. They often celebrate their feasts under large mushrooms, or repose beneath their shade.

In the first rays of the morning sun they again vanish, with a noise resembling that of a swarm of bees or flies.

Their garments are as white as snow, sometimes shining like silver, a hat or cap is indispensable, for which purpose they generally select the red flowers of the foxglove, and by it different parties are distinguished.

The secret and magic powers of the Elves are so great as searcely to know any bounds. They can assume in a moment, not only the human, but every other form, even the most terrific; and it is easy for them to convey themselves in one second a distance of five leagues.

Hefore their breath all human energy fails. They sometimes communicate supernatural knowledge to men, and if a person is seen walking up and down alone, and moving his lips as one balf distraught, it is a sign that an Elf is invisibly present and instructing him.

The Elves are above all things fond of music. Those who have heard their music cannot find words to describe the power with which it fills and enraptures the soul. It rushes upon them like a stream, and yet the tones are simple, even monotonous, and in general resembling natural sounds.

Among their amusements is that of playing at ball, which they pursue with much engerness, and at which they often differ so as even to quarrel.

Their skill in dancing far exceeds the highest art of man, and the pleasure they take in this amisement is mexhaustible. They dance without interruption till the rays of the sun appear on the

mountains, and make the boldest leaps without the least exertion.

They do not appear to require any food, but refresh themselves with dew-drops which they collect from the leaves.

They severely punish all who inquisitively approach or tease them; otherwise they are friendly and obliging to well-meaning people who confide in them. They remove humps from the shoulder; make presents of new articles of clothing; undertake to grant requests; though in such cases, good-humour on the applicant's part seems to be necessary. Sometimes too they appear in human form, or allow persons who have acculentally strayed among them during the night to join in their dances; but there is always some danger in this intercourse. The person becomes the consequence, and falls into a violent fever from the unmatural exertion, as they seem to lend him a part of their power. If he forgets himself, and, according to the custom, kisses his partner, the whole scene vanishes the instant his hips touch hers.

The Elves have another peculiar and more intimate connexion with mortals. It seems as if they divided among themselves the souls of men, and considered them thenceforth as their property. Hence certain families have their particular Elves,

to whom they are devoted, in return for which, however, they receive from them help and assistmor in critical moments, and often recovery from mortal diseases. But as after death they become the property of their Elves, the death of a man is to them always a festival at which one of their own body enters into their society. Therefore they require that people shall be present at funerals, and pay them reverence; they celebrate an interment like a wedding, by dancing on the grave, and it is for this reason that they select churchyards for their favourite places of resort. A violent quarrel often wises whether a child belongs to the Elves of the father or of the mother, and in what churchyard it is to be buried. The different parties of these supernatural beings hate and make war on each other, with as much animosity as nations among mankind; their combats take place in the night, in cross-roads, and they often do not separate till daybreak parts them. This connexion of men with a quiet and good tribe of spirits, far from being frightful, would rather be beneficial: but the Elves appear in a dubious character; both evil and good are combined in their nature, and they show a dark as well as a fair side. They are angels expelled from heaven, who have not fallen into hell, but are in fear and doubt respecting their future state, and whether they shall find

mercy at the day of judgment. This mixture of the dark and malevolent is visibly manifested in their actions and inclinations. If in remembrance of their original happy condition they are bettericent and friendly towards man, the evil principle within them prompts them to malicious and mjurious tricks. Their beauty, the wondrous splendour of their dwellings, their sprightliness, is nothing more than illusive show; and their true figure, which is frightfully ugly, inspires terror. If, as is but rarely the case, they are seen in the day-time, their countenances appear to be wrinkled with age, or, as people express it, "like a withered cauliflower;" a little nose, red eyes, and hair hoary with extreme age.

One of their evil propensities consists in stealing healthy and fine children from their mothers, and substituting in their room a changeling who hears some resemblance to the stolen infant, but is in fact only an ugly and sickly Elf. He manifests every evil disposition, is malicious, muschievous, and, though insatiable as to food, does not thrive. When the name of God is mentioned, he begins to laugh, otherwise he never speaks, till being obliged to do so by artifice, his age is betrayed by his voice, which is that of a very old man. The love of music shows itself in him, as well as extraordinary proficioncy; supernatural energies are also mani-

thing, even inanimate objects, to dance. Whereever he comes he brings ruin: a series of misfortimes succeed each other, the cattle become sick,
the house falls into decay, and every enterprise
proves abortive. If he is recognised and threatened he makes himself invisible, and escapes; he
dislikes running water, and if he is carried on a
bridge, he jumps over, and sitting upon the waves
plays on his pipe, and returns to his own people.
He is called in Irish Leprechan*.

At particular times, such as May eve, for inmance, the evil Elven seem to be peculiarly active and powerful; to those to whom they are inimical, ther give a blow unperceived, the consequence of which is lameness; or they breathe upon them, and body and swellings immediately appear on the place which the breath has touched. Persons who pretend to be in particular favour with the fairies, undertake to cure such diseases by magic and mysterious journeys.

2. THE CLURICAUNE.

In this quality the Elf is essentially distinguished from the Shefro by his solitary and awk-

The word, properly written Prinches or Prinches, is said to signify a raven.

ward manners; the Cluricaune is never met with in company, but always alone. He is much more corporeal, and appears in the day-time as a little old man with a wrinkled countenance, in an antiquated dress. His pea-green coat is adorned with large buttons, and he seems to take a particular delight in having large metal shoe-buckles. He wears a cocked hat in the ancient French style. He is detested on account of his evil desposition, and his name is used as an expression of contempt. People try to become his master, and therefore often threaten him; sometimes they succeed in outwitting him, sometimes he is more cunning, and cheats them. He employs himself in making shoes, at the same time whistling a tune. If he is surprised by man when thus engaged, he is indeed afraid of his superior strength, but endowed with the power of vanishing, if he can contrive to make the mortal turn his eyes from him even for an instant.

The Cluricaunc possesses a knowledge of hidden treasures, but does not discover them till he is pressed to the utmost. He frequently relieves himself when a man fancies that he is wholly in his power. A common trick of his is infinitely to multiply the mark showing where the treasure lies, whether it be a bush, a thistle, or a branch, that it may no longer serve as a guide to the person who

The Cluricaume has a small leathern purse with a shelling, which, however often he may pay it away, always returns, and which is called the lacky shelling (spre na skellenagh). He frequently carries about him two purses; the one contains the magic shelling, and the other a copper coin, and if compelled to deliver, he cumingly presents the latter, the weight of which is satisfactory, and when the person who has seized it is reasuring whether it is correct, he watches the opportunity, and disappears.

He knows the secret, which the Danes are said to have brought into Ireland, of making beer from heather. The small tobacco-pipes of antique form, which are frequently found in Ireland in digging or ploughing, especially in the vicinity of those circular entrenchments, called Danish forts, are supposed to belong to the Cluricaunes; and if they are discovered imiken, or in any way damaged, it is looked upon as a sort of atonement for the tricks which their pretended owners are presumed to have played.

^{*} There is a representation of such a pape to the Anthologia Hibraries (Dubles, 1793), 1 352, and in the original of these takes, p. 176.

The Chiricaune also appears connected with men, and then attaches himself to a family, with which he remains as long as a member of it survives, who are at the same time unable to get rul of him. With all his propensity to mischief and roguery, he usually has a degree of respect for the master of the house, and treats him with deference. He lends a helping hand, and wards off secret dangers; but is extremely angry and entraged if they forget him, and neglect to put his food in the usual place.

3. THE BANSHER.

This word is variously interpreted as the chief of the Elves, and the white woman. It means a female spirit belonging to certain families, generally, however, of ancient or noble descent, which appears only to announce the death of one of the members. The Banshee shows herself in the vicinity of the house, or at the window of the sick person, clasps her hands, and laments in tones of the greatest angulah. She wears an ample mantle, with a hood over her head.

4. THE PHOOKA.

It is difficult to obtain any correct notions of this spirit . There is something indefinite and obscure about it. People recollect it imperfectly, like a dream, even though they have experienced the strongest sensations; yet the Phooka is palmable to the touch. It appears as a black horse, an engle, - a but, and compels the man of whom it has got possession, and who is incapable of making any resistance, to go through various adventures in a short time. It hurries with him over precipices, carries him up into the moon, and down to the bottom of the sea. If a building falls in, it is imputed to the Phooks. There are numerous precipiees and rocky caverus, called Phooka caves (Poula Phooka), even a waterfall formed by the Laffey, in the county of Wicklow, has derived its name from this spirit. The people prohibit their children from eating blackberries after Michaelmus, and ascribe the decay of that fruit, which takes place after that season, to the Phooks.

The collector observes, p. 275, that the Welsh word Owyll, which agnifies darkness, right, shade, mountainspuris, fully corresponds with the Irish Phooks. It is the Alp of the Germans.

5. THE LAND OF YOUTH .- (Thierns na oge).

Beneath the water is a country, as well as above the earth, where the sun shines, meadows flourish, trees blossom, fields and woods alternate, cities and palaces arise, only far more magnificent and splendid, and inhabited by happy fairies. If you have found, at the proper moment, the right spot upon the banks of the water, you may behold all these wonders. Persons who have fallen in, and reached this subaqueous world without secident, have given an account of it on their return. It is called the Land of Youth, because time has no power there, no one becomes old, and persons who have passed many years there, functed it only to be a moment. On particular days, at the rising of the sun, these fairies appear above the surface of the water with the greatest splendoor, decked in all the colours of the rambow. With music, and dancing, and rejoicing, they pass in a certain track along the water, which no more yields under their feet than the solid earth under the foot of man, till they at length vanish in must.



ELVES IN SCOTLAND.

Tux tasis of the following dissertation is: "The Popular Superstitions and festive Amusements of the Highlanders of Scotland, Edmburgh, 1823, by W Grant Stewart;" a book hitherto unknown in Germany, and with which the compiler of the Iroh Legends appears to have been unacquainted, yet it is very valuable for the variety and minuteness of the oral traditions processed in n. We have also availed nurselves of the Eway on Fairies, in the second volume of Walter Scott's Ministrelly of the Scottish Border, 4th Edit Edinb 1810, 11, p. 100-183, and the Introduction, I. 109-103, of his notes to the Lady of the Lake, Grahum's Sketches of Picturesque becarry on the Southern Confines of Perthshire, p. 107-118; Januaren in the Illustrations of Northern Antiquities, 1 104-406, Allan Cumningham's Traditional Tales, Lond. 1822. Il (2) -122, all which, however, in comparison with the first mentioned work, are not considerable.

- I Descent. The Elves are called Donne Sheet Men of peace, good people. They were originally angels, dwelling in bliss; but having yielded to the temptations of the devil, were cast out of heaven in countless numbers. They are doomed to wander amid mountains and lakes till the day of judgment, in ignorance of their sentence whether they shall be pardoned or condemned, but they fear the worst.
- 2. Form. No other superhuman being can vie with the fairies in beauty, and they seem still to retain traces of their original state. They are in general diminutive in stature, but of the most perfect symmetry. The female fairies in particular are said to be the most enchanting creatures in the world. Their eyes sparkle like diamonds, red and white are delicately blended in their cheeks, their lips resemble coral, and their teeth ivory, and a profusion of dark-brown hair falls in ringlets over their shoulders. Their garments are of a green hue and very simple. They are angry when mortals wear this colour, who for this reason consider it to be an unlucky one. In the Highlands it is generally a woollen stuff; in marshes they have sometimes been seen clothed in heath-brown, or in dresses dyed with the lichen.
- 3 Dwellings and mode of life. The Rives are a sociable tribe, passionately fond of pleasure and

amusements. They rarely live together in pairs, but wander about in companies; and each has a distinct dwelling or place of abode, where they all memble according to circumstances, and which is called Tomhan, or Shian. These dwellings are correlly in the caves and precipices of wild and lonesome places, they are built of stone, in the form of irregular towers, and so strong and durable as to resemble pieces of rock, or mounds of earth. The doors, windows, and chimneys are so skilfully expeciled, that the naked eye cannot see them in the day-time, but in the night they are discovered by the bright light which issues from them. In Perthshire they inhabit round and verdant hills, on which they dance by the light of the moun. Not far from Lochcon is a place called Corrshian, to which they are particularly attached, near it are contal elevations, especially one shove Lake Katrine, which many persons are afraid to pass after sun-set. People sometimes discover traces of them in circles, which are sometimes yellow and trodden down, sometimes of a dark green colour in these it is dangerous to sleep or to be found after son-set. Joy and mirth reign in such macrobbes of the fairtes, for they are particularly fond of daming, and it is one of their chief occopetions. The most delightful music accompanies them. But, in spite of all this guety, the fairies

are jealous of the more pure and perfect happeness of man; and there is always a gloom and anxiety in their secret pleasures, as well as something falso or merely illusive in the splendour of their Shans. If not absolutely malicious, they are yet previal and envious beings. The Highlanders do not like to speak of them, especially on a Friday, when their power is said to be particularly great: and as they can be invisibly present, they are never mentioned but with much respect.

Sometimes, too, they ride invisibly in a large body, when the ringing of their bridles betrays their presence. On these occasions they often take the horses out of people's stables, which are found in the morning fatigued and punting, their manes and tails in disorder. Their own horses are generally as white as snow.

4. Intercourse with men. The dwellings of the fairies have sometimes been visited by men, who have either been entired by them or else discovered the entrances at particular seasons. The people in Perthshire believe that a person who walks alone nine times round a fairy hill on Christinas eve will see an open door on his left hand, by which he may enter. A farmer in the neighbour-hood of Cairngorm, in Strathspey, emigrated with his family and his cattle to the forest of Glenavon, which is known to be an abode of

fairies. Two of his sons, who had gone out in the night to seek some strayed sheep, came to a Shian of great extent; to their no small surprise they saw the most brilliant light issuing from manuerable clefts in the mck, which the keenest eye had never before discovered in it. Curiosity prompted them to approach, and, enchanted with the magic notes of a violin, accompanied by expressions of the greatest mirth, they were in some measure reconciled to their dangerous situation. One of the brothers, in spite of the dissussions of the other, could not resist his desire to take part in the dance, and at length jumped, at one leap, into the Shan. His brother, who did not venture to follow him, placed himself near one of the clefts, and, as is customary, called him three times by his name, Donald Macgellivray, and enricatly entreated him to return home; but all in vain; Donald was obliged to bring the melancholy news of his brother's fate to his parents. Every means and art which were resorted to, to withdraw him from the power of the fairies, proved fruitless, and he was given up for lost. At length a wise man advised Donald to return to the Shian after the lapse of a year and a day, that a cross on his dress would protect him from the power of the Fives, and he might then go in with con' dence, demand back his brother in the name of God, and

in case he refused to follow him, to carry him away by force. Donald sees the light in the Shian, and hears music and rejoicing, after some anxious hesitation he at length enters and finds his brother, who, with the utmost hilanty, is dancing a highland reel. He hastens up to him, takes him by the collar, and conjures him to accompany him. He consents, but wishes first to finish the dance, saying he had not been there more than half an hour. Donald in vain assures him, that instead of half an hour, he had already been dancing a twelvementh; nor would he have credited him on his return home had not the growth of the children and of the calves convinced him that his dance had lasted a year and a day.

About three hundred years ago there lived in Strathspey two men who were celebrated for their skill in playing on the violin. It once happened that they went, about Christmas time, to Inverness to exercise their art. They immediately took lodgings, gave notice of their arrival, and offered their services. There soon appeared an old man, with a venerable aspect, gray hair, and wrinkles in his face, but agreeable and courtee is in his manners. They accompanied him, and came to the door of a rather singular house; it was night, but they could easily perceive that the house was not in any part of the country with which they

were acquainted. It resembled a Tomban in Glenmore. The friendly invitation and the sound of the money overcame their scruples, and all their fear vanished at the night of the splendid assembly into which they were introduced. The most delicious music inspired boundless joy and pleasure, and the ground trembled under the feet of the dancers. Both the men passed the night in the most satisfactory manner, and took their leave, much pleased with the kind reception they had expenenced But how great was their surprise when, on leaving this singular abode, they found that they were coming out of a little hill, and that every thing which only the day before had looked fresh, new, and splendid, was now in ruins and decayed by age, while they, at the same time, remarked strange alterations in the dress and manners of the many speciators who followed them, full of wonder and amazement! After caming to a mutual explanation, they concluded that the two musicians must have been with the inhabitants of Tomnafurnh, where the Elves in the neighbourhood used to assemble. An old man, who had been attracted by the crowd, on hearing the story, exclaimed " You are the two men who lodged with my great grandfather, and who, as was supposed, were entired away by Thomas Rymer to Tomnafurich Your friends la vented

you very much, but a hundred years, which have since elapsed, have caused your names to be forgotten." Both the men, astonished at the miracle which God had wrought in them, went, as it was Sunday, into the church; they sat and listened for a while to the ringing of the bells, but when the clergyman approached the alter to read the gospel to his congregation, strange to sar, at the first word which he uttered, they both crumbled into dust.

The traditions respecting the manner in which persons may be released from the power of the fairies are various. According to the general opinion, it must be done within a year and a day, and can be performed only on Christmas eve, at the annual festive procession of the Elves. Whoever in the slightest degree partakes of the proffered dainties forfeits, by this act, the society of men, and is for ever united to the fairfes supposed that a person who has once been in their power will not be permitted to return to the abodes of men till after seven years. After the course of another seven years he vanishes, and is then rarely seen again among mortals. The accounts given by them respecting their situation are different According to some, they lead a life of uninterrupted action, and wander about in the muonshine; and according to others, they inhabit a delightful district: but their situation is rendered muserable by the circumstance, that one or more of them must be sacrificed to the devil every seventh year.

The wife of a farmer in Lothian had fallen into the hands of the fatries, and, during the probattomary year, sometimes appeared on a Sunday, among her children, combing their hair. On these occasions she was addressed by her husband; she related to him the melancholy circumstance which had separated them, and told him the mouns by which be might recover her; she cahorted him to autumon all his resolution, as her present and future happiness depended on the specess of his undertaking. The farmer, who sincerely loved his wife, went on Christmas eve, and impatiently waited on a heath for the procession of the farries At the ruttling of the bridles, and the wild supernatural voices of the riders. his courage furnook him, and the train passed without his attempting to interrupt it. When the last had ridden by, they all vanished amidst laughter and exclamations of rejoicing, among which he recognised the voice of his wife, lamenting that she was now lost to him for ever.

A woman had been enticed into the abodes of the good people, and was there recognised by a person who had once been a mortal man, but was now joined to the fairies. This acquaintance, who still retained some feelings of humanity, warned her of the danger, and advised ber, as she valued her freedom, to abstain for a certain time from taking any food with the Elves. She followed his counsel, and when the term had expired, she once more found herself on the earth among men. It is farther said, that the food which was offered to her, and which appeared so tempting, now that the spell was broken, she found, on closer inspection, to consist merely of lumps of earth.

The fairies had carried a new-born rufant to their Shian, and afterwards fetched its mother. that she might nurse her own child. One day. during this period, the woman observed the Elves busy in throwing various ingredients into the boiling kettle, and when it was ready, they carefully anomted their eyes with the mixture, and saved the remainder for future use. When all were absent, she resolved to touch her own eyes with this precious cintment, but had only time to try the experiment on one, as the Elves returned too soon. Yet, with this single eye, she was enabled to see clearly every thing as it really was in the Shian; not as heretofore, in illusive splendour and beauty, but in its true shape and colour. The glittering chamber proved to be nothing more than a gloomy cave. Soon after, having

bonne, but still retained the power of being able to discern, in its true colours, every thing desitfully transformed. One day she recognised among a crowd the Elf in whose possession the had left her child, though he was invisible to every other eye. Actuated by maternal effection, she went up to him with hesitation, and inquired after the health of her child. The Elf, greatly surprised at being seen by a mortal creature, asked her how she had been able to discover him. Terrified at his frightful threatenings, she confessed what she had done. He spit into her eye, and she was blinded for life."

Captain George Burton communicated the following particulars for Richard Bovet's Pandemoaium, which was published in 1684: "About lifteen years ago, I was for some time detained by business at Leith, near Edinburgh, and went frequently with my friends to a respectable house,

Graham, who communicates this legend from tradition, which, as Sir W Scott, p. 122, assures us is as current in the Highlands as in the Lowlands, was not aware that Gorense of Tilbury had related it with some curvation in the Otia I perialis. They were only opinion of the water, among about the waters was detained, and where she amounted her ye with serpent's fat.

where we drank a glass of wine. The mistress of the house one day told me, that there was living in the town a little fairy-boy, as she called ham; and on my expressing a desire to see him, she soon after pointed him out to me, saying, 'There, sar, that is he who is playing with the other boys.' I went up to him, and by kind words, and a piece of money, induced him to accompany me into the house, where, in the presence of several people, I put to him various astrological questions, which he answered with much precision, and in every thing he afterwards said, proved himself to be much beyond his years, being apparently not more than ten or twelve years of age. On his playing with his fingers on the table, I saked him whether he knew how to bent the drum? 'Yes, sir, as well as any one in Scotland; every Thursday night I beat it for a certain people, who moet in that mountain' (alluding to the great one between Edinburgh and Leith). 'What sort of an assembly is that?' said I. 'A large company of wen and women, who, besides my drum, have various other kinds of music, and an abundance of meats and wine: sometimes we are carried to France or Holland, and back again, in one night. and enjoy the amusements of the country.' I asked how one could come into the mountain?

By two great doors,' replied be, ' which open of themselves, though invisible to others; within are fine large rooms, and as handsomely furnished as any in Scotland. I asked him how I could know that what he told me was true? He answered. he would tell me my fortune: I should have two wives, that he mw the form of one of them sitting on my shoulder, and that both were handsome women. As he said these words, a woman living in the neighbourhood came in, and inquired about her fortune. He told her she would have two children before her marriage, at which she was so angry that she would hear no more. The mastress of the house told me, that all the people in Scotland were not able to prevent his visits on the Thursday night. On my holding out to him the prospect of a larger present of money, he promised to meet me in the same house on the following Thursday. He, in fact, made his appearance, and I had agreed with some friends to detain him from his nocturnal visit. He sat among us, and answered various questions, till about eleven o'clock, when he shipped away unperceived, but instantly musing him. I ran towards the door, held him fast, and brought him back. We all watched him, but all at once be was again out at the doze. I followed him; in the street he made

a noise as if he had been attacked, and from that time I never saw him any more."

In their intercourse with men, the Elves are sometimes said to manifest evil propensities and inclinations. A long time ago, there lived in the neighbourhood of Carragorm, in Strathspey, an old woman, a midwife. Late one night, as she was about to retire, somebody knocked very violently at the door. She opened it, and saw a man on horseback, who entreated her to accompany him without delay, as the life of a person was in great danger. He would not even suffer her to change her dress, but obliged her to ride behind him on the horse just as she was. They galloped off, and he returned no other answer to her questions, than that she would be handsomely rewarded. When she grew more anxious, the Elf said, " My good woman, I am going to take you to an Elves' dwelling, where you are to attend on a fairy; but I promise, by every thing that is sacred, that no harm shall happen to you, but that, as soon an your business is finished, you shall be conducted home in safety, and receive a reward as great at you can desire." The Elf was a handsome young man, whose openness and friendly behaviour removed all her fears. The fairy gave birth to a fine little boy, which was the cause of much rejuicing; and the woman obtained her request, that herself and successors should always be fortunate in their business.

5. Skill. — The Elves possess great powers, which they know how to turn to the best advantage. They are the most expert workmen in the world, and every fairy unites in his own person he most various trades: he is his own weaver, allor, and shoemaker.

A weaver was one night waked out of his sleep a very great noise, on looking out of hed, he his room filled with busy Elves, who were ing his tools without the least ceremony. They are employed in emverting a large sack of the nest word into cloth. One was combing, another liming a third weaving, the fourth pressing it, all the noise of these different operations and the first of the fairies created the greatest confusion before daybreak they had finished a piece of cloth have fifty ells long, and took their departure libout even thanking the weaver for the use of machinery.

An Elf once made a pair of shoes for a shepand during the time that he was stirring his poralge, and another shaved an acquaintance with a nor not sharper than a hand.

They are unrivalled in the art of building; this sufficiently proved by their own dwellings,

which are so strong, that they have resisted the wind and weather for several thousand veers, and sustained no damage, except in the stoppage of the chimney.

The buildings which they have executed under the direction of the famous architect. Michael Scott, are truly astonishing. In his early days he used to go once every year to Edinburgh, to get employment. He was once going there with two companions; they were obliged to pass over a high hill, probably one of the Grampians, and fatigued with the ascent, rested on its summit-They were, however, soon startled by the busing of a large serpent which darted towards them. Michael's two friends took flight; but he resolved to make a bold stand, and just as it was alsout to give him the mortal bite, he, at one stroke of his stick, hewed the monster into three pieces. Have ing overtaken his terrified companions, they pursued their journey, and lodged for the night in . the nearest inn. Here they talked over Michael's adventure with the serpent, which the landledy by chance overheard. Her attention seemed to be excited, and when she heard that the serpent was a white one, she promised to give a large reward to any person who would bring her the middle piece. As the distance was not great, one of the three offered to go: he found the middle

and the tail, but the part with the bend appeared, and had probably taken refuge in later, in order to come out again entire, as is mner of serpents which have combated with (It is singular enough, that a person who en bit by a serpent is infallibly cured if sches the water before the serpent.) The , on receiving the piece of the serpent, still gave signs of life, uttered a loud ppeared in the highest degree pleased, and her guests the best that her house afforded. el, currous to know what the woman into do with the serpent, feigned to be alr wized with violent cohe, which could a cured by satting near the fire, the warmth ich apparently relieved him. The woman at all discover the trick, and thinking that on in so much pain could not have much ty to examine her pots, she willingly conto his sitting the whole evening at the As some us all the others had retired, she at her important business, and Michael had sortunity of observing, through the keyhole, thing that occurred. He saw her, after rites and erremonies, put the serpent, with avsterious ingredients, into a kettle, which eight to the fire before which Michael was and where it was to boil till murning.

Once or twice during the night she came, under pretence of inquiring after the invalid, and to bring him a cordial, she then dipped her fingers into the kettle with the mixture, whereupon the cock, which was perched on a bar, begun to crow aloud. Michael wondered at this influence of the broth on the cock, and could not resist the temptation of following her example. He thought that all was not quite right, and feared that the evil one might have some hand in it; but at length his curiosity got the better of his objections. He dipped his fingers into the soup, and touched the tip of his tongue with it, and the cock instantly announced the occurrence in a plaintive tone. Michael now felt himself illuminated with a new, and to him hitherto entirely unknown light, and the affrighted landlady judged at most prudent to let him into her confidence.

Armed with these supernatural endowments, Michael left the house on the following marning. He soon brought some thousands of the devil's best workmen into his power, whom he made as skilful in his trade, that he was able to undertake the buildings of the whole kingdom. To him are ascribed some wonderful works to the north of the Grampians, some of those astonishing bridges which he built in one night, at which only two or three workmen were visible. One day a

work had just been completed, and his people, as they were accustomed to do, thronged round his house, crying out, "Work! work! work!" Displeued at this constant teazing, he called out to them in joke, that they should go and build a roud from Fortrose to Arderseir, across the frith of Moray. The cries instantly ceased, and Michael, who considered it impossible to accomplish the task, laughed at them, and remained at home. The following morning, at daybreak, he went to the shore, but how great was his surprise, when he saw that this unparalleled labour had so far succocided as to require only a few hours to be finished Uncertain, low, ver, whether it might not prove injurious to trade, he gave orders for demolshing the greater part of the work, and only left in memory of it a passe at Fortrose, which the traeller may behold at this very day.

The furnes, once more out of work, came again with their cries, and Mr hael with all his ingenuity could not devise any harmless employment, all at length he said. "Go and twine ropes which has carry no to the moon, and make them of their only ones, it is fother at rk, he sent them to mak rope. It is true they did not encored in monatorial tring proper ropes, but traces of their about may be seen to this day on the sen-shore.

Michael Scott, having one day had a quartel with a person who had offended him, he sent him as a punishment to that unhappy region, where dwells the evil one and his angels. The devilsomewhat displeased at Michael's presumption, showed the new comer the whole extent of hell: and at length also, by way of consolation, the spot he had prepared for Michael; it was filled with the most horrid monsters imaginable, toads, heards, leeches, and a frightful serpent opened its terrific jaws Satisfied with this spectacle, the stranger returned to the region of day . he related all that he had seen, and made no secret of what Michael Scott had to expect as soon as he should have passed into the other world. Michael, however, did not lose his courage, and declared that he would disappoint the devil in his expectations. "When I am dead," said he, " open my breast, and take out my heart. Place it on a pole in a public place, where every one may see it. If the devil is to have my soul, he will come and fetch it away, under the form of a black raven; but if it is to be saved, a white dove will bear it off; this shall be a sign to you." After his death they complied with his request: a large black raven came from the east with great swiftness, while a white dove approached with the same velocity from the west. The ravon darted violently towards

he heart, missed it, and flew by, while the dove, which reached it at the same time, carried it off, midst the shouts of the populace.

6. Good Neighbours .- People endeavour to be good terms with the Elves, who possess so such power, and are at the same time so capricious. Though every thing fluid which is spilt on the cound is theirs by right, many persons purposely a spart for them a portion of the best things bey pomess. Sometimes the subterraneous dwellbe of the farmer are in the neighbourhood of men; or, as the people express it, " under the areshold," and then an intercourse with mankind rises be borrowing and lending, and other neighourly offices. In this quality they are called the good neighbours ": and they secretly provide for wants of their friends, and assist them in all their undertakings so long as they do not publish their favours

A farmer in Strathspey was one day sowing his counds, at the same time singing a merry tune, when a very beautiful fairy made her appearance. The requested him to oblige her by singing an old Gaelic song; when he had complied, she larged him to make her a present of some corn. He asked her what she would give him for it.

^{*} The people pay a similar regard even to the devil, and is him the good man.

She replied, that if he granted her request, be should not soon be in want of seed. He gave her a considerable share out of his sack, and she withdrew. Soon after he was agreeably surprised to find that the sack out of which he had already sown a large field did not dimmish, and was still the same in weight and size as when he met the fairy. He sowed yet another field without perceiving any decrease. Quite delighted, he returned home; but his loquacious wife, who had a tongue as busy with a head as empty as the great bell of the church steeple, did not cease to proclaim her surprise at this unaccountable property of the sack out of which they had procured seed sufficient to sow the half of their lands. Now it is well known, that if you invoke a apernatural power, the charm is instantly broken. The same was the case in this instance; the sack became immediately empty. "Thou stupid woman!" exclaimed the mortified husband, " hadst thou kept thy troublesome tongue within bounds, the sack wor'd have been worth its weight in gold."

Godfrey Macculloch was one day riding out he met near his own house a little old man, dressed in green, and mounted on a white horse. They saluted each other, and the little fellow gave him to understand that he lived below his house, and had to make great complaints respecting the course of

a drain, which emptied itself exactly in his best spartment. Macculloch was startled at this singular speech, but guessing the nature of the being with whom he had to deal, assured the old man in the most friendly manner, that he would give another direction to the drain, and immediately commenced the necessary arrangements. Some years after (1697) Macculloch had the misfortune to kill a neighbouring nobleman in a dispute; he was taken and condemned. The scaffold, on which he was to be beheaded, was prepared on the Castle-hill of Edinburgh, but he had senreely reached it when the little old man on the white horse rushed through the crowd with the rapidity of lightning. Macculloch, at his bidding, jumped up behind; the ' good neighbour" spurred his home down the steep declivity, and neither he nor the animal were ever seen afterwards

7. Spateful tracks.— Necessity does not impel the fairies to rob mankind in secret and with conning, but a natural inclination seems to actuate them. The whirlwind is not the only artifice of which they avail themselves to steal any object; they resort to others more permissions, and cause misfortunes, such as conflagrations, in order to desive advantage from them.

A female fatry, who lived in the towers of Craig-ail-naic, begged a farmer's wife, in Delivato,

for a little oatmeal, for her family ; promising to return it shortly, as she should soon have a large supply of it herself. The woman being afraid. granted the request of the Elf, and, according to custom, treated her with some liquor, and bread and cheese, and offered to accompany her on the road. As they were going up an eminence above the town, the Banshee stopped, and with evident satisfaction told the woman that she might take her meal home again, she having now obtained the expected supply. The woman, without asking the Elf where she had procured it, took back her own with pleasure, and returned home. But how great was her surprise, when in a few minutes after she beheld the granary of a neighbouring farm in flames.

A farmer, who held the farm of Auchmachan of Strathavon, was one day looking after his goats on a distant hill in Glenlivat, when a thick for concealed the road, and confused his senses. Every stone was, in his eyes, as large as a mountain; every little brook seemed to flow in an opposite direction, and the poor wanderer gave up all bopes of ever again reaching his own home. As the night was closing in, he sat down quite exhausted, and expecting his end, when he saw the glummering of a faint light. At the sight he seemed to acquire fresh strength; he arose and went towards

has he came up with the light, he found was a wild and savage place, where hubot had probably never trod; still he took and advanced towards an open door. ow did his resolution fail him when he met I female friend, whose corpse he had lately manied to the grave, and who appeared here tharge the office of housekeeper! She iny ran up to him, and told him that he would lest man if he did not hade himself in a where he must continue till he could find portunity for flight. He took her advice. by had he concealed himself, when an innule assemblage of Fairies, who seemed to have and from some important expedition, came in hungry, and called out for food. "What we to cat?" said they. Then replied a looking old Elf, who was atting at the You all know and hate the miserly old of Auchriachan, mean and avaricious as he lots nothing come to us, and even deprives our due. From his old grandmother, the he has learnt to protect every thing by a and we can't even glean upon his fields, less touch the crop. To-night he is from as he is neeking his goots, our allies," (for are said to have a good understanding with Elves, and to possess more cunning than

appears at first sight); " his carcless people have never thought of taking any precautions, and we can now dispose, at our pleasure, of all his pouperty; come along, and let us fetch his favourite ox for our supper!" " Agreed!" exclaimed all with one voice, "Thomas Rymer is right; the farmer of Auchrischan is a miserable wretch, we will have his ox!" "But where shall we get bread?" said another gray-haired Elf. "We'll also take his new-baked bread," cried the sage counsellor; " he is a poor old creature, and his wife has forgotten to mark the sign of the cross upon the first lonf." The unhappy man overbeard all this in his corner, and had besides the mortification to see his ox brought in and killed. While all were busy in preparing the meat, the old woman found an opportunity to let him escape. When he got out the fog was dispersed, the stones appeared in their proper shape, and the moon shone so brightly that he found his way home without any difficulty His family were overjoyed to see him; and his wife, who thought that he must be hungry, brought some milk and new bread, and invited him to partake of it; but he would not touch it, knowing that the bread was not real bread, but only a shameful illusion. He inquired after his ox, and whether it had been, as usual, protected against evil influence? "Ah. no. dear father! in our great anxiety for you, I

forgot it." Alas!" cried the disconsolate farmer, "my favourite ox is gone!" "How?" said the son, "I saw it only two hours ago." "That was only a false substitute of the Fairies; bring it hither quickly, that I may get rid of it." And amidst the most violent invectives against the malevolent Elves, he simed such a desperate blow at its forchead that it fell down dead. It lay there, together with the bread, and neither dog nor cat would touch it.

8. Changelings. Among the wicked propensities of the Fairies is their inclination to steal children, in doing which they display particular sugacity. They have often, in broad daylight, taken a favourte child from its inexperienced mother, and substituted a changeling, whose fictitious illness and death makes the lot of the poor parents still more band. And they have even stalen a child out of its father's arms when he had taken it out with him on horseback.

Two men of Strathspey used to visit a family at Glenlivat for the purpose of dealing in spants, which could be the most securely carried on during the night. One night, while engaged in measuring the whiskey, an infant, which was lying in the craftle gave a violent shriek, as if it had been shot. The mother immediately made the sign of the crass over the child, and took it out of the cradle:

the two men took no further notice of it, and, when their business was finished, went away with their load. At a short distance from the house they were surprised to find a little child quite alone in the road. One of them took it up, when it instantly left off crying, threw its arms round his neck, and began to smile. On looking at it more closely, they recognised their friend's child, and directly suspected the Elves, particularly as they remembered the shriek. They had carried off the real child, and put a changeling in its place; but on the mother's making the sign of the cross, it was delivered out of the power of the Fairnes, who were forced to abandon it. As their time was limited, and they could not turn back on the spot to explain the mysterious event, they continued their journey, and took every care of the young traveller. A fortnight after, business again brought them to Glenlivat; they carried the child with them, but concealed it on their entrance mother began to complain of the obstinate illms of her child, with which it had been afflicted since their last visit, and which would certainly be the cause of its death. At the same moment the changeling uttered lamentable cries, as if in the greatest pain. The strangers told the mother to be of good courage—she should have her own child restored as healthy and lively as a fish in waterthe other was nothing but a changeling. The sother received her own child with joy: the mon child a bundle of straw to throw the changeling but at the sight of it the Elf made its escape arough the chimney.

If a mother wishes to protect her child against dries, she must let its head hang down when she dressing it in the morning. A red thread tied and the throat, or a cross, is hkewise a safe-ard. If the child has already been exchanged a fairy, it can be obtained again in the follow-manner. The changeling is laid before nighted, in a place where three lands, or three rivers, are, in the night the Elves bring back the stolen ald, put it down, and carry the substitute away the them.

On the cost coast of Scotland, the people resort a peculiar method to avert the danger. During month of March, when the moon is on her crosse, they cut down branches of oak and ivy, which are formed into garlands, and preserved till following autumn. If any one of the family would grow lean, or a child pane away, they not pass three times through this wreath.

The Elves likewise endeavour to gain pussession (women who are near their lying-in; and, as in case of child-stealing, they substitute a fictious and illusive being.

At Glenbrown, in the parish of Abernethy, lived John Roy, a very courageous man. One night he was going over the mountains, when he fell in with a company of Elves, whose mode of travelling clearly indicated that they were carrying a person off with them. He recollected to have been told, that the fairies are obliged to give up what they have, for any thing offered to them in exchange, even if it should be of inferior value. John Roy pulled off his cap, threw it to them, and cried, "Mine is yours, and yours is mine " upon which the Elves were obliged to take his cap, and resign their prey, which proved to be nothing less than a beautiful woman, by her dress and language a Saxon. John Roy brought her with much kindness to his home, where, for seven years, she was treated with the greatest respect. She gradually accustomed herself to her new mode of life, and was looked upon as a member of the family. It chanced that "the new king" caused the great public road in this neighbourhood to be made by soldiers. John Roy forgot his dislike to a Saxon, and offered a ledging. (which could not otherwise have been easily obtained), in his house, to a captain and his son, who commanded a body of workmen in the vicinity. Both the host and his guests were mutually pleased with each other; only it was disagree-

Me to Roy that the latter regarded the English by with so much attention. One day the faer said to his son, "I am struck with the reablance of this woman to my deceased wife; to inters could not be more like each other, and it were not morally impossible. I should say t she was my own beloved wife;" at the same be mentioning her name. The woman, attentive their conversation, on hearing her own name, corners her husband and son, and runs to emor them. The Elves who inhabited the Shian Coirlaggack had undertaken an expedition into wouth of England, and made no scruple to steal woman even during her dlacss. A false being Ind in her room, who died a few days after; the husband, supposing it to have been his own , bad her buried.

A Elfbolt, weapons, and stensils. The most uneful action of the Elves, however, is their long men and animals with a magic weapon gently called an elfbolt. These bolts are of various of a hard, yellowish substance, resembling which they can always replace. The bolt is poently in the shape of a heart, the edges sharply intendiffer new. The Fairtes shoot this mortal pon at men and heasts with so much precision they seldom miss their aim, and the wound is

always fatal. So great is the force with which it strikes, that the moment it touches its object a pierces it to the heart, and in the twinking of a eye the man or beast lies dead and cold upon the ground. Strunge it is, an ordinary man is not able to find the wound, unless he possesses the power which enables some wise people to trace the way by which the bolt came, and to discover it in the dead body. Whoever finds it should preserve it with much care, as the possessor of it is always secured against death from such a weapon

The rude metal battle-axes which are met with are made by Fairies, who are here hammering in the clefts and caves of rocks. The pierced and rounded stones which are formed by attrition in the beds of the rivers are the dishes and goblets of the Elves.

The lightning sometimes cuts out pieces of tust with extreme regularity: these are supposed to have been dug out by the Elves.

when the fields have been reaped, and a number of cattle are collected together from the different farms, the creatures oftentimes run about and bellow as if mad, though there appears no cause for this confusion. If you look through an Elf's know hole, or through the aperture made in the ship of an animal by an elf bolt, you may see the ele

utting with the strongest bull in the herd:

or eye is ever after deprived of sight; and
tone has become blind in this way. The
lis small in comparison with the real one;
some colour, has upright ears, short horns
gs; his hair is short, smooth, and shining
an otter. He is, besides, supernaturally strong
courageous: he is mostly seen on the banks
twens, and is foud of eating green grass in the
eht.

A fartner who lived near a river had a cow which regularly every year, on a certain day in May, left the meadow and went slowly along the banks of the river till she came opposite to a small island overgrown with bushes; she went into the water and waded or swam towards the island, where she passed some time, and then returned to her pasture. This continued for several years, and every year, at the usual season, she produced a calf which perfectly resembled the elf bull. One afternoon, about Martininas, the farmer, when all the corn was got in and measured, was utting at his firesale, and the subject of the conversation was, which of the cattle should be killed for Christmas. He said "We'll have the cow, she is well fed, and has rendered good services in ploughing, and filled the stalls with fine oxen: now we will pick

her old bones." Scarcely had he uttered there words when the cow with her young ones rushed through the walls as if they had been made of paper, went round the dunghill, bellowed at each of her calves, and then drove them all before her, according to their age, towards the river, where they got into the water, reached the island, and vanished among the bushes. They were never more heard of.

11. Sea Elves. On the north coast of Scotland dwelt a man who got his living by fishing, and particularly by catching those singular creatures called seals, for the skins of which he was well paid. Yet most of these are neither seals nor fish, but are properly Elves. One day, as the fisherman was returning from his business, he was called by a person who appeared to be a stranger, and who told him that he had been sent by one who wished to bargain with him for a number of scale' skins, but that he must instantly accommone him. The fisherman, overjoyed at the prospect of a good job, consented, and mounting a horse which belonged to the stranger, he rode with him to swiftly that the wind, which was in their backs, seemed, from the rapidity of their motion, to blow in their faces. They reached a frightful crag which projected into the sea, when the guide said

they had now come to the place of their destination, and seizing the fisherman with more than human strength, threw himself with him into the ees. They sunk, and sunk, till they came at length to an open door at the bottom, through which they entered into a sinte of rooms, all filled with seals, which, however, have the power of language, and possess human feelings; at length the historian, to his utmost surprise, found that, without being aware of it, he had himself been changed into a seal. His guide produced an enormous knife, and he already thought that his end was come, when the latter quieted his fears, and asked him if he had never before seen the knife? He recognised it to be his own, with which he had that merning wounded a seal, which, however, had escaped. "That was my father," said his guide, he has dangerously ill, and cannot recover without your assistance." He brought the territed taherman to the patient, who was lying, in great pain, in a bed, the man was obliged to dress the wound, and the seal immediately recovered. The mourning was now converted into general 105. The guide said to the fisherman, " I will myself bring you back to your family, but you must promine that you will not kill another seal as long as you live." Both swam towards the surface, and landed at a place where they found horses ready for them. The guide breathed on the fisherman, and both received the human form. At the door of his house he received a present so large as not to leave any cause of regret at having renounced his trade.

12. The Brownie. He never speaks of his descent, but seems upon the whole to belong to the Elves. His figure is not very slim, but well proportioned and agreeable; while others represent him as lean and rough coated. He derives his name from his peculiarly brown colour. He is industrious, intent on his master's service, and always willing. According to some, he remains concealed in his corner night and day; and according to others, only in the daytime, and world at night. He labours for scanty fare, and sometimes cast-off clothes; nay, he even vanishes when any other recompense is given him. So cheap and useful a servant is naturally very valuable, but cannot be obtained with money. He continues in a family so long as a member of it survives, and hence he is the heir-hoom of an ancient and respected house. Besides unparalleled fidelity, be is unremitting in promoting his master's interest; and his services are still further enhanced by the gift of foretelling future events. He maintains a

and bad actions, and they are therefore but seldom in friendly terms with him: if he is left to their erev, his fidelity is not likely to meet with any attransfinary reward. The number who regards his more interest must take care that the Brownie roperly receives his food. He likes to lie down night near the fire; and if the servants latter losing his place, and several times makes his prearance at the door, as if it was his business to that they retire in proper time, and exhorts that they retire in proper time, and exhorts that they retire in proper time, and exhorts that they retire in proper time, and exhorts

A certain family had a Brownie, and the mission of the house being taken in labour, a servant was desired to go to Jedburgh for a midwife; but hing rather dilatory, the Brownie slipped into his rest cost, rode on his master's best horse to town, and took the woman up behind him. Meantime the Tweed, through which they must necessarily has, had swollen, the Brownie, who rode with the velocity of a spirit, was not to be stopped; he langed into the water with the poor old woman, and they reached the house in safety. When he had sten the horse into the stable, where it was afterwards found in a very miserable condition, he went into the servant's room, whom he found just about

PART III.

to put on his boots, and gave him some hearty blows with his own whip. So extraordinary a service excited his master's gratitude; and as he thought he had understood that the Brownie wished to have a green coat, he had one made and laid in his accustomed corner. The Brownie received the present, but was never heard of more. Perhaps he went in his green dress to join the fairies.

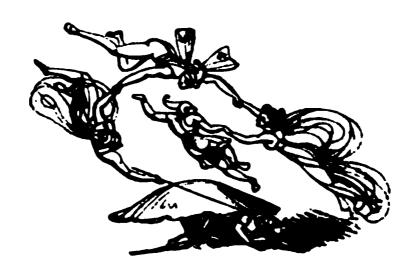
The last Brownie that was known in the forest of Ettrick dwelt in Bodsbeck, a wild and solutary valley, where he lived in perfect tranquality till the officious piety of an old woman obliged him to remove, as she had a dish of milk, with a piece of money, placed in his abode. After this hint to depart he was heard crying and lamenting the whole night, "Farewell, dearest Bodsbeck!" which he was now compelled to leave for evez.

Formerly every family of consequence had its Brownie, but now they have become more rare. The two last that were known in the Highlands belonged to the ancient family of Tullochgoria in Strathspey: they were a man and his wife. The man, of a droll and merry disposition, often made game of people; he was particularly fond of pelting those who passed by with humps of earth, whence he received the name of Brownie-clost. However, with all his good humour, he was rather sample.

and was tricked by those whom he himself intended to trick. The best instance is an agreement which he was foolish enough to make with the servants of Tullochgorm, and by which he engaged himself to thrash as much corn as two tuen could do in the whole winter; for this he was to receive an old coat and a Kilmarnock cap, to which he seemed to have taken a great fancy. While the servants lay down in the straw and idled away their time, poor Brownie thrashed without ceasing . in short, before the agreement was completed, the men, out of gratitude and comparation, put the coat and cap into a corn measure in the barn. He instantly left off work, and mid contemptuously, that as they had been simple enough to give him the cout and cap before the end of his task, he would take good care, and not thrash a single sheaf more.

His wife, on the contrary, instead of being the sport of the maids with whom she worked, was a sort of mistress among them. She was seldem on good terms with them, on account of the fidelity with which she acquainted her master with every neglect of their duty. She had a profusion of hair on her head, whence she was called hairy Mag (Mang valuehd). She was an honest and able housekeeper, and particularly elever in waiting at

table. The care with which she invisibly set out the table was a most entertaining sight to strangers; the thing asked for came as if by magic, and placed itself on the table with the greatest speed and nicety: she had no equal in the whole country for cleanliness and attention.



NATURE OF THE ELVES.

THE Scotch traditions contain the most complete system of belief in a people of spirits invisibly filling all nature, and nearly connected with mankind; and therefore deserved the preceding detailed account, in which we have consulted all accessible sources. With respect to what is new in this work concerning Ireland, the foregoing view seemed to be useful to facilitate the understanding of it. The traditions of other countries, as far as we are acquainted with them, are, on the whole, more incomplete, though in parts sometimes more detailed. To continue in this manner, and treat of every people by itself, would, indeed, offer some advantages; but, on account of the many and yet necessary repetitions, occupy more room than can be allowed for this

introduction. It therefore seemed more to the purpose to select the principal points; and, in considering them, to notice the peculiarities of other nations, as well as the important coincidence and the remote antiquity of the whole.

The method we have pursued is different from that adopted by Sir Walter Scott, in the beforementioned treatise, which is undoubtedly valuable for its contents. He endeavours, in a manner which appears to us too arbitrary, being founded on mere supposition, to elucidate various parts of this belief in spirits; a belief said to be established on history, which is presumed to have given the present form, although it is very much on the decline. Our object, on the contrary, is to represent it as something which, so long as it subsisted, must have been a complete and connected whole. By not confounding different ages, but, on the contrary, separating each, and showing the great influence of Christianity in effecting changes in it, we think that we preserve the right of historical investigation. It was, therefore, part of our object to seek the earliest traces of the existence of fairies: they have confirmed, and even explained, the still existing belief, or derived light from it.

LITERATURE. GERMANY Our Samulung

Destroker Sagen, of which the first volume, Berlin. 1816, contains a number of traditions relative to this subject; likewise the Hausmarchen, second edition, Berlin, 1819. DENMARK. Danske Folkesuga. Samlede af J. M. Thiele, 1-3 vols. Copenhagen, 1818-1820. Danske Viser fra Midselalderes, I vol. Copenhagen, 1812. Junge. den nordgullandske Landahnues Character, Copenhagen, 1799. R. Nyerup, Overtro has den Danske Almer In the journal Dagen, 1822, Nos. 291 -94. 297. 299 SWEDEN. Svenska Folkwere utgifne of Geyer och Afzelius, 1-3 vols. Stockholm, 1814-1816, particularly vol ini. p. 114-174. E. M. Arndt, Reuse durch Schweden, 16.8-18. Nonway. Hans Strom, Beskreeder ever Soudmor i Norge. Forste Part Surve, 1762, p. 537-541. ICELAND. Finni Johannes Historia Ecclemestica Island, ii 36d. FARO. Berkervelne over Favorrae of Jorgen Lamilt, Copenhagen, 1800, p. 41-46. WALES. The Cambrida Popular Jataputes, by Peter Roberts, London, 1815, chap. 24. ISLEOF MAN. Waldron Works Suktland Intaxto. A Description of the Shetland Islands, by 8. Hibbert, Lond 1821. Our PRUSSIA. Lucas David, Preusenche Chronik, published by Ernst Hennig. Konigsburg, 1819, r. 126-132.

1. NAME.

That the word Elf is the most general expression in our (the German) language for these spiritual beings, is evident from the examination of every dialect of the German. More restrictive appellations were afterwards introduced, or the name itself was lost.

1. The form Alp belongs to the high German language; which simple word is not, indeed, met with in any ancient document previous to the thirteenth century; without doubt, merely because there was no occasion to make mention of a heathen notion despised by the learned. The expression, however, must have been current in the remotest ages. A number of masculine and feminine proper names are formed and compounded with it: Alpine, Alpirih, Alpkôs, Alpkast, Alphart, Alpkêr, Alpwin, Alphari, Alptac, Alphilt, Alplint, Alploug, Alpsuint, Westralp, which clearly shows that no evil or odious idea was attached to it.

The middle high German poets sometimes use this expression, though in general very rarely. It is usually in the masculine form. In the old Meistergesangbuch (Book of the Meister-Singers), 37°, the poet addresses God: Got unde niht alp;

"God, no deceitful spirit!" Zer wilder albe khisen, in Parc. 40°, is, indeed, uncertain, as it may signify. " to the haunt of wild spirits," and, also, " to the wild Alpine, or mountain retreats." (Vide Barl. 194, gen den wilden alben, and Parc. 194 zer wilden mustâne) The following passages more clearly indicate the spirit.

A travelling student (Altd. Wald. ii. 55) men- tions a remedy good against the Alp (quot evir den Alp). Most of the allusions are in the still in-edited poem of Ruodigers, the areis Gesellen (Köngsberg MS.) 12°.

dich hat geriten der mar,
ein Elbinchez äs,
då sidt daz ubrie geturks
mit dem krinze vertribru;
sit, das håt man von in wiben,
ewenne uns mannen såt geschehe;
daz er immer des jehet
uns triege der Aip*.

And immediately after:

die enhåt niemon niht getikn wan in vil, der dich zonmet

[&]quot;The might more has ridden thee, an Ed-lab monuter; you should drive away the evil spirit (illusion?) with the crom; we that is what we get by you women, when it happens to us man then you always fincy the dip deserves us.

ein Alp, davon dir troumet; der var der Sunnen haz.

The last line is also a form of imprecation.

And 145:

in bedühte, daz er vlüge,
oder daz in lihte trüge
ein Alp in sime troume†.

14': ez gezäme michel baz,
daz du mit zühten läges
unt solher ruowe gfläges,
als uf der beite wäre
denm elbischen gebüre‡.

Farther on, 161:

ich selie wol, daz du elbisch bist §;

17: cin elbische ungehiure!

sprach sie, dû sist verwazen [] !

18': nú sagá mir, elbischez getwds.
vil rehte dinen namen ¶.

In another poem (Old Meister, Singers-book, 2b):

- No one has done any thing to you; it may be that an Alp plagues you, of which you dream, which is odious to the sun!
- † Tell him that he flies, or that, perhaps, an Alp deceives him in his dreams.
- ‡ It would be more proper Michael baz that you should lie still, as on a bed, than behave yourself in such an Elfish manner.
 - § I plainly see that thou art Elfish.
 - || Cursed be thou, thou Elvish monster!
 - ¶ Now tell me truly, Elvish illusion, thy name.

elbe trugent alls so vil junge unde alte, also ez mich tuat ".

Herbort (Trojan war, 84) speaks of elbischem viere (ignes fatui); but instead of der alp, be seems to use the neuter daz alp, or elbe. Plural, du elber (idem 54):

> don elber triegent much ? and 6'; unceiner gritteds [;

to the same manner at an earlier period; besides the musculine, der tweet, das tiveet, plural, div truvier cold high German diufilir, Otfr. in. 14. 103) was used. Otherwise the devil of Christianity, whom we conceive as masculine, is often in the old German language feminine; because, according to our popular belief, witch and sorceress were more familiar than the evil spirit and enchanter. Ulfilas says, rather unhu'tho than unhultha, and in old high German documents (hymn xxiv 3. gloss. Ker. 85), diabolus, materal of the masculine anhalds, is translated by the feminine anholds. German fahles, at least, give the devil a grandmother; and the evil gentus Grendel, in the Anglo-Saxon poem, is assisted by his still

An Elf does not decrive as many young and aid as it

[†] The Elves dessive and. | Impure Clusters.

more wicked mother. We may, therefore, be the less surprised that the feminine dis alp, genitive der elbe, occurs. Henry of Morunge says (MS. i. 50^h),

von der elbe wirt entschen vil muniger man, also wart ich von grözer liebe entschen.

That is, Many people have been bewitched by the Alp; so have I been bewitched by love. The meaning of entschen (bewitched) is confirmed by the following passage from the inedited Eraclius line 3329—3335:

ich sage in guotiu märe,
sprach din ulte, do sie sie ersach,
inwers kindes ungemuch
kan sch wol vertreben,
hie geredet under uns wiben,
ich hän en georgent, er was entsehen,
im sol arges neht grachehen.

Besides this restricted meaning of a nocturnal spirit oppressing mankind, the older, and, originally, more common signification for spirit in general might have subsisted, as may be inferred, partly from the Elberich of the Nibelungen and

[&]quot;I will tell you a good tale," such the old woman when ahe perceived it, "your child's illness I can cure: hereupoken among us women—I have charmed him; if he has seen any thing no harm shall happen to him."

the Heldenbuch; partly from a passage in the German translation of Ovid's Metamorphoses (B. v. chap. 9), where the expression the Elben and Elbiases occurs. Wikram probably met with it in the work of Albrecht of Halberstadt, which he paraphrased. In the legend of Brandan (Bruns, p. 195), we meet with the following:

" to hant kom de dúsel ollenthalven lôpen mit giôenden olven ."

Here, therefore, the fiery spirits are called Elves of hell.

At present, only the superstitions belief of the pressing and suffication by the Alp continues in Germany with the old name: all other stories of spirits are ascribed to dwarfs, wights, and not to Elves (Elben), though this expression is occasionally even met with in the later trials of witches! We should have avoided the term Elfen, which is not high German, and was never current among the people, had it not been introduced by the poets of the last century in trunslations from the English, without regard to the

Bet muchose long

[&]quot; "The devil came running every where with firry about."

[†] Vide Pemarus Colleg Synopt, Phys. dup. 13. sect. 23, 34. 36, and Praterius's Geography, t. 181, 182.

peculiarity of our language; so that it has now become familiar.

- 2. The French have taken from the German the word Alp for Spirit, but have changed it to sun their language into Aube, for so we must understand the word Auberon, afterwards Oberon, which occurs in an old French tradition. It nearly corresponds with our Elberich, and has all the qualities of the benevolent Elves. From this ancient French source the English poets have borrowed their Elfin king Oberon, which they would more properly have translated by Elfric, since Ob signifies nothing more than the English word Elf.
- 3. In Anglo Saxon words we meet as well with the simple alf as with the compounds Alfre, Alfred, &c. The feminine is alfen, genitive, alfenda. Respecting the older and more extensive signification, there can be no doubt; magaif and alfenda are used in poems as epithets applied to men (Cadm. 40, 58, Beov. 194, Jud. 9). No traditions seem to have been preserved. In MSS, we indeed meet with the expressions dünalfenne (menticular, castalides), feldilfenne (manades, hamadryades), muntalfenne (oreades), swalfenne (naiades), cudalfenne (dryades); but they appear rather to have been made for the translation of Greek words, than to teach us any distinctions among our maintain to teach us any distinctions among our maintain

genous spirits. Later old English poets contain numerous examples of the general continuance of the word, and of the thing. It will be sufficient to subjum a few from the Canterbury Tales.

5174, the mother was an elve by aventure, yeome by charmes or by accretic.

6442, the eliquene with line july compagnial danced ful oft in many a grene in ede, this was the old opinion, as I rede, I spike or many hundred yeres ago, but now can be than see not cives me.

13718, 13720, 13724, an elfquene, 13633, se semeth cleush by his countenance, 16219, eleish craft, 16310, eleish nice. Many more are found in Spenier and Shakespeare, and the almost synonymous term of Fairy has gradually become more common. Now, though this Ell has sometimes entirely the meaning of the later high German Alp, and cleush precisely that of fantastic, yet there is a series of genuine Ellin tales by the old name, without this restriction to mere enchantment.

4. The northern traditions and poems have preserved this denomination in the greatest purity

Orem p. 50% - 111, two countries on the Midsuminer A plat's Drawn p. 50% - 111, two counterated the properties of the Factor in 55mkrspoure, to which the poet may perhaps have a constrainth share, though upon the whole he has taken the popular label as the foundation.

and in the original extensive signification. Old Norwegian bifr, plural bifar, Swedish elf, plural elfer, of which the feminine plural elfer is frequently used; Danish ele, pl. elec; in composition at present, ellefolk, ellekone, ellekonge, instead of electorist, &c.; from which ellekonge, the incorrect German termination erlkonig, has originated by a misunderstanding, as the spirit has nothing to do with the erle tree, Danish elle, old Norwegian elsi (alnus).

5. The original meaning of the word alp, alf, alfr, is probably connected with the Latin albas (white); compare the Greek algerty (flour) alequate, a female spirit, of which people were afraid (white woman?); but not with the Latin alpes (mountains). It is also connected with the general name of rivers, Elbe, elf, albis (French aube), without our however being obliged to conclude that the Elfs are water spirits, which is only sometimes the case.

2. DEGREES AND VARIETIES.

THE traditions which represent the fatries as angels expelled from heaven and half devoted to hell, and, therefore, as half devilish beings, have

"Vide the Irish Legend, No 4 of the "Priest's Supper," and the note upon it, where the similar Danish and bound tradition is quoted. In Sweden too it is every where known,

a counterpart, which already existed, explained on Christian principles; but it was probably of earlier date. The Edda distinguishes white shining Elves of light, and black Elves of darkness, not as good and evil, but to designate them as the spirits of the different regions, of the brilliant heaven and the gloomy earth. This is manifest from the circumstance that the black Elves are called also dwarfs (in the same manner as a dwarf, in the Kenningar, bears the name of All, this being the peculiar expression for subterraneous spirits dwelling in dark mountain caves. The Elves of light, of a pure colour, seem nearly transparent, quite ethercal, with white garments, shining like silver, as in the Irish legend. In German traditions (No. 10 and 11) they are represented as

(Schwelische Volkslieder, in. 128) Two children are playing on the banks of a river—a Nix (a water sprite) was sitting on the water playing on his harp. The children call to him — Of what one is it that you at there and play, you will not be saved." The Nex cred bitterly, then w aside his barp, and suck to the bottom. When the children resurned house to their father they related what had happened. The lather had them go back, comfort the Nix, and give how the assurance of his redemption. On reaching the river, they found the Nix sitting on the water and crying. "Nix, do not give ver," and they; "father says that thy Redeemer also liveth." I pen this the Nex took up his barp and played a shourful me. (See also in. 156.)

snow white virgins sitting in the sunshine; appear at noon (No. 12); and are not permitted to remain after the setting of the sun; which is hence called in the Edds (Sam. i. 70 and 231) alfrodull, " shining on the Elves." The terrestrial Elves, on the contrary, are corporcal, and of a dark colour; hence in Norway they are called blue, in the same sense as in the Norwegian language a negro is called blammer, the Scotch Brownie is brown and shaggy, like the wild Berta in the German tradition (No. 268); and brown dwarfs in Northumberland are mentioned in a note to Scott's Lady of the Lake. The terrestrial fairies, also, wear dresses of a dark colour: they appear only in the night; and, unlike the Elves of light, avoid the sun; which is bence called in the Edda (Hamdismal Str. i.) " the dread of the Elves" (graeti alfa). If daylight assures them, the rays of the sun change them into stone. (See Edda, Sam. i. 274, ii 44.)

This distinction of course ceased when reference was made to moral qualities, and the two kinds of Elves were confounded; but that in Germany the notion of the Elves of light existed, (and, perhaps, in direct opposition to later times, was the more general), as shown, not only from the already explained affinity of the word with the Latin albus, but by the circumstance, that after

the conversion, the Christian engil was used just in the same manner as Alp had been before in the composition of proper names, and so far took its place; for example, Engilrich, Engilhart, Engilgér, &c. Among the Anglo-Saxons, composition produces Alfacine, i. e. shining like an Elf.

Biberica affords the best instance of the mixture of the two kinds. His very name discovers his origin. In the Nibelungen (1985), and in Otnit (Str. 127, Mone), he is called a wilder getwere (a wild dwarf): he hammers and dwells in mountain caves, and yet he is superior in intellect; and actornally bulliant, where he appears in the latter poem, of which he is in fact the hero. In Norweginn traditions it is indicated that the dwarf is more corporeal and less spiritual than the Elf. but the more intimate his connexion with man the more human are his wants. As a domestic pirit, he serves for food and clothing, while he can perform wonderful things, and is a being at once in need of help and possessed of supernatural power.

The expressions wickte, schrete, schretlein, signify nothing more than the little subterraneous beings, or dwarfs, though to that particular denomination a peculiar indistinct secondary meaning, often difficult to be defined, may be attached We will subjoin the passages in which we have met with these names:

Glossae Lindenbrog. 995, fauni, silvestres homines: waltscreckel, which run about the forest. 996, larvæ, lares mali: screza. Gl. Vindob. larvæ: screzaal scraito. Gl. Trev. screiz, larvæ, and inserted by a later hand: Klein herchis. Barlaum, 251, 11. ein wilder waltschrate (a wild mountain schrate), and Alt. Walder, ini. 225, where it stands for faun. Schretel in Cod. Palat. No. 341. f. 371. Titurel, 190, sie ist villahte ein schrat' ein geist von helle. (She is perhaps a schrat, a spirit of hell.) Hans Vintler's Tugendbuch of the year 1411 (according to the Gotha MS.):

duz Schreilin duz si ein kleinen klut unde si als i inge als der nint unde si ein verzwurelbur grist.

In Joke Vocab. 1482. Schretlin, penutes, anreinez witt (Duitiska, i. 13), unreiner Schraz (Altd. Walder, iii. 170), Schrubaz (Titurel, 4164), Schrawaz (Gudrun, 448), waltschrate (see Herrad. 200); ephialtes, daz nacht schrettele (Dasypod, p. 292), and 45°).

The Norwegian Vactor answers to the German

Some who fancy that the Sobertia is a little child, and as swift as the wind, and that it is a fallen angel.

and Anglo-Saxon with, hollar vaettir, amiable opirits, are invoked in the Edda (Oddrunar gratt, visi.), withtel in Cod. Palat. No 341. Wolfdieterich, Str 783 783. Kleines withtelin (little wight), Liedersaal, 1 378, 380. Kleines withtelin, es moht hilme clalune on (little wight, it might scarce be an ell " high.) Vocab. 1482. Withtelin, penates, See gl. blas. 874, withulstein (penas), perhaps withulstein "yet gl. trev. 38, have withilstein.

The water, too, is inhabited by fairies; and as this element is shining and transparent, they appear to be classed among the Elves of light. They are called Nases, Nokkes (old high German, subtas, pl. sibbased) by Conrad of Whetsburg, Man. Samuel in 200°, the tertines wasser sizes, was armaner, and wasserfrance, schwases-jungfrance, and as they wear garments white as swans, it follows that they do not belong to the black Elves. Wikram, 171°, calls them wasserholde.

The Christian notion of many, especially Scotch and Danish, traditions, which represent the fairies as heathens, and associates of the devil, though it was adopted by the poets of the middle ages, was not generally received, as many of the already queted passages prove. The dwarf, who in Otto-kar of Horneck appears to the Scherfenberger.

^{*} The German ell is only two feet.

(V

has the Christian faith (Deutsche Sagen, No. 20). Elberich himself is a Christian (Otnit, Strophe 283), and even assists in converting and haptising the heathers. (Str. 351 and 504.) In the German traditions, which are still current, they are frequently represented as good and benevolent spirits, and particularly as Christians; they pray, exhort mankind to piety, abhor swearing, and are highly incensed if they are taken for unclean spirits. A domestic spirit repeats the Lord's prayer and the creed (Deut. Sag. i. p. 113), though not quite perfect, muttering unintelligibly some parts, while the Scotch Elf, who converses with the priest, changes some passages.

3. EXTINCTION.

The traditions respecting the gradual disappearance of fairies are generally spread, and most probably arose through the introduction of Christianity. They do not merely withdraw from the noise and bustle of men, but there is a general emigration of the subterraneous beings. They enter into an agreement with men, and are heard tripping away, in countless multitudes, in the night, by a way before determined on, over a bridge; or they are conveyed over the water, and their great number almost causes the ship to sink

(Deutsche Sagen, No. 152—154. Danish, Thiele, it. 2.) It is said, that by way of remembrance, or out of gratitude for the favours they have received from man, each deposited a small coin, of ancient date, in a dish placed there for the purpose.

Some persons have funcied that they recognised in the emigration of the dwarfs an historical fact—the oppression and expulsion of an ancient aboriginal people by new comers, which the truit of chyness, serrow, and irony, that is diffused in the character of these spirits, seems to confirm.

4. FORM.

like a beautiful child, a few years old, delicate and well-shaped: the Scotch and Welah legenda describe him decidedly in this manner. Elberich is lying, under the form of a child of four years old, beneath a lime tree, where Otart was him, by virtue of a ring, and purposes to carry him off as a child. (Str. 99, 108.) And when the Elf shows himself to men, it is said (Str. 517), " Ich wase day we ken onge school bilde to genich"."

In the Wilkins Suga (chap. xxvi), the fairy begind Dieterich, who has laid hold of him, "that be would not squeeze his little body and tender

[·] I would place the eye ever only in falter force.

limbs." In the same manner it is related of Obcron, in the French traditions, that he is only three feet high, but has a face of such exquisite beauty that none can behold without delight, p. 28. "Oberon, qui n'a que trois pieds de hauteur, il est tout bossu, mais il a un visage angélique, il n'y a personne sur la terre, qui le voyant ne prenne plaisir a le considerer, tant il est beau." Hinzelmann (Deutsche Sagen, No. 75) shows himself to boys with whom he is playing, as one of themselves, but with a beautiful countenance. With this agrees the notion of the Norwegians, who imagine the Elves to be little naked beings. The beauty of the female fairies is represented in the Scotch, Irish, Danish. and Swedish traditions, to be in the highest degree attractive and fascinating, far beyond all human beauty. They are described in the same manner by Swabian legends in the Magdleinsfelsen (V. Gustav Schwab die Schwäb. Alb. Stutgard, 1823, p. 71), and the water virgins enrapture all men. (Deutsche Sag. No 58, 60)

2. The Scotch and Welsh traditions particularly mention that the fairies of both sexes are adorned with long hair, and hence a Brownic is called "hairy Mag." Sir Walter Scott, in his notes to the Lady of the Lake, p. 387, mentions a Northumber-land dwarf who had curled red hair. The Swedish woman of the forest is of short stature, with fair

locks, as well as the Nix. This trait is not wanting in the German traditions; the domestic spirit, and a beautiful female fairy, who appears at noon, have ringlets of yellow hair floating over their shoulders (Deut. Sag No. 11, 65, 75); a mountain woman has such beautiful hair, that a man falls in love with her, and his wife, who sees her saleep, cries out, " God preserve thy fine hair!" (Deut. Sag. No. 50.) In another similar tradition (Struck. Beachr, von Eilsen, p. 120), she actually cuts off me of the fairy's fine long tresses, which the latter afterwards urgently requests her to returnfemale fairies in the north dance with their tresses unbound (Thude, in. 44. Schwed, Lieder, iti. 165) They seem to bestow particular attention a combing their long hair. Dame Holle or Hulda, who without doubt belonged to them (Huldevolk is still the name of fairies in the Paro islands, and Huldrer that of the female fairles in Norway), is very food of having her hair combed. (See Hausmarchen, in. 44.) The water Elves are seen enraged in this occupation (Schwedia he Laeder, iii. 148), and Waldron, p. 128, relates of a changeling, that if left by himself it was discovered, on returning to him, he had been carefully combed, probably by some of his own tribe. The domestic quest is very fond of currying the horses. The black Kives, on the contrary, entangle men's bair, and twist the tails and manes of horses into knots: elf locks, elvish knots. (Vide the pussages in Nares). German, elf klatte (Brem. Dictionary, i. 302), and mahrenzopf.

3. The mixture of the beavenly and terrestrial Elves explains why in the traditions of these fairies they are described at the same time as young and beautiful, and as old and ugly. The dwarf, too, has the infant form, but is aged and disagreeable in appearance, has a long nose, and is of a dark bluish gray, or earth-brown colour, as was stated before. As the light never shines on him, his face resembles that of a corpse; hence, in the Edda (Alvismal, ii.) the god says to the dwarf; " Why is thy nose so pule; wast thou with a corpue in the gloom of night?" Hagen (Wilkins Sagn, chap. 150) has a pale ash gray countenance, because be is the son of an Elf. He is also deformed. A hump is improperly ascribed to Oberon (il est tout bossu). it belongs to the black Elves. (Vide Tincle, i. 121, 122.) Elberich shows here how apt the traditions were to make this confusion: while in Otnit he is described as a beautiful child, he appears in the Nibelungen as a bearded old man: 2001. " D6 viene er (Siegfried) bi dem barte den altgrusen mon "." And his own age is also mentioned by

[&]quot; Then he (Singfried) took she grey old men by his bund.

the child in Otnit, etc. 252. " Ich trage of minen ruchen me dan vierdehalp hundert jar "." Just the same as the Elfin changeling in the German Kindermärchen (i. 205) exclaims: " Now I am as old as the Wester Wald;" which may be compared with the corresponding passage in the Irish (p. 38) and Dunish legends (Thiele, i. 48) An old Welsh poem (Pairy Tales, p. 195, 196) calls the fairnes "wry-mouthed," The Cluricaune is ugly, and his aged face resembles a shrivelled apple: this is also the appearance of the Elf of Bottle-hill, and he is described in precisely the mme manner by Gervase of Tilbury, in the thirteenth century, in a remarkable pusings which we shall quote at length bereafter. The dwarfs of the mountains in the German legends are always old and gray-headed. The Nix is represented in Sweden as diminutive, with gold-coloured locks, or old, and with a beard: he is frequently seen sitting on the rocks and wringing out his board. (Schwed. Volkalieder, in. 133.)

In the composition of names the Christian Engil, as we have already observed, took the place of the hosthen Alp; a contrary process seems to have commerced in the arts. There is nothing in the Bible or in the Fathers of the Church, which warrants

I carry on my back more than three conturios and a half.

the adoption of a diminutive form of the angels, but the people had been used to fancy the Elves to be children of great beauty. This idea was transferred to the spiritual beings of Christianity. It is deserving of a more accurate investigation at what period these little angels were first introduced into pictures and statuary, and also when the diminutive Engelein was first used. It must have begun in the twelfth or thirteenth century. In Otfried and other German writers of the ninth and tenth centuries, the angels are always represented as youths, and called the messengers of God. This had been altered about the year 1250. Berthold, a Bavarian clergyman, who died in the year 1272, and was distinguished for his animated and popular eloquence, said, in his sermon, of the holy angels (Kling's edit. p. 184), " Ir selet wel, daz si allesamt sint juncliche gemalet, als ein kint, daz då unnf jär alt ist sica mun sie inalet ... The same allusion is made in other sermons (p. 238. The small form of the angels does not seem to have been derived from the genii of the Greeks and Romans, though perhaps their wings may; no genuine tradition gives wings to the fairies. Might not the dwarf's name, Euglin, in the poem of Hurnin Siegfried, be more correctly

You see that they are all painted young, like a child of five years old.

Boglin, and be a mere translation of the older Elberich? Even the Egwald in the 'Volksbuch,' might be explained from Engelwald.

5. DRESS.

1. We have already noticed the variety in the dress of the fairies according to the difference of their origin, and have now only to observe, that the Servian Viles, which answers to the female fairnes of the north, are dressed in white. Elberich wears a shining garment adorned with gold and precious stones. (Str. 104.) In the German (No. 48 270), as well as in the Welsh, Scotch, and Shetland legends, the dress of the subterrangous tribes is of a dark tint, generally green or moss-coloured. In the Fare islands and Denmark, gray (Thiele, i. 122, 125); though here, too, Elves attired in green sometimes occur. Spirits which are connected with men wear variegated and red coats (Deut. Sag No. 71 75), or they receive them as presents from men (No. 37) That to Iceland the Elves were supposed to wear variegated and red dresses, is proved from Niala, p. 70, where a person gaily dressed (i lit-Aladam) is romically called rand-diff. There is a remarkable committee. In the Irish legend of Bottle-hill, the Elf appears entirely wrapped up in his garacest in order to concess his feet; a

Swiss tradition says the dwarfs tripped along in large cloaks which quite covered their feet. A person, out of curiosity, strews ashes on the ground, and discovers that their feet are broad like those of geese, though such appear to belong properly to the water Elves: we may also mention the white Bertha with the large foot. (See Altd. Wälder, iii. 47, 48.)

2. The hood or cap is of particular importance: insomuch so, that the Norwegian Elves, through otherwise without clothing, wear a slouched hat. The Irish fairnes make use, for this purpose, of the red flowers of the magic foxglore, or they have broad white hats like mushrooms. In Denmark and Sweden, too, they wear their caps of a rad colour (Thiele, i. 123, ii. 3. Schwed, Voltal. iii. 127), as do also the Nisser, in the Farces: otherwise they are black in these islands. Prussia their hats are pointed and cocked like that of the Claricaune: the caps also of the domestic spirits in Denmark are pointed; while the hats which they wear in summer are round (Thicle, i. 135). In the German traditions the hat is not wanting. The little men of the mountains have white hoods attached to their dress (No. 37). The Nix wears a green hat (No. 50); and another gay spirit a large alouched hat (No. 271). Hodeken has derived his name from a large

hat, which he were so low over his forehead that pobody could ever see his face; and this hat prodisces in some measure the effect of the nebel-kappe (mist-hood), which renders the wearer perfectly invisible, which is already alluded to by the young Misener (Man. 8 ff. 156), and which is enigned to the dwarfs of the Hartz mountains (Deutsche Sagen, No. 152, 153, 155). There is an evident connexion between this and Elberich's here-kappe, though it also includes the cloak, and mawers to the turnbut. He and his kingdom became subject to Siegfried, because the hero had taken his tarn-happe this is made still more clear by the German traditions (No. 152, 153 155). which relate, that blows with rods were aimed at the investile dwarfs till they struck and best off their caps, upon which they became visible, and fell into the power of man. Eske Brok necidentally hit off, in a field, a dwarf's hat; and in order to recover it, he granted all his requests (Thiele, us 40). This shows the importance of the head-dress to the fairies, as it enables them to remain concealed from human eyes. Laurin has a mnt-cap, like Euglin, which he throws over Singfried, and thus hides bins from the view of the giant. Rosengurten attributes the same powers to the veil of Kriembild The goblin Zepher (in the old French romance, Perceforest, Melanges,

t. (ii.) who, like the dwarfs of the Edda, is so called after a wind, wears a black cap, which enables him to render himself invisible, or to assume any other form.

Mist-caps are also assigned to fickle, roguish people, resembling the dwarfs in temper (Man. Samul, ii. 258b); and the popular superstition of the Romans fancied their incubo, which may be compared in all respects with the German Alp, in like manner, with a hat to which they attached the invisibility of the spirit. The passage is in the Satires of Petronius, c. 38 (Burm. p. 164): " Sed quomodo dicunt, ego nihil scio, sed audivi, quomodo incuboni pileum rapuisset et thesaurum invenit." "Incubones qui thesauris invigilant," (Subinus ad ii. Georg v. 507) And a more recent expositor of Petronius adds, from the traditions of his day, " Ex superstitione veters cures hodieque passim exstant reliquie, velut incubones aint ornati pileis, quibus surreptis, compellantur ad obsequium in indicandis pecunius absconditus." This wholly agrees with the words of the Nibelungen Lied:

309 de cr die tarn-kappen sit Alberich angewan, de was des hordes herre Sinest der verseliche man?.

^{*} When he had got the tarn-kappe from Elberich, then was Seigfried the most tarrible man of the hords.

The small household gods of Phenician and Grecian antiquity, the Pateri, Cabiri, and Tritopatores, which correspond to our fairies and dwarfs, appear with pointed caps, and have many other traits of resemblance with them, in form, dress, and skill.

6. HABITATION.

I. According to the Edds, the Elves of light dwell with Freir, the god of the sun; but the black ones in the ground and in stones. The current traditions all assign them an extensive kingdom in countains, wild and maccessible defiles, tum .h. and elefts of rocks. They have often regularly a structed abodes in them, filled with gold and silver the Scotch Shans are represented wavery uslended, resembling the Fran Venusberg (Van. Mountain) of the German tradition (No. 170 In Sweden it is believed that they ut in small carcular, I ollowed stones, which are called Ellin mills (stymerar), which elf mills occur also in the Scottish traditions, and correspond with the levland i for thir, small holes in the ice. Wolfram, in Suint William, p. 265, mys of mountains. " daz den us len getwergen ware ze stigenne da gepage " Hugo von Langenstein, in the St. Marting, f 1281-

^{*} That the wild dwarfs descended into them.

sie loufent uf die berge als die wilden twerge.

In poems of the middle ages: Dieterich's Flucht, 6469:

zwei tüsent man under helm unt halebergen, den wilden getwergen vuoren sie vil näch geliche mit ilen sieherliche ...

Also, Conrad von Würzburg, Trojan War, 6183:

er muoste loufen unde g**ån** úf menigen höhen best, då weder katze noch getwert mühte uber sin geklumment.

Unter der Erde wohne ich, unter dem Stein habe ich meine Stätte §, says the dwarf of the Edda (Alvismål, iii.) In the Nibelangen:

1356 von wilden getwergen han leh gehoeret sagen sie ein in holn bergen !!.

- . They run up the mountains like the wild dwarfs.
- † Two thousand men, in helm and hauberk, hastily pur-
- I He was obliged to run over many a high mountain, which neither cars nor dwarfs could climb.
- 6 Beneath the earth I dwell; under the stone I have my abode.
- # Of the wild dwarfs I have heard it said, that they dwell to bollow mountains.

And in Otnit, Elberich exclaims, Str. 127, "mire dience manee tal unde bere" (many a vale and mountain serve me); and Str. 249. 278: "im was kunt beiden tal unde bere" (to him was known both hill and vale). There he possesses all the makes of the world; the treasure of the Nibelungen, consisting of gold and precious stones, which he watches, is well known. In Otnit, too, he says, Str. 138 and 525:

wh gibe wel even mich lastet alber oder golt ich mahte einen man wol riche, dem ich ware halt.

And to the emperor himself, Str. 137:

unde håst då sif der erden des tandes also val, at hån utt darunder kläres geddes mess ich wil t.

In the Wilkins Saga, he offers to ransom himself out of the power of Dieterich by gold and silver.

2 The Nixen have under the water a country which, in German traditions (No. 52 65) is described with as much magnificence as in the Irish, where there are splendid houses and cities, adarned with all the riches of the world. Dame Holle

^{*} I give to whom I but abser or gold, and make him rate to whom I am friendly.

[†] And if there hast so much land on the earth, I have he neath it as much pure good as I like.

has beneath her pond a garden abounding with the finest fruit.

- 3. Above ground the fairies have favourme haunts; mendows, enclosed and solitary forests, especially trees, beneath the shade of which they like to assemble. (See Thiele, iii. 18) Thus Elberich lies on the grass, under a lime tree; among the ancient Prussians, the elder was sacred to him, and it was unlawful to damage it; and the same superstition still prevails in Denmark. (Thiele, 1. 132.) It was also customary in Germany to pay a particular respect to this tree pa the first of May, or about Midsummer, when the Elves of light go in procession (Pretorius Glackstopf, p. 217). In Norway it is forbidden, on their account, to cut down certain high trees. Domestic spirits are used to have particular paths. Hutchen's road was over mountains and forests. and Hutchen therefore always got the start of all others (Deut, Sag. i p 100). Bolieta (in French Switzerland) always followed the same steep path, which was so clean that a ston, was never seen to be on it though there is a whole bed of loulders on the mountains: it is still called Balicta's path.
- 4. Men have sometimes been in the dwellings of the fairies; and their spiritual nature has then been shown by the circumstance that time ceases

with them. A girl who had passed a whole year in an Elvin mountain funcied that she had been their only three days (Hausmarchen, No. 39); and a hundred years appeared to the two Scotch musicians as but one night passed in pleasure; while a poor woman (Deutsche Sagen, No. 151) slept the whole time. Tannhauser does not perceive how quickly the time passes in the subterrancom mountains.

7. LANGUAGE.

1. The Edda ascribes a peculiar language to the fairnes, different from that of gods, men, and giants, the terms in which, for the principal natural phenomena, are given in the Alvamid. In the same manner as Homer in several places distinguishes between divine and human appellations. It is remarkable that in northern traditions the ochous called decegnail, or berguid, that is, "dwarf, or mountain language." (See Biorn Haldonon, 1.73, and Fanalle Quader. Randers, 1822, p. 464–466.) The subterraneous beings in Wales have an entirely distinct language, of which a person, who had been among them, learned a few words.

2. The Elvon speak in a very low voice. In Russinger's poem of the Zwen Graellen (Konigaberg MS, fol. 171), a person speaks in a low voice, quite in goblin's language. In the Isle of Man, Waldron heard a whispering, which must have proceeded from them. In Sweden, too, their voice is soft as the air. Hinzelmann (Deut. Sag. i. 104, 111, 113) had the gentle accents of a delicate boy.

- 3. The ugly, shrivelled Elf in the Irish legend speaks in a snarling and piercing tone, which terrifies men. As a changeling, he does not speak at all, but howls and screams in a frightful manner; and, if compelled, his voice sounds like that of a very old man.
- 4 Some mountain spirits cry aloud and roar. The Servian Vile is said to have the voice of a woodpecker.

8. FOOD.

The fairies require some delicate food: it is not till they are more intimately connected with men that they manifest a desire for more grow meats. In Ireland they sip the dew drops; otherwise sweet milk seems to be their peculiar sustenance. According to German traditions (No. 38, 45, 75, 273, 298), a bowl of it is frequently placed ready for them; and in Wales a similar custom prevails. A basin of sweet, fresh cream was every evening placed on the roof of the cowshed for a mountain spirit in French Switzerland.

and always emptied by him (Alpenrosen for 1824, p. 74). They will also eat crums of cheese, or white bread. In Prussia, bread and beer used formerly to be set apart for them in the night, and the doors locked, and people were happy if they found in the morning that they had partaken of them. It is expressly said (Deutsche Sag. No. 67) that for the Nixen there must be no salt mixed with the food.

that on the aummit of Minchmuir, a mountain in Pechles-shire, there is a spring called the Cheese spring, because, formerly, every person who passed threw into it a piece of cheese, as an offering to the fairnes, to whom it was dedicated. It is singular that, in the Scotch Highlands, according to Mr Stewart (p. 136), cheese is regarded as an anti-dote against the influence of fairies. It must be prepared from the milk of a cow which has extens a certain berb, called in Gaelic mohan, which grows on the tops or declivities of high mountains, and where no quadruped has ever been in quest of food.

9. MODE OF LIFE.

1. The Elves live in large societies, sometimes independent, sometimes under a chief. In the Highlands there is nothing known of the queen,

who is however mentioned in the English and Irish legends. In Wales they have a king, who is attended by a court, as also in Sweden (Schwedische Lieder, iii. 158, 159), where they imstate the forms usual among men. In Iceland the relation is more organized. There, the subterranean mode of government is almost quite like the human. An Elfin king resides in Norway, whither the stattholder, with some other officers, requir every two years to make their report; upon which judgment is pronounced and executed. In German poems of the middle ages we meet with dwarf kings who are powerful, and reign over extensive kingdoms. Elberich wears a crown (Otnet, Str. tii.) and is sovereign of large subterraneau dominions; he says to Otnit (Str. 173):

ich han eigens landes me dan einer des

Thus, too, Laurin is a king, and governs many dwarfs.

2. Every where the employment and delight of the fairies consists in dancing. They pass whole nights in this amusement without being tired, and only the beams of the rising sun force them to desist and conceal themselves. The circles which they have trodden in the dewy grass are also met

I have land of my own more than three of year.

with out of Scotland, in Scandinavia, and the north of Germany; and every one who beholds them exclaims, " Here the fairies have been dancing " In the life of Man traces of their tiny feet were even visible in the snow. It is so enchanting, that the youth who witnesses the dance of the female fairnes by moonlight cannot avert his eyes. (Danske Viser, t. 235, 237, 238.) A German tradition (No. 31) describes the marriage-feast of the subterraneous beings, Count Eulenburg dances with them; but, like the Irish dancer, is obliged to turn round so swiftly in the giddy mazes of the spirits, as almost to lose his breath. Mountain mannikus issue from their pits, and the Nixen from the deep, to take part in the dances of men, and distinguish themselves by their peculiar gracefulness and skill. (No 39, 61. 68.) The Nixen, too, are seen dancing on the surface of the water (No. 61), and the dwarfs before the grant. Dieterich and Hildebe, Str. 159. Thick relates some Danish traditions on this subject; 1 48; and it. 32. In an Austrian popular song (Schottky, p. 102) it is said. "und duart droba ofm beargl, da dansu zuoa sicrargl, de dearn so per "."

⁴ And there upon the monntain there dance two little dwarfs, and they dence so rarely.

The Servian Vilen, too (who, like the female Elves, are young and beautiful, with flowing hair, dwelling on mountains and in forests), celebrate the kolo (circular dance) on the meadows; a song in the Wukisch Sammlung, vol. i. No. 75, begins with,

O Kirschbaum, Kirschbaum, heb die Aeste oben, unter dir die Vilen führen Zaubertänze; Radischa vor ihnen schwingt Thau mit der Geisel, führt zwei Vilen, redet zu der dritten.

- 3. To their passion for dancing they add a leve of music. Wherever the fairies hold a feast they are accompanied by music; nor is it wanting in their large festive processions: in this the traditions of all nations are unanimous. The water nymphs sing unknown songs (Deut. Sag. 306); and it is impossible to describe the magic effects
 - O cherry tree, cherry tree,
 Lift up thy boughs,
 Beneath thee the Vilen
 Lead on their magic dance;
 Radischa at their head
 Sprinkles dew with her wand,
 Leads on two Vilen,
 And talks to a third.





(Danske Viser, i. 234) which the song of the female fairies produces on the whole creation; all seem to hearken, and with motionless attention.

The testimony of a German poem of the four-teenth century (Cod. Pal. No. 341, fol 357') is remarkable, where, speaking of the musicians who played a peculiarly sweet music: "sie cidelten alle den albleich" (they all played the albleich).

A Scotch fairy comes to a farmer and requests him to sing an old Gaelic song, and rewards him handsomely for it. Elberich, also, has not forgetten music, as the Swedish Nix, or the Strombard, who, sitting beneath the water, plays to the dancing Elves; or the bridegroom who, by his music, compels the Nix to restore to him his bride. Danske Viser, i. 328. Svenska Visor, iii, 140.) He has a harp; Otnit (Str. 522):

Er ruorte also growinde die setten alleumet in einem ine en fime, daz der int erfaz ".

Of the domestic spirit Goldemar (Meibom, Script, 286 of is said, "Lusit dulersame in instrumento musicali chordis aptato." Another sings. Deutsche Sagen, i. p. 113 and the Irish Chiricaune whistles at his work. In Norway, the music of the sub-

[•] He struck all the strings in so sweet a tene that the half seconded.

termineous beings is called Huldre sleat, and has a hollow and monotonous sound. The mountaincers sometimes play this, and pretend that they have learned it by listening to the subterraneous spirits of the rocks, which dwell in caves. In Scotland and Ireland it is heard to issue every night from the tumuli and the shians of the fairies. A Shetlander, who had a good ear for music, learned the melody of a train which passed during the night. The people in Zealand and in the south of Sweden know an elfin king's air, which compels all who hear it, both old and young, and even inanimate objects, to begin to dance like the Irish melody of the young bagpiper; and the musician himself cannot leave off unless he knows how to play the air backwards quite correctly, or somebody behind him cuts the strings of his violin.

Like mankind, the Elves have two great fertivals when the sun is at the highest and at the lowest, which they celebrate with solemn processions. On the first of May, in the morning, when the sun is approaching the summer solstice, the Irish hero O'Donoghue, under whose dominion the golden age formerly reigned upon carth, ascends with his shining Elves from the depths of the lake of Killarney, and, with the utmost gazety and magnificence, seated on a milk-white horse,

leads the festive train along the water. His appearance announces a blessing to the land, and happy is that man who beholds him.

At Christmas, when the sun is at the lowest, the subterraneous beings celebrate their nocturnal processing with the wildest and most awe-inspiring mirth. It is the fairies in green garments who rush over forests and secluded haunts; the trampling of the horses, the loud shoutings, and the noise of the hugles, may be distinctly heard. (Waldron, p. 132. Hence they are called "das cutionde heer" (the furious host), " die wuthenden juger" (the furious huntsmen), and in the isle of Moen, the leader, " Gron Jette." (Thiele, i 196.) The expression itself is an ancient one, for the poet Reinfried of Bruniwick (f 4') says, " he rushes on like the furious host," and in the beforementioned poem of Ruodiger's (fol 17% a person swears " by the furious host," In the priest Konrad a poem of Roland, of the twelfth century, it is said ever \$730; " der tweet hat siegenant ein generates unde six her," the devil has sent out his swarms and his heats, and in the Saint Martina of Hugo of Langenstein . fol 174's, " der kellejewer mit sinen banden the huntiman of hell with his land. It is as dangerous to follow, nay even to witness, this furnous trains, as it is considered

fortunate to behold that of O'Donoghue. Here, too, a leader goes on before, for which German traditions (No. 4. 5) place Dame Holle in her evil quality, and the Tutosel (No. 311), or else they put at the head Hackelberg (No. 248), Rodenstein (No. 169), the knight of Davensberg Munster Sagen, 1825, p. 168, 169), and in Denmark, Waldemar, Palnatoke and Abel (Thiele, i. 52. 90, 100; ii. 63). They ride on black and hideous horses with dishevelled manes.

10. SECRET POWERS AND INGENUITY.

1. The possession of the mist cap already acquaints us that the Elves can vanish and make themselves invisible at pleasure. This belief prevails every where; we will therefore merely quest some ancient testimonies. Elberich makes himself invisible to Otnit, though there is no mention of a tarn-kappe in this poem, perhaps because be wears a crown, and Otnit himself saw him merely by virtue of a ring. Nobody can take hold of him:

Str. 298, " are sol man gerahen dar nieman enabet" ***

And yet he is not present as a shadow, but cor-

^{*} How can we perceive what no one can see ?

seally. Thus fairy presence is very beautifully willed.

404, sie slade unde roufte sich die maget minneelich,
di Anop is die hende des kleine Elberich;
ne minne, lu he hende es in die slaten grote,
die tahter sprach zuo der meister; " wie sin naht
einer hu
mach hat eines bevangen "."

Elberich speaks unseen, like the domestic spirit. he latter shows himself very unwillingly, and length, after much entreaty, will not show any of his body except his tiny hand Deutsche gen, i. p. 125, 129), and in perfect agreement this it is related of Goldemar . " manus sibi etasat palpandus prabuit, sed videri negavit et manus graciles et molles, ut si quis langeret em et ranam," or else he duappears for ever, he has been watched and seen Thicle, or 51 thon, too (in Fromart), will not show himself. 3. From the rapidity of the Elves, space almost The Irish fairy queen in one ms to vanish and jumped from one mountain to another three gues distant (See legend of Knocksheags wha) bold passes one might in Scotland and the next I France, or even in another quarter of the world

The wimome manders struck beredf, and bewarled ber-Then the limbs followed took her pretty fare's in his managhter then said to the mether, "We are not slave my extratorly has taken hold of out."

The Cluricaune goes without any difficulty through keyholes, and rides through the air on a rush. As Elf, according to the Normagest Saga (p. 2), penetrates through bolted doors. Alvis the dwarf, in the Edda, has wandered through all the nine worlds (Alvism'll ix).

3. The Elves know the future, and also what is taking place at a distance (Deutsche Sag No. 175). They prophesy (Thiele, in 63 , and announce impending misfortunes: the little men of the mountains foretel death to the mountaineers by knocking three times at their door Detat Sag. No. 37). See the Klopfer of Hobert Liberg in Gustavus Schwabs Beschreibung der Alp. p 227. The Water Elves, too, in the Nibelangen predict to the Burgundians their future destiny Servian Vile likewise informs the hero Marco of his death. The dwarf Alvis (the Allwise) in the Edda, whose very name indicates his powers, does not leave a single question of the god Thor upanswered; he has been every where, and knows every thing.

4. They can assume any form. They frequently appear of the size of men. The Nixen, which came on shore and mingle among men, resemble the most beautiful young women, and adopt their dress; only as an indication of their origin a lapper of their garments is invariably wet (Deut. Sag. No.

- 60). The domestic spirit, on his master's removing, flies along by the side of the carriage, in the form of a white feather (Deut. S. i. p. 105. 116); he makes his escape under the figure of a marten (p. 111), or appears as a serpent (see No. 305). The fairy queen in Tipperary scared the poor herdsman with the most terrific images.
- 5. They communicate supernatural knowledge and powers. Elberich presents Otnit with a stone, saying, Str. 256: " der leret dich alle sprüchen," (this will teach you all languages). This coincides with the promise made to the youth by the female fairies (Danske V. i. 235): "wir wol en dich lehren Runen schneiden, schreiben und lesen" (we will teach thee to cut, to read and to write the Runic hand): Runcapituli, too, assigns to the dwarfs the power of carving and explaining the Runic character. A ring presented by Hütchen (Deut. S. p. 74), and which communicates the greatest learning, has the same meaning. In the poem of Dicterich and Hildebrand, Str. 54, the dwarf gives a ring, the owner of which experiences neither hunger nor thirst. The Scherfenberger in Ottokar of Horneck (chap. 573) receives another which secures to him riches.
- 6. The skill of the Elves is infinitely superior to any thing in the power of man. According to the Edda they even excel the gods in this respect.

 \boldsymbol{n}

They made the spear Gungner for Odin, the golden hair for Sif, and the chain of gold for Freja. The very ingenious ship Skidbladner, which may be folded up like a handkerchief, is of their workmanship; and when the gods wished to bind the wolf Fenrir, they sent a message to the black Elf, who upon this made the band Gleipner of miraculous materials. Old German and northern poems contain numerous accounts of the skill of the dwarfs in curious smith's-work; most of the celebrated arms, suits of armour, and swords, were manufactured in subterraneous forges. Wicland serves an apprenticeship with dwarfs (Wilkins Sage, chap 20), and Elberich, though he is a king, has himself made a sword in Mount Caucasus (Otnit, Str. 122), and greaves (Str. 124); and when he is going to fetch the promised armour for the emperor, it is said:

Str. 188. då huop sich der kleine wider in den bere, då nam er üz der essen daz herliche weie.

The Wilkina Sage attributes to him the manufacture of the swords for Nagelring and Eckema, and of the latter expressly says, that it had been made under ground Chap. 40). The Irish Cluricaune is heard hammering; he is particularly fond

^{*} He went again into the mountain, and took from the forgethe beautiful work.

ande of metal (in the old northern language a shoemaker is called a shoe-smith); and, singularly enough, the wights in a German tradition (No. 39) manifest the same propensity; for whatever work the shoemaker has been able to cut out in the day, they finish with incredible quickness during the night. The Scotch legends contain striking instances of the dexterity of the fairies in many other things.

The female fairies are fond of sewing and spinning (Samson Fagr. Sag. p. 31; Thiele, iii. 25); and in the Danish song they offer the youth a garment bleached in the moonlight. The popular superstition in Germany considers the threads which are seen flying about in autumn to be a web made by Dwarfs and Elves (F. H. Von, Note to Luise, iii. 17). But what the older traditions relate of Elves and Dwarfs, is ascribed, in modern nursery tales, to industrious animals, such as ants and others, in the same manner as the throng of the dwarfs has been compared to that of the ants and other insects.

11. CHARACTER.

The temper and disposition of the Elves display a strange combination of good and evil, duplicity and sincerity, which naturally proceeds from the mixture of two originally opposite qualities. However decidedly they are frequently impelled in one or the other direction, showing themselves either generous and obliging, or in the highest degree malicious; they, on the whole, so strictly observe a dubious mean, that this must be stated as their natural characteristic.

I. They are fond of teasing, vexing, and mocking mankind, without intending them any real harm; and a certain good nature manifests itself with this disposition. The domestic spirit in the German tradition (No. 75) took the greatest delight in setting people quarelling, but first removed all deadly weapons, that they might not be able to injure one another. He plagues and makes game of people wherever he can, amuses himself with a fool, and makes songs in relicule of those who had fallen into his trap. Elberich shows the same inclination (Otnit, Str. 451):

er wolde die heiden ieren. Elberich was klasse, der heiden abgote er in die bure train de mite wolf er me effen unde teihen innen spot 2.

He then calls to them invisibly, that he is God, and that they should worship him. Laurin, by a

to he carried their idols into the mountain, intending to mock and make game of them.

bim into the mountain. Elberich entices the wonderful ring from Otnit, then makes himself invisible, laughs at him, and ridicules his threats, but good naturedly restores it.

The wights in the mines (Deut, Sag. No. 37) call out, and when the workmen come running up they find no one there. In Norway they carry off people's tools, and then bring them back, laughing the owners to scorn. "To laugh like a Kobold," is a proverb in Germany. In a book published in the seventeenth century (Reimedich North, 1673, p. 140) we find the expression, "You laugh as if you would split your sides like a Kobold."

The fairies, however, will not suffer themselves to be joked; and fend as they are of laughing at people, they do not permit them to retaliste. The dementic spirit will not allow houself to be tensed. The Elves once invited a servant girl, of whom they were very fond, to be present at a wedding. In the bridal pair came tripping along, a blade of grass lay unfortunately in their path; the bride-proon got safely over, but not so the bride; she attembled, the girl could not suppress her laughter, and the whole scene instantly vanished (Swenska Visor, in 150). A servant once laughed at one of these little spirits because a single grain of wheat

was more than he could carry; quite enraged, he threw it on the ground—it was of the purest gold—but from that time he and his fellows disappeared, and the house fell into decay (Strack, Beschr. v. Eilsen, p. 124). The old proverb of the straw in the path (Berthold's Sermons, p. 194°) is illustrated by such traditions.

The fairies like above all things to tense people by pelting them invisibly with small stones. A Scotch Brownie derived its nickname from this circumstance. The mountain dwarfs in German traditions (No. 37) are fond of this jest; Elberich, too, pelts Otnit, but so that he cannot see him (Str. 162). According to the Legenda Auren, cap. 177, there was a spectre in Mayence, in the year 856, who threw stones at the prests while singing mass. The ignis fatuus is called in Hanover the Tückebold, and is regarded as a malicious spirit, which, by its elfish light, entices the wanderers into bogs. (J. II. Voss, Lyr Ged. ii Anm. p. 315. See Hebel Aleman, Ged. 31—35)

2. But the Elves are likewise faithful, and only seem to require confidence from men "No one shall break a solemn vow," says the dwarf, in the Edda. (Alvismal, iii.) Elberich, who, in the song of the Nibelungen, is entirely and sincerely devoted to Siegfried from the moment that he has vowed fidelity to him, keeps his word also to

Otnit, and acquits himself as he has promised. He says,

8.r. 136, nd th mich of die triume min, and 6tz. 137. es sprechent min genásen, due teh getriuwe al *.

On the other hand, they threaten those who do not fulfil their promise to them (Thiele, iti-48), or even punish such (Deut. Sag No. 29). In Iceland, it is supposed that they exercise justice and equity in all things. A person who secretly took from them a golden shipper had his whole house burnt down (Thiele, iti. 64). The fidelity of the domestic spirit, which tolerates no dishonesty, and for this reason even punishes the servants, is never impeached. The greatest attachment is evinced by the Irish Banshee, which always announces the death of a member of the family with the utmost grief, and its lament is a counterpart to the deriding laugh of other Elven.

In the Tyrol, too, they believe in a spirit which looks in at the window of the house in which a person is to die (Deutsche Sogen, No. 266); the white woman with a veil over her head (267) answers to the Hanshee, but the tradition of the Klage-weib (mourning woman), in the Lune-burger Heath (Spiels Archiv, ii. 297), resembles

Now depend on my fidelity, My fellows; my that I am faithful.

the moon shines faintly through the fleeting clouds, she stalks, of gigantic stature, with death-like aspect, and black hollow eyes, wrapt in grave-clothes, which float in the wind, and stretches her immense arm over the solitary but, uttering lamentable cries in the tempestuous darkness. Beneath the roof over which the Klage-weib has leaned, one of the inmates must die in the course of the month.

3. The dwarfs are every where represented as subtle and cunning; and it is unnecessary to cite instances. Elberich, also, is cunning (at kluoc, Str. 451), and knows how to make himself master of every thing by ingenious stratagems; the ring, as well as the ships which he steals from the beathen; and we must view it in this light, when the Elves are praised as thieves. They exert all their dexterity, like the Scotch Elves, in causing whirlwinds, or even conflagrations, to have an opportunity to steal. It is remarkable that in the Wilkina Sage (chap, xvi) Elbertch is styled the great thief (hinn mikli stelari). Respecting the thefts of the dwarfs we may refer to other German traditions (No. 152, 153, 155). For the most part they take provisions. A Danish Trold stole some beer, and on being surprised, escaped, but left his copper kettle behind (Thiele, i. 33)

The Shetland fairy, who had invisibly milked the cow, forgot a curious and beautiful vessel in her flight.

The Tom Thumb of the German and English tales, who is nothing more than an active little Elf, has not forgotten his propensity for thieving; while playing with his companions, he steals their things out of the lag, and throws the money out of the king's treasury (Hausm. No. 37 and 45. See ni, p 401). A thief relebrated by the high German poets of the thirteenth century, who was killed in removing the eggs from under the bird (a tradition which still survives in the nursery tales, No. 129), was so different from a common robbor, that he assisted Charlemagne in a theft commanded by an angel; and may, we think, without being too far-fetched, be referred to this class, as originally an Elf; partly on account of his character, which is that of a faithful domestic spirit attending his master, and partly on account of his name, Elbegast (Vide Museum fur Alt Deutsche Litterutur, il. 234, 235).

12. CONNEXION WITH MANKIND.

1. The subterraneous spirits love a retired and solitary life, they cannot endure noise and bustle; and in reference to this riminustance, are called the still (good) people. "At home tranquility is

not to be disturbed," says a dwarf, in the Edds. (Alvismal, i.) In the daytime they keep themselves quiet: it is not till the night, when men are asleep, that they become lively and active. They do not like that any human eye should see them: if they celebrate a feast, or solemnize a marriage, they, perhaps, permit the master of the house to look on (Deut. Sag. No. 31); but if any other eye inquisitively peeps, even through the smallest hole, they instantly vanish, and their pleasure is interrupted. In Tipperary they retire if men approach their old dancing grounds; and the lowing of the cattle is to them quite insupportable. If a priest comes towards them (see tale of the Priest's Supper) they quickly hide themselves. The dwarfs in the Erzgebirge were driven away by the erection of the forges and stamping mills (Deut. S. No. 36), and others by the ringing of the bells of churches built in the neighbourhood-A farmer felling trees and squaring timber in the forest vexed the mountain spirit, which asked, in a lamentable tone, "Who is making so much noise here?" "A Christian," replied his fellow, " has come here, and hews down the wood of our favourite haunts, and does us much injury." (Danske Viser, i. 175, 176, 178) Thiele (Danske Folkesagn, i. 42, 43, 122, 174, 175) has collected similar traditions, according to which the Troldes

leave the country on the ringing of bells, and in some places remain away. A passage in the Anglo-Saxon poem of Beovulf shows the high antiquity of this tradition: the king had built a castle near the dwelling of the spirit Grendel; the heroes were rejoicing in it, but (p. 9),

ne ellengust earfodfice thruge getholode, so the in thustrum båd, that he dågora gehvam dreden gehyrde khådne in healle; that väs hearpan rvig scutol song schpes.

(The mighty spirit, which dwelt in darkness, was much grieved to hear every day the loud tumult in the hall—the minstrel's harp, and the poet's song.) Grendel tried every thing in his power to affright the people: at midnight, he and his mother slipt into the eastle, where they murdered and plundered the sleeping inmates; so that every thing soon became desolate. Chaucer immediately, in his introduction to the wife of Bathe's tale, 6446, describes the expulsion of the Elves in the following manner:

but now can up man see non Elves mo; for now the greet charatro and prayers of limitoures and other holy fieres, that seeches every land and every attems, to thicke se motes in the same home, bluming balles, chambres, kichenes and bourse, categorand burghes, eartles highe and tourse,

thorpes and bernes, shepenes and dairies; this maketh that ther ben no fairies. For ther as wont to walken was an Elf ther walketh now the limitour himself in undermeles and in morteninges, and sayth his matines and his boly thinges as he goth in his limitations. Women may now go safely up and down in every bush, and under every tree; ther is non other uncubus but he, and he ne will don hem no dishonour.

2. They are also called, as in Scotland, the good people, good neighbours, men of peace; in Wales (Fairy Tales, p. 134) the family, the blessing of their mothers, the dear wives; in the old Norse, and, to this day, in the Farce islands, huldufolk; in Norway, huldre; and, in conformity with these denominations, manifest a dispositson quite the reverse of the preceding, to be new mankind, and to be on good terms with them. They take up their abodes near those of meteven, as in Scotland, beneath the threshold, and a mutual intercourse takes place. The dwarfs in the city of Aix-la-Chapelle have betrowed post and kettles, and various kitchen utensils, from the inhabitants, and faithfully restored them (Deut. Sag No. 33, See Thiele, i 121); while, at Quedlinburg, they have even lent their own tin goods to people at their marriage feasts (No. 36. Vide Thiele, ii. 15). The most intimate comnexion is expressed in a legend, according to which, the family of the Elves conformed in every respect to the manners of the family to which it belonged, and of which it was a copy. The domestic Elves celebrated their marriages on the same day as the people; their children were born on the same day, and they mourned their dead on the same day (See No. 42). These good people are ready to assist in sorrow and trouble, and show themselves grateful for any favours they have recerred (Dent Sag. No. 30/32, 45. Thicle, i. 72). The Elves sometimes make presents of singular and magic things, which ensure good fortune as long as they are preserved (Deut. Sag No 35. 41. 70%. In Wales, if no obstacle is opposed to their leaving the houses, and a dish of milk is set for them, they leave a small present behind. The Scotch Elf who, in the sequel, saved his master's life, testified his gratitude to him for having made the desired improvement in his subterraneous alande. In Switzerland the dwarfs have often left their mountains in the night, and have done all the hard work, cut the corn, &c., so that when the country people came in the morning with their waggons they found every thing quite ready for them. Or they have placked the cherries, and carried them directly to the place where they were generally preserved (Dout, Sag. No. 149). A

good-natured dwarf laid bundles of healing herbs for wounded workmen, which he had prepared in the night (Krieger, der Bodenthaler. Halbers. 1819. p. 41). Napfhans led the cows to pasture in the most dangerous situations, without a single one having ever received any injury.

People, however, must preserve silence respecting their favours, and not communicate the secret. In consequence of its having gone abroad, the Scotch peasant lost the wonderful grain to which there was no end; and the pitcher which continually filled itself, and was given by the Elves to a boy, became empty (Deut. Sag. No 7). Ashes having been strewn to discover the traces of the Swiss dwarfs, they vanished, and from thenceforth withheld their assistance.

3. The Elves also lay claim to the good officer of men. Two musicians were obliged to play in a Scotch shian for a hundred years. But the most frequent instances are of their fetching midwives into their mountains, or under the water, and demanding their assistance (Deut. Sog. No. 41. 49. 304. Thiele, i. 36). A fairy entered Rolf into her cave that he might lay hands on her daughter who was ill, and could not recover except by the human touch. Rolf performed this service, and was presented with a ring (Gange Rolfs Saga, p. 63, 64).

4. Not only the Scotch traditions, but also Da-111 nish songs, speak, at times, of more intimate conoctions between mankind and the fairies. Rosmer the waterman stole a wife from the earth, Agnes lived eight years in the deep with a water spirit, and had eight children (See Thiele, i. 114. Schwedische Volkslieder, t. 1. ii. 22); and also another ene, who danced into the waves with the daughter of Marsing (Danske Viser, i. 311. See Schwed. Volkal ni. 120), a tradition which is related totty much in the same manner in Germany No. 51). In lecland it is believed that there mexican always have a melancholy end, even they should seem to be happy at first. The nexion of Staufenberger with the water Nize p, at last, destruction. Elberich himself and Ottut's mother invisibly on May-day (Str.); and Signild shares the throne with the f Laurin in the subterranean kingdom. If an Elf attaches bimself to an individual, mily, and derotes himself to their service, he ad Kolold (goblin), Brownie (in Scotland), per (in Ireland), the old man in the house pubbe (in Sweden), Nisse-god-dring (in Dennd Norway), Duende, Trango (m Spain), Bobles (m France), Hobgables (in Eng. parhaps, too, he receives a nickname, as a n (Jean de la Bollète) in French Switzer-

land (Alpenrosen for 1824, p. 74.75); and, in German traditions, we meet with a Hodecken, Hinzelmann, Ekerken (squirrel), Kurd Chimgen (i. e. little Joachim; see the tradition relating to him in Kantzow's Pomerania, i. 333. See Brem. Dictionar. v. 379), Irreganc, Girregar (Königsberg MS. f. 18¹, 19¹), Knocker, Boot (No. 71-78), Puck (northern Pûki), Man Ruprecht, King Goldemar*. Henceforth he does not forsake his master; evinces the greatest attachment towards him; and promotes his interest as much as he can: it is only under certain circumstances that he leaves him; otherwise he continues as long as his master. or a member of the family, is alive. But, on the other hand, his master cannot get rid of him: if he removes to another place his spirit follows him. Hinzelmann flew along by the side of his master in the form of a feather; others creep into a cask, and, on departing, look out of the bung-hole; others sit up behind on the waggon (Deut. Sag.

Goblinus Persona, who flourished towards the end of the thirteenth, and beginning of the fourteenth century, relates of King Goldemar, a domestic spirit, who lived for three years with a Neveling of Hardenberg, that he showed all the character of such, and is probably the same Goldemar who is mentioned by Reinfried of Brunswick, f. 194°, where he is called "daz riche keiserliche getwere" (the rich, imperial dwarf); and also in the Appendix to the Heldenbuch. (See Alt-Deutsche Wälder, i. 297, 298.)

No. 72. 44. See note to the Irish legend of the Haunted Cellar). They usually live below, in the cellar, and near the kitchen. The Irish Cluricaune searches all the wine cellars.

The domestic spirit retains the character of the Elves, he is active, roguish, good-natured, and only when irritated very revengeful (See No. 74. 273, Thiele, in. 8, 01); admirably skilful and unwearied in all labours, inexhaustible in secret and supernatural powers; "er dienete im so sin kneht, ellerhande dinge was er un gereht," (he served him like a servant in all kind of things whatever he told him), is conformably with this, said of Elberich in the Nibelungen Eled (v. 405), and though a king, he rendered every service to Otnit. Only the domestic spirit seems to have fallen some steps lower, and to experience more human wants. He every where manifests an evident desire for food and clothing. The food must always be placed in the same spot, otherwise he is exceedingly angry. (Deut. Sag No 73, and note to the Iroh legeted of the Haunted Cellar; Danische Suge Thiele, t. 135) he seems to serve for clothing. He sometimes vanishes on receiving it, which is related both in a Scotch and Dutch tradition (Ol-Wormii, cont ii 600), and a German tradition (No. 30 1), but most distinctly in the Mecklenburg legend (Hederich's Schwerin, Chronik.) of Puck,

who bargains for a variegated coat with bells, before he enters into service, and which he receives on his departure. When he leaves the house, he generally makes some presents of things endowed with miraculous powers, which must be preserved in the family, otherwise it will fall into decay.

Prosperity reigns in the house which possesses an Elf: the cattle thrive better than in other places, and are not seized with diseases, and every undertaking succeeds. In the night, when the spirit is the most active, he, as we have already said, does not like to be overlooked and watched, if he chances to be on good terms with the servants, he performs the most laborious part of their work for them; fetches water, hews wood, curries and takes care of the horses, of which he sometimes appears to be particularly fond. (Thicle, in. 4) The whole house is every morning found perfectly clean and in order, every thing in its place. At the same time he is strict, abbors idleness and dishonesty, reports offences, and punishes the carcless domestics, as Hinzelmann makes use of his stick. and the Brownie punishes the lazy groom with his whip. In Denmark it is even supposed Thicle, i. 135) that a spirit dwells in the church, where he maintains order, and punishes in case of notorious occurrences.

There is an ancient testimony of the domestic

spirit in Gervase of Tilbury, which is the more remarkable as it describes him as accurately as he is represented in the traditions current at this day. (Otta Imperialia, p. 180).

" Ecce enim in Anglia damones quesdam habent, demones, inquam, nescio dixerim, an secretaet ignote generationis effigies, quos Galli Neptunos, Angli Portunos nominant. Istis insitum est quad simplicitatem fortunatorum colonorum amplectuntur, et cum nocturnus propter domesticas operas agunt vigilias, subito clausis januis adiguem calchunt et ranunculas ex sinu projectas prunis impositas comedunt, semli vultu, facie corrugata, etatura pusilli, dimidium pollicis non habentes. Punniculis consertis induuntur et si quid gestandum in domo fuerit aut onerosi operis agendum, ad operandum se jungunt, citius humans facilitate expedient. Id illo insitum est, ut obequi posunt et obesse non possent. Verum unicum quasi modulum nocendi habent. Cum enim interamisguas noctis tenebras Angli solitaris quandoque equitant, Portunus nonnunquam invisus, equitanti se copulat et cum diutius comitatur cuntem, tandem loris acceptis equum in lutum ad manum ducit, in quo dum infixus volutatur, Portunus exiens eachinnum facit, et sie hujuscemodi ludibrio humanam simplicitatem deridet."

13. HOSTILE DISPOSITION.

The Elves, with all their fondness for teasing, show themselves to be well-disposed beings, and friendly towards men; and though sometimes retiring into seclusion, yet upon the whole inclined to maintain an intercourse with them. Perfectly opposed to this is another trait, with which the traditions of all nations likewise abound, and which manifests the most hostile disposition in the fairies towards men.

- 1. It is believed in Wales that their very look is deadly, or at least exceedingly dangerous. According to Thomas Bourke's confession in the Irish Legends, sickness, violent fever, and loss of reason, is the consequence. A youth once saw a brown dwarf; he was seized with a tedious illness, and died in the course of the year (Lady of the Lake, p. 366). Every where it is recommended to withdraw, and not look up, when the nocturnal procession of the fairies is passing by. Whoever looks at the Elves through a knot-hole loses the use of that eye. A woman, on relating what she had seen in the mountain among the subterraneous spirits, became blind (Thiele, i. 36).
- 2. They have a weapon, an arrow, which infallably kills both man and beast were the bare touch suffices. (See the Scotch traditions). The

Elfin nymphs threaten Olof with illness, and give him a blow between his shoulders, and the next morning he is lying dead on his bier (Danske Viser, i 238 Schwed, Lieder, iii, 163). The Servian Vile shoots deadly arrows at men. A youth ift the lale of Man withdrew from the caresacs of a Nise, who, quite enraged, threw something after him, though he felt himself but slightly touched by a pebble, he experienced from that moment a fearful dread, and died in seven days after. Elberich still exercises the accustomed vengeance: when Otact touches him, and intends carrying him off, it is mid (Str. 108), " im wart zuo dem heezen ein grober slac getia" (a violent blow was nimed at his heart), and the heathen king becomes raving madin consequence of the severe blow which he receaves from the invisible spirit (Str 200). We may be allowed to conjecture, that in the Nibelungen Lied, Elberich carries the unusual sevenfold senurge with the heavy knots (buttons) (v. 1991), to give the clim blow.

The very breath of the Elves bears contagion with it. In freland and Scotland, buils and tickness are caused by it. In Norway the disease is called alregard, or alcild (cliin fire), in Old Norse, ilfobrant, and only attacks men if they come to the place where an Elf has been spitting. The Seatch fatry spits into the eye which had re-

cognised him; the Prussian Elf breathes on it, and it becomes blind; the Danish plucks it out (vide Nyerups Abhandlung) in the same manner the one mentioned by Gervase, in the passage quoted bereafter, presses it out with his finger.

3. Whoever partakes in the slightest degree of food presented by the Elves, is then, according to Scotch legends, entirely in their power, and cannot return to the society of men. For this reason they carry golden goblets in their hand, out of which they offer drink (Thiele, i. 23. 55; ii. 67: iii. 44. Schwedishe Volkslieder, i. 111); what was spilt on the horse out of the Oldenburg born singed its hair. (See Thiele, i. 4. 49.) According to the German tradition (No. 68) the woman of Alvensleben, among the dwarfs in the mountain, does not partake of the meat and drink presented to her, and therefore returns home; others forfeit their freedom at the first draught (No. 305; vide Thiele, i. 119). The elfin nymphs try all their arts to induce the beautiful youth to speak (Danske Viser, i. 234; vide Deutsche Sagen, No. 7), or to join in their dance; then he is theirs. Whoever has performed any service for them, and takes a little more of the proffered gold than he has a right to, puts his life in danger, or must remain with them (Deut. Sag. 41, 65). It is rurely that any one returns from them; and if he does, he is

for ever (according to the Norwegian belief) either mane or idiotic (elbuch). Sometimes, after a long death-like sleep, he recovers his senses (Thiele, Dan Sag. i. 119). Hence it is supposed of a simple person, that he is connected with subterraneous beings; and when they appear in the night he jumps up and accompanies them; and, according to a Shetland legend, shows himself familiar with the movements of their dance.

4. The Elves are fond of healthy infants, beautiful youths, and lovely women, whom they take either by force or stratagem. Invisible hands role the mother of her child (Waldron, p. 128); Nixen draw it under the water (Deut. Sag. No. 4-61); or they endeavour to entice men by music and daneing, by promises of mirsculous presents, or a blissful life; of this the Scotch and Danish traditions (Thiele, i. 58) contain numerous examples. The Servian Vile, too, seize upon children. Almost in the same manner as Homer relates of the spirits, that they eagerly sucked blood to imbibe a tensation of life; these beings seem to renovate or replace their circle by their youthful prey, which is in fact a popular superstition in Wales.

Their most frequent depredations are effected by changing. It is several times related in German traditions (No 11, 135), that they have substituted for a beautiful woman, during childbed.

the ugly daughter of a witch (v. Thiele, i. 89). The Scotch legend says expressly, that they are taken to nurse the children of the fairnes. Generally, however, a rosy new-born infant is taken from its cradle and replaced by a changeling. The Scotch and Irish superstition has been so fully detailed, that we need only notice the great coincidence of the German (No. 81, 82, 87 - 90) and northern traditions (Thiele, i. 47; ii. 1). The antiquity of it is shown by a passage in German of Tilbury, which is important both on account of its contents and its similarity, which we have already noticed, to a still current Scotch tale. Otia Imper. 987.

"Sed et dracos vulgo asserunt formam bominis assumere primosque in forum publicum adventare sine cujusvis agitatione. Hos perhibent in cavernis fluviorum mansionem habere et nunc in specie annulorum aureorum supernatantium aut scyphorum mulieres allicere ac pueros in ripis flummum balneantes. Nam dum visa cupiunt consequi, subito raptu coguntur ad intima delabi, nee plus hos contingere dicunt quam forminis lactantibus, quas draci rapiunt, ut prolem suam infelicem nutrant et nonnunquam post exactum septenuium remunerate ad hoc nostrum redeunt hemispherium; quae etiam narrant, se in amplis palattis cum dracis et corum uxoribus in cavernis et ripis fluminum ha-

bitasse. Vidimus equidem hujuseemodi forminam raptam, dum in ripa fluminis Rhodani panniculos ablueret, scypho ligueo superenatante, quem dum ad comprehendendum sequeretur, ad altiora priegresin a draco introfertur, nutrixque facta fili sui sub aqua, illesa rediit, a viro et amicis vix aginta post septennium Narrabat eque miranda, quod hominibus raptis druci vescebantur, et se in humanas species transformalant, cumque uno aliquo die pastillum anguillarem pro parte dracus nutrici dedisset, ipia digitos pastilli adipe limitos ad oculum unum et unam factem casu ducens, merent limpidusimum sub aqua ac subtilissimum habere intuitum Completo ergo sue vicis anno tertio cum ad propria reduset in foro Pellicada al Belliquadri h e. Heaucaire) aummo mane dracum obvium babuit, quem agnitum salutavit, de statu domine ac alumni sui questionem faciens. Ad hec dracus, heus, inquit, quonam oculo mei cepásti agnitionem ' at illa oculum visionis indicat, quem adipe pastilli pridem perunverst, quo comperto dracus digitum oculo infixit sieque de cetero nou visus aut cognoscibilis divertit."

As the presence of the domestic spirit causes happiness and prosperity, so that of the changeling brings with it destruction to man and beast, and every enterprise proves abortive.

5 The dead belong to the fatries, and they

therefore celebrate the death of a person like a festival, with music and dancing. This Irish ispersition agrees with the German tradition (No. 61), according to which the Nixen are seen dancing on the waters before a child is drowned. Persons long since dead are observed in the procession of the furious host (Eyring Sprichwirter, i. 781—786). In an old German poem, Liedersal, ii 284: "Der tôt hat was daz leben in discrevilde aberrant und hat was den trutten gesant." (Death has overtaken our lives in this world, and has sent us to the intervening state.)

6. Already in the poets of the middle ages the Alp is a malignant spirit, an evil spectre getreds), oppressing men during sleep, and haunting them in their dreams. The passages are before quoted in the first division. Hence the common expression triegen (to deceive); as for the spirit itself, octrue, (phantesma), already in O. iii. 8, 48, we find gldrog, the ady elbisch, indicates not only the nature of the Alp, but also that of the person possessed of the Alp; hence, still in the Vocabul. 1482, elbischer, phantastical In a fable of the fifteenth century, der elbische mulesel (the elvish mule). (Büschings wochentl. Nachr. 1, 59.) In Switzerland, albsch, alb, signifies stupid (Stalder, In Swabia, elpendrotsch is a nickname for a stupified person (Nicolais Reisen, ix. 160); and

in Mecklenburg, alphlas. In Hamburgh, an invalid who looks like a ghost or spectre, is called elvenribbe (Richey Humb, Idiot). In the Dutch, selecting agastics foolish, silly (albern). Older Dutch poets express the same notion. See Maerlant Spec. Hist. 1 5, elfs ghedrock (elvish illusion). An ancient testimony for this superstition is found in Snorres Heimskringla (i. p. 20): the Swedish king, Vanland, complains that the Mora has oppressed him in his sleep (at more tred hans); and the Skalde Thiodolf repeats it in a poem (mara qualdi). Another is found in Gervase of Tilbury (Otia Imper. c. 86): ut autem moribus et auribus hominum satisfaciamus, constituamus, hoc esse forminarum ac virorum quorundam infortunia, quod de nocte celerrimo volatu regiones transcurrunt domes intrant, dormientes opprimunt, ingorunt somnia gravia, quibus planetus exertant.

That they are not Elves, but the spirits of resimen, which press others during their sleep, is agreeable to the superstation still prevailing in Sweden (Westerdahl Beskrifning am svenska Soder, p. 40) and Denmark (Thiele, it. 18); and, according to which, young women are unawares soized with it in their sleep, and torment other persons during the night. The name is Marr; in the Farce islands Marro, in England Nightmarr; and in Holland Nachtmarr. In Germany,

and as it seems alone, der Alp (mas.) is, indeed, used; but the synonymous terms, Make and Dead, are employed both as masculine and feminine: and so far it agrees with Gervase, who speaks both of men and women. The belief and legends (every thing now current in Germany is collected in No. 80) seem to be every where nearly the same. It is singular that people, by a simple act of volition, can, out of anger or hatred, send the Alp to others; then it creeps in the form of a little white butterfly from between the cycbrows, flies away, and settles on the breast of the sleeping person. In perfect conformity with this belief Toggeli (i. e. Tocklin, or Schretlin) signifies in Switzerland, according to Stalder, both Alp and butterfly; and in the trials of witches, the evil spirit (the Elbe) is mentioned under the name of Molkeudieb (stealer of milk) and buttertly. In France they have the Cauchemar. The Irish Phooka, in its nature, perfectly resembles the Mahr; and we have only to observe, that there is a particular German tradition (No. 79, vide 272) of a spirit, which sits among reeds and alderbushes; and which, like the Phooka, lears upon the back of those who pass by in the might, and does not leave them till they faint and fall to the earth.

14. ANCIENT TESTIMONIES.

The high antiquity of the belief in the existence of facross appears from the earlier use of
various denominations to which we have referred
in their proper places. But there is no want of
hitherto unexplored testimonies, which relate to
the contents of the traditions themselves, and are
of greater importance, maximuch as their evidence
is more striking. They might, indeed, have been
also introduced, but partly it appeared more advantageous to review them in succession, and
partly it was hardly possible fully to explain them,
except in this place, particularly after we had
considered the nature of the domestic spirit.

1. Cassianus (a clergyman of Marseilles in the fifth century) collationes patrum, vii. c. 32.

"Nonnulles (immundes spiritus), ques faunos vulgas appellat, ita seductores et joculatoria esse manifestum est, ut certa queque loca seu vias jugiter idaidentes nequaquam tormentis corum, ques pretercuntes pituernat decipere, delectentur, aciderisu tantummodo et illusione contenti fatigare con pictus studeant, quam morere, questam solummodo innocuis incobationibus homanum pernoctare."

He describes those little beings which the people call forest spirits, which delight in gambils, and

entice men. They have their favourite haunts; do not wish to hurt passengers, but merely to teaze and laugh at them, as the Elves are accustomed to do. Lastly, he mentions the Alp. which presses and weighs upon men in the night.

2. Isidorus hispal. (beginning of the seventh century.) Etym. lib. viii. c. ult.

"Pilosi, qui grece panite, latine inculi appellantur; hos demones Galli Dusios nuncupant. Quem autem vulgo Incubonem vocant hunc Romani Faunum dicunt."

The Pilosi are the hairy, terrestrial Elves; the Scotch Brownie is still shaggy, and in Wolf-dieterich the rauche Els is expressly represented.

The Gallie name, Dusii, is met with two centuries before, in Saint Augustin de civ Dei, c. 23, demones, quos Duscios Galli nuncupant; from whom Isidor, perhaps, copied this remark, a Hinemar, subsequently from one of them, in his de divortio Lotharii, p 654, and Gervase, i 969. They say that women had entered into a familiar intercourse with these spirits. The explanation of Incubo by Faunus, which is likewise taken from Augustine, shows how we must understand Faunus in the passage in Cassian: Vide incubo in preceding quotation from Petronius.

3. A passage in Ducange (v. aquaticus) from the Cod. Reg. 5600, written about the year 800:

"Sunt aliqui rustici homines, qui credunt aliquas mulicres, quod vulgum dicitur, strias esse debeant et ad infantes vel pecora nocere possint, vel dusiolus vel aquaticus vel geniscus esse debeat."

The Dusii, therefore, are conceived to be little spirits; and it is proved by the contrast with the others mentioned, that they are wood or domestic spirits; for we are, no doubt, to understand by squatters a Nix, but by gesiscus (from genius, Alp) a real Elf, or spirit of light; both words contain literal translations. (Hinemarus remensis, opp Paris, 1645. T. i. p 654, calls lamin, sive geniciales femina.) They injure children by substituting changelings in their room; and the Soutch tradition expressly says that they do the same with animals.

4 Monachus Sangullens (died B86) de Carolo M. (Bouquet, v. p. 116):

"Detacn, qui dactur larva, cui cure est ludicris hommum illusionabus vacare, fecit consuctudinem ad anjustiani taliri ferrarii domum (in Francia que dicitor antiqua) venire pet er noctes malleis et incudibus ludicre. Cumque pater ille familias signo salutatore crucis se suaque muntre conarctur, respondit pal sus "mi computer, si non impedicris me in officina taa jocari, appene his pontiunculam tuam et quantite plenam invenies illam. Tum miser ille plus penurum metuem corporalem,

quam aternam anima perditionem, fecit jum suasionem adversarii. Qui adsumpto pragrandi flascone cellarum bromii vel ditis illius, irrumpens, rapina perpetrata, reliqua in pavimentum duest permisit. Camque jam tali modo plurima cuba exinanitæ fussent animadvertens episcopus quie demonum fraude periissent, benedicta aqua cellam adspersit et invecto crucis signaculo tutavit. Nocte autem facta furis antiqui callidus satelles cum vasculo suo venit et cum vinaria vasa propter impressionem sanctæ crusis non auderet attingere, nec tamen ei liceret exire, in humana specie repertus et a custode domus alligatus, pro fure ad supplicium productus et ad palum cesus, intercædendum hoc solum proclamavit : * væ mihi * 🕶 mihi! quia potiunculam compatris mei perdidi ""

The domestic spirit is evidently described here; and the whole story, which may well be a thrusand years old, is so exactly in the spirit of those now current, that we might believe it was taken from them. He is called large, that is, work, schrat, as the above-quoted old glosses translate it; as in Isider. Pilosus; like the wight, he appears in the human figure. He comes in the night, plays with the smith's tools, in the same manner as the Cluricaune hammers, and like the subterraneous beings is heard at work. An attachment follows this; and he makes a present of a

pitcher of wine which is never empty, in order to promote the interest of the house, in the same manner as the Kobold. He makes no conscience of stealing the wine elsewhere, as the Irish Cluricanne goes by night into the well-stored cellar, and, in order to exercise justice according to his notions, lets the wine run out of the casks to punish the coretous.

5. Odericus Vidalis (born in England in 1075; lived in Normandy). Hist. Eccl. v. p. 556.

"Deinde Taurinus fanum Dianæ intravit Zabulonque coram populo visibilem adstare coegit, quo
viso ethnica plebs valde timuit. Nam manifeste
apparuit eis Ethnops niger et fuligo, barlam habens
prolixam, et semtilhas igneas ex ore mittens. Deinde
angelus Dei splendidus ut sol advenit cunetisque
cernentibus ligatis a dorso manibus da monem
addusit. Dæmon adhue in cadem urbe degit it in
vario frequenter formis apparens, neminem lædit.
Hune volgus Gobelinum appellat, et per merita
S. Taurini ab humana læmone corretum usque hoc
affirmat"

6. Positiontiale, in a Vienna MS, of the twelfth century (Cod. Univ. 633). The composition is probably older

Fol. 12. " Fecisti puerdes arcus parvulos et puerorum sutularia, et projecusti esa in cellarium, sive în horreum ut satyri vel palosi cum eis ibi

PART 111.

jocarentur et tibi aliorum bona comportarent, et inde ditior ficres."

As the domestic wights are little; children's toys are placed for them in the cellar or burn, their usual haunts: a how, in order that they may discharge little arrows at men, and tease them, as they otherwise do with small pebbles; for the dangerous Elf-bolt of the Scotch tradition hath doubsless its counterpart in one that is harmless. A pair of child's shoes, which are the Sutularia; (Notker, Capella, 16, 37. suftelare, peterus, mbtelare, what is tied under the foot They were worn only in the night, and in summer. See Da Cange); for the wights love articles of dress above all things. The master of the house does this, that the sly Kobold may secretly steal something (generally provisions) from others, and bring it to him, for wherever he takes up his abode there is abundance of every thing.

7. Radevicus (in the twelfth century) De Gestis
Frid. 1. 1. ii c. 13, mentions the omens which
preceded the burning of the church at Freisingen,
among others:

" Pilosi, quos Satyros vocant, in domibus plorumque auditi."

The Kobold is heard knocking in the houses as a warning, in the same manner as the wights announce a death to the mountaineer (Deut. Sag.

No. 47), and as the Domestic Spirits presage an impending evil.

8. Here we must place the passages quoted in the preceding sections, from Gervase of Tilbury, whose Otia Imperialia was written in the thirteenth century; in which the belief in the existence of the Brownie, Changeling, and Nightmare, is related in perfect conformity with existing traditions.

9. In conclusion, we quote a legend of the Domestic Spirit, which is in a Heidelberg Codes (No 341, f. 371, 372), and the contents, perfectly agreeing with the still current traditions, are as remarkable as the manner in which it is told is agreeable. The MS is of the fourteenth century, the poem in all probability still older, and composed in the thirteenth century. Respecting the source of this tale, it seems most natural to assume, that a German had heard the tale in the North, or that a travelling Norwegian related it in Germany.

The king of Norway wishes to make the king of Deumark a present of a tame white lieur. The Norseman who conducts him thither stops in a village on the road, and bega a lodging for the night of a Dane. He does not refuse him, but complains to the stranger that he is not master of his house, because a spirit terments him in it.

mit niht' ich daz ervarn kan swaz creatiuren ez si. sin hant ist swär' alsam ein bli: wen ez erreichet mit dem slageez slät in, daz er vellet nider. sin gestalt unt siniu gelider diu moht ich leider nie geschen, wan daz ich des vürwar muoz jehen unde sage ez in ze wunder, daz ich gevriesch nie kunder sò stark noch sò gelenke: tische, stuele unde benke die sint im ringe alsam ein bal; ez wirfet ûf unde ze tal die schüzzeln unde die töpfe gar, ez rumpelt stäte vür sich dar, ovenbrete unt ovensteine, körbe, kisten algemeine, die wirfet ez hin unde her. ez gêt ot allez daz entwer waz ist in dem hove min .

Upon this, he had quitted the house with all his servants, choosing rather to build a hut in the

Its hand is as heavy as lead; whoever it reaches with its blow, it strikes so hard that he falls to the ground. Its form and its limbs I have unfortunately never seen. I must tell you for truth that I never knew a spirit so strong or so nimble; tables, chairs, and benches it tosses like a ball; it throws about all the dishes and pots; it rattles every thing before it, oven stones and boards, baskets and all the chests: in short, it breaks to pieces every thing that is in my house.

fields. The Norseman, who had only to stop in the house for that night, takes up his quarters in the kitchen, roasts his meat at the fire, and is quite merry; at length he lays himself down to sleep. The bear, who has also finished his meal, and is tired with his journey, stretches himself by the fire-side.

do na der guote man gelec unde slåfes nåch der muede pslac unt ouch der muede ber entslief, hoeret, wie ein schretel dort her lief, daz was kûme drier spannen lanc, gein dem viure es vaste spranc. cz was gar cislich getan, unde hät ein rötez keppel an. daz ir die wärheit wizzet, ez hät ein vicisch gespizzet an cinen spix focula, den truoc ex in der hende sin. daz schretel ungehiure sich sazte zuo dem viure unde briet sin vielsch durch lipnar, unz ez des bern wart gewar ez dahte in sinem sinne: waz tuot dix kunder hinne ? cz ist sù griuliche getán ! unde sol ez bi dir hie bestån, dú muost sin libte schaden nemen; nein, blibens darf ez niht gezemen. ich han die andern gar verjaget, unde bin ouch such niht a) verzeget, cz muoz mir ramen diz gemach. nitlich' ez úf den bern sach, ez meh et der unt ellez der, selest erwae ez sich sin gar

unde gap dem bern einen siec mit dem spizze úf den nac. er rampf sich unde grein es an, dar Schretel sprane von im hinden unde briet sin vicischel vürbuz, unz des ez wart von smalze nez, dem bern ez aber einez siuoc, der ber im aber das vertruoc. er briet sin vleise wir sich dar une das es rehie wart gewar, das nú der brûte súsete, unt in der hitze brüsete. den spiz ez mit dem brâten zoch vaste Af über daz houbet hich, daz boese tuster (or custer?) ungeslaht sluoc az aller siner maht den mueden bern über das mül. nú was der ber doch niht sò vúl. er vuor uf unde lief ex an .

 Now when the good man laid down and enjoyed sleep after his fatigue, and the wearied bear was also alceping. hark! how a Schretel, scarce three spans high, comes running along, and goes up quickly towards the fire. It was dressed quite cislich (Elfish?) and wore a red cap. That you may know the truth, he had put a piece of meat upon an iron spit, which he was carrying in his hand. The Schretel monster sat down near the fire, and roasted his meat; and when he perceived the bear, he said within himself: "What does this creature here? It is so hideously dressed! And if it should remain here with thee, thou mightest easily receive some hurt. No, troth! it shall not abide here. The others I have scared away, and I am not so cowardly but it shall guit this room for me!" With arxious look he gazed upon the bear, he looked all round; at length he roused himself, and gave the hear a blow upon the neck with the spit. The bear raised himself and grinned upon him; the Schred Jemyed from him.





A scene of scuffling and scratching now commences between the bear and the Schretel; the bear growls so loud that his master awakes, and in his terror creeps into the oven:

> nú bízá bíz, nú ikmmá lim ! nú kratzá kratz, nú krimmá kr'm ! sie bizzen unde lummen sie krazten unde krummen.

The combat is for a long time uncertain; at length, however, the bear is victorious, and the Schretel suddenly disappears. The bear, quite fatigued and hurt, lies down on the ground and rests his wearied limbs. Early in the morning the Norseman creeps out of the oven, takes leave of the Dane, who is surprised to see him alive, and then continues his journey with his bear. Meantime the Dane is preparing his plough:

ze acker er damite giene, er mente sin ohsen, hin treip er, nú lief daz Schretel dorther unde trat ob im üf einen stein, mit bluote wären sinin bein

and continued to roast his meat; and when it was well basted he gave the bear a blow; but Bruin bure it patiently: he continued roasting his meat; and when he saw that it began to his and froth, he lifted the meat on the spit over his head, and with all his might struck the bear across his smout. Now the bear was not so lasy; he sprang up and ran at him.

berunnen Af unt ze tal, sin libel daz was überal zekratzet unde zebizzen. zezerret unde zerrizzen was sin keppel daz ez truoc. ez rief eislich' unt lute genuoc. unde sprach dem bumanne zuo, ez rief wol dristunt; " hörest duz du? hörest duz du? hörest duz jedoch? lebet din gröze katze noch ?" er luoget uf unde sach ez an, sus antwurt' im der buman: " ja, ja, min gröze katze, dir ze trutze unt ze tratze lebet sie, dû bösez wihtel, noch: sam mir daz ölisel unde daz joch! vümf jungen sie mir hint gewan, die sint schoene unde wolgetan laucsitic, wiz unde herlich, der alten katzen alle gekich." " vümf jungen ?" sprach daz Schretelin. " ja, sprach er, uf die triune min, louf hin unde schöuwe sie, dû ne gesache sò schöner katzen nie, besich doch, ob es war si." " pft dich! sprach daz Schretel, pft! sol ich sie schouwen, we mir wart, nein, nein, ich kom niht uf die vart, sint ir nû schse worden, sie begunden mich ermorden. din eine tät mir è sò wé, in dinen hof ich niemer me kom, die wile ich han min leben." din rede kam dem bûman eben, daz Schretel så vor im verswant, der búman kérte heim sehant,

in cinen hof such er eich wider unde was då mit gemache eider, er unde ein wip unt einen kint, din lebeten då mit prouden eint.

It is remarkable that the Schrat comes in the night to the fire to coast ment, as this agrees with what Gervase of Tilbury says in the passage before quoted: The wights came in the night to the fire, where they roasted frogs, and then are them. The Schretel has rendered his house in-

" He went with it to his field and drove his ozen before him. Now the Schretel can that way, and stepped before him upon a stone, his legs were all hestiseared with blood, his body was all over scratched and bitten, and the cap he wore was numpled and torn. He called out like an Elf, and loudly mough, said to the farmer, " Dust thou hear? Does thou bear ! Thus then hear, fellow? In the great rat still alive?" He turned and looked at it, and thus the farmer answered him, "Yes, yes, toy great cal, to spite thee, is still alive, shou evil wight ! To day she has had five kittens, which are all fine and handsome, white and beautiful, all like the old eat."-" Five hittens "" ears the Schreibin. " hes I by my both; run and look at them, you never saw finer kettens in all your life, go and ser if it is true "-" No, indeed," says the mehrerel, " no, if I were to look at them it would be the worse for me-to, no, I shall not go there. Now there are its of them-thet might tourder me t the one burt me so much that I will never go into your house again so long as I live " This was just what the farmer washed to hear, the believed variabed, the farmer teturned have immediately, took up his bode again in his house, where he dwell in safety; he and his wife and children lived there happuly.

Grendel did the castle to the Danish king, who like him was delivered from his tormenter by a strange hero. Grendel, too, always carried on his tricks during the night. In this point of view it cannot be overlooked that many of our majern nursery tales, in which some brave traveller clears the place where he takes up his abode for the night, of ghosts and goblins, is founded on the same idea. In the morning the owner manifests the same surprise that his guest had escaped with his life; sometimes, also, the wanderer is attended by an animal which, as in this case the bear, decidetly terminates the affair against the spirits.

15. ELFIN ANIMALS.

It is believed in the Farce islands, that large and fat sheep and cows, belonging to the fairnes, feed invisibly among the other cattle, and that one of them, or one of their dogs, is sometimes seen. This superstition prevails in Iceland. Their herds are not supposed to be numerous, but very productive; they show themselves only when they please. In Norway, the Huldre drive cattle before them, which are as blue as they are themselves. In Germany, too, they relate stories of a blue Elfin Cow, who knew beforehand it an enemy was approaching, and pointed out to the people

Eilsen, p. 7). In Sweden, the Sea-woman drives more white cattle to posture in the salands and on the brach (Schwed. Volksl. iii 148), and the Elfin nymphs, in a certain song (Ibid. iii. 171 and 173) promise twelve white oxen.

The Scotch legend respecting the Elfin bull is circumstantial, though certainly very ancient, as it must have been known in Iceland as early as the larginning of the thurteenth century, as appears from the Hyrbyggia Saga (chap. 63), which is of that date. A cow was missing, and people pretended that they had seen her in the pasture with an ox which had the colour of a gray horse (apalgrdr), and which obviously answers to the mouse-coloured bull of the Scotch tradition. During the winter, she suddenly returns to the stable, and towards the summer she has a bullcalf, which is so exceedingly large, that she dies in calving. An old blind woman, who had when young the gift of " second sight," on hearing the calf bellow, exted out, " This is the bellowing of m Elf, and not of a living creature; you will to well to kill it instantly !" She again repeats her morrison, which, however, on account of the beauty of the animal, is not attended to. It grows very strong, and coars in a frightful manner, and when four years old, it kills with its horns the master of the house, and then jumps into a lake.

In Germany, too, the Elf-bull appears to have been known. It is related in Simplicissimus (book v. chap. 10), that as some herdsmen were tending their cattle near the Mummel See (that is, the Lake of the Waternixen, for they are called Muhmen, Mummeln, as the female land Elfs Roggenmuhmen, vide No. 89), a brown bull had issued from it, and joined the rest of the cattle; a Waternixe immediately followed to bring him back; to whom he paid no regard, till the latter wished he might have all the misfortunes of men if he refused, upon which both returned into the water. We must compare with this the Irish tradition of the cow with the seven beifers. and the Swiss legend of the spectre animal which ravaged the Alps, and could only be tamed by a bulk trained for the purpose. (Deut. Sag. No. 142.)

16. WITCHES AND SORCERESSES.

We conclude these remarks with the following, which immediately result from them. The below in fairies and spirits prevailed over all Europe long before the introduction of Christonity. The teachers of the new faith endeavoured to abolish the deeply-rooted heathenish ideas and customs of the people, by representing them as sinful and connected with the devil. Hence many originally pleasing fables and popular amusements gradually assumed a gloomy, mixed, and dubous description.

Not that the heathenish belief was without the contrast of evil: the northern mythology has beings which are not smiable, particularly females who ride out by night to do mischief, to excite storms and tempests: they were not unknown in Germany *.

The people too could never be fully wenned from the innocent notions of their ancient opinions;

The following Glossen refer to this place: Gl. Vindob. Lemin: Advances and holomore. Gl. Tree 70° holomia, lamin Gl. Landenbrog 200° lamin had many Gl. Flor 288° holomia, tenna—Gl. Die 210° holomia, wilder nip, lamin. Marja scenes to signify the serraming, bellowing, lowing. Tradit Fuldens in 544, somme, milders unle, a place. The engil E%, who endowmers to entire Welfdestich, and throws a charm over him, appears to be such a savage woodstyrapts. In the Kalotice Codes, we find the following passings, p. 261, 262.

O we do nabalde,
estress in his mit guide
graveret und lehangen !
es iet die und ingangen
ich und des weren en her
du seldest follscher
fil de holm wern,
(due ten holtens antwortet :)
f.h han kenn unhelde *,

• O was ' thou sorreros.

Don't hou sit here sdomed

And hang about with gold '
Thou hast lover very prospersua!

(The accused replace :)

I am to serveros.

and, as we have endeavoured to show, acattered features and images of heathenism were imperceptibly adopted in the legends, usages, and fastivals of the Christian church. On the whole however, a gloom has been cast in the minds of the people over their ideas and opinious of them ancient traditions. To a dread of incorporcal beings, that of the sinful and diabolical has been added. They avoid the good people as one would shun a heretic; and, perhaps, much of what distinguishes heretics has for that reason been ascribed to the fairies; for instance, abstaining from cursing and swearing. The dances on the Brecken, these around the fire on Midsummer Eve, were nothing more than festivals of the Elves of light they have been transformed into hideous, devilish dances of witches; and the ringsin the meadow-dew, formerly ascribed to the light footsteps of the fairies, are now attributed to this cause. The beings, too, which were formerly believed to be kind and gracious, are become odious and inimeal, though the ancient name expressive of good qualities still subusts here and there (in Hesse and Thuringia, Dame Holle of whom they have made the mere idol-like Dame Venus). All stories of witches have something

The oldest ordinances against witches are thex Salten, es. 07. Lex Largob, L. a. etc. xi. cap. 9. Caroli M. Cape al. de partibus Sazonue, cap. 5. Vide a particularly remarkable

dry and monotonous; only the lees of the old fancy They are sterile and joyless, like witchcraft itself, which leaves those who practise it pour and indigent, without any worldly compensation for the loss of their souls Cervantes mys (Perules, it. B), " The witches do nothing that leads to any object." Yet we see how accurately that which the tortured imagination of these unhappy persons can confess, leads through so troubled a stream to the fountain of the fairy legends . The witches dance in the inlence of night, in crossroads, seeluded mountains, and woodland pastures. If an uninstated person approaches, if he utters a sacred name, every illusion vanishes. The cock crowing (the break of day) interrupts the assembly (Remigua Damonolatria, German trans Francfort, 1596, vm p. 121). Like the Elves they have no salt or broad at their meals (Idem, p. 126). (Actenmonge Hexen Processe (Trials of Witches), Eichstadt, 1811. p. 32). The Druden Shut is the Elf-bolt, on Pridays the Drud hears the most ocutely. In the night the witches ride with great velocity through the air on animals, or inanimate

passage in Region, Ecrl. Herapl. Ith. 2, a 364. See Mone on Heatherston, 2, 124, who were the thing in the proper light.

The ancient appullation still occurs here and there. In the Law termina Romance of Malagia (Hestelberg Mrt. f. 118.) the accesses is expressly called the Elfa.

sticks and forks, invigorated with magic ointment. in the same manner as the Irish Cluricaune redet on a reed; whoever has accompanied them, unperceived by them, requires days and weeks to return home. They brew tempests in pots, till a hailstorm arrives and beats down the corn, as the French popular story relates of Oberon, that he made storms, rain, and hail; or the Servian Vile gathers clouds (Wuk, i. No. 323). Their look, the squeeze of their hand, affects cattle, less frequently men, but oftenest little children. Almost every confession of such actions must be founded on a real event, the thousand-fold natural causes or motives of which were overlooked. But it was not the people so much as the judges who were exasperated against the witches. One trial led to another; and why should the frightful number of witches have lived in the sixteenth, seventeenth, and first half of the 18th century in a little tract of country, in a small town where sorcerers were before as little heard of as in our days? The intercourse with the evil spirit.

^{*} He is called Meister Hemmerlein (Remignis, for cit. p. 181-240, 280, 298, 35tt 357-468, 448) exactly as the meantain spirit (Deut Sag. t. 3). Has this any minimum with the Hamtocrim of Zurich (horn 1389)? See John Moller, 3, 164, 4, 290, and Kirchhoter's Provirbs, p. 79. Or is Hamtocri a much older name for Devil and Euchanne? See Freich under Hammerlein: Poltergeist, Erdschmallein, Klapfer,

of which they were accused, is no more than what the earlier traditions relate of the connexions of the fairies of both species with mankind. The penal laws of those times (revived and confirmed by the bull of Innocent VIII. in 1484), according to Charles V. Criminal Code (coc. 109) enacted cruel water ordeals, the torture, and burning alive; and many thousands suffered death, all innocent of the imputed impossible crimes. The merciless error may be excused, if it can, by the circumstance that most of the condemnations appear to have fallen upon women of bad character, and otherwise deserving of punishment. It is not in all countries that an insignificant superstition of the people has exercised such a dreadful influence; it was a fearful parody of real life on the system of the invisible world founded on ancient poetry.



ADDITIONS TO THE AUTHORITIES.

From the Manuscript Communication of Dr. Wilhelm Grimm.

HOLLAND.

In those districts where the dwellings of the white women are found, the inhabitants are unaaimously heard to declare, that frightful apparttions had appeared in the neighbourhood; that there had been frequently heard within woeful cries, grouns, and lamentations of men, women, and children, that by day and night people had been fetched to women in labour, that these spirits foretold to superstitious men their good or bad fortune, that they were able to give information respecting stolen, lost, or mislaid effects, who the guilty were, &c.; and the inhalatants behaved to them with great respect, as recognising something divine in them; that some of the people who had, on certain occasions, been into their dwellings, had seem and heard incredible things, but did not dare to tell of them at the peril of their life, that they were more active than any creatures, that they were always dressed in white, and were therefore not called the white scomes, but merely the solites. Picard's Antiquities of Drenthe, p. 46.

PINNLAND.

Para, a kind of goblin among the Finns, is borrowed from the Swedes, who call him Bjara; he steads the milk from strange cows, drinks it, or carries it into the churn. If a certain fungus (Mucor unctuosus flavus, Lin.) is bailed in tar, talt, and sulphur, and beaten up with a whip, the owner of the Goblin appears, and intercedes for him.

The Alp is known under the name of Painajoines (the presser) It resembles a white nymph,
illumines the whole chamber with its brightness,
and presses upon the breast of the sleeping person,
who screams out and laments; it likewise hurts
children, and causes them to squint, and may be
expelled by a steel or a broom placed under the
pillow

The house goblin Tonttu, from the Swedish Tomtgubbe, is also common in Finnland. Ruh's Finnland, p. 304, 305.

LITTINIA.

Swektes jumprators literally, hely virgins), according to the Lavonian superstition, are certain

invisible spirits and goblins, which, during the night, do all the spinning, sewing, grinding, and threshing. Stender Livonian Grammar, p. 146.

ARMENIA.

Nichehr (Travels, ii. 399) on his journey to Diarleck, heard of a sweeping spirit in the Armenian convent of Kara Klise. The bishop had cast him out of a person possessed, and condemned him to sweep every night the church, the cells of the priests, the kitchen, and the hearth, and to remove the rubbish.

AFRICA.

Mumbo Jumo is the Man Rupert, among the Mandingos; he has a magic wand. See Mungo Park.

The Cadi of Sennaar asked me with an air of great importance, " if I knew when Hagage Maginge would come? What my books said on the subject, and whether they agreed with theirs?" I answered, " that I could not say any thing, as I did not know what was contained in their books." Upon this he said, " Haginge Maginge are little people of the size of bees or these of Sennaar. They issue from the earth in countless numbers, have two chiefs, who ride on an ass, the hairs of which are all pipes, each of which plays a par-

ticular air. Those persons, however, who hear and follow them, they carry with them into hell.

James Bruce, v. ii,

LOWER BRETAGNE.

In the neighbourhood of Morlaix, the people are afraid of evil spirits and genu, whom they call Tearst; they believe that one of them, Tearsapouliet, goes about, and appears to them under the form of a domestic animal.

They say, that previous to a death, a hearse which they call carriquet an nankan) covered with a white cloth, and drawn by skeletons, is seen, and the creaking of the wheels is heard before the house in which a sick person is to die.

They are convinced that below the castle of Morlaix there are a great number of little men, a foot high, who live in subterraneous holes, where they may be heard walking about and playing with cymbals. The mountain dwarfs are the guardians of secret treasures, which they sometimes bring up, and allow every one who finds them to take a handful, but on no account any more; for if any one attempted to fill his pockets, he would not only see the gold instantly vanish, but also be punished by having his cars boxed by innumerable javisible hands.

The people of Lower Bretagne still entertain

great dread of other spirits and demons, which are said to interfere in many human affairs. Then are, for instance, Sand Yan y tad (Suint John and his father), who carry by night five lights at their fingers' ends, and make them go round with the rapidity of a wheel; it is a kind of ignis fatuus.

Other spirits skim the milk. A malignant wind, acel fal, ravages the country.

Among the ruins of Treemalsouen dwell the Courils, dwarfs of a malovolent disposition, and in some measure magicians, who are very fund of dancing. They have their nocturnal meetings amidst the Druide' stones, and dance, lesp, and caper in regular time. Woe to the shepberd who has the temerity to approach them! he is obliged to join in their dance, and hold out till the cock-crowing. Many have been found dead on the following morning through gaddiness and exhaustion Woo to the damsels who come near the Courtle! Nime months afterwards something new takes place in the house; the birth of a young screerer, who is not indeed a dwarf, but to whom the malicious spirits give the features of a young villager; so great is their power and subtilty.

Wicked fairies, known by the name of the nonturnal washer-women (cur cuancrez nez), appear on the shore and invite passengen to assist them in rinsing the linen of the dead. If a person refuses, or does it against his inclination, they draw him into the water and break his arms.

In many houses they never sweep the rooms after sunset, that they may not, with their broom, injure the dead, who walk about at that time; a single blow would stritute them, and he attended with serious consequences. On All Saints' Day in particular, the house is supposed to swarm with them; their number is like the sand on the sea-shore.

In order to find the corpus of a drowned person they fasten a burning light to a bont, and let it swim on the water; where it stops, the dead person ties.

The sea-nymphs, too, have been seen by many thousand fishermen. They excite the most violent sumposts, and from them there is no deliverance except by prayer and invocation of the Patron Saint.

They consult the birds whether they shall marry, and how old they are in he. They count how after the cock crows before midnight: if it is an even number of times, the wife dies; if an odd number, the husband.

They believe that, on Christmas Eve, no ruminsting domestic animal gues to sleep, that they consult on the life and death of the inmates of the house, and for this reason they give them a double share of food.

If the dogs bark in the night, it is a presage of death.

They observe hereditary customs in cases of sickness and pregnancy, steep the body-linen in consecrated water, watch by the dead to keep off the evil spirits, make pilgrimages to our Lady der Portes, and pass the hand over her garments; the rustling and shining of which is an indication of serene days and a plentiful harvest.

In the neighbourhood of Vannes, there is a very popular belief in a spirit of colossal stature. He is called Tens or Bugelaoz, and never shows himself but between midnight and two o'clock. His garments are white, and his office is to disappoint Satan of his prey. He then spreads his mantle over the victim which the evil one is about to fetch. The latter, who has to come across the sea, cannot long bear the presence of the good spirit; he sinks again, and the spirit vanishes.

From the Journal Der Gesellschafter, 1836. No. 36, where the authority is not mentioned. See also Legonider Dictionn. Celtobreton. vocalus : erchouere, ankelcher, bugelnoz, boudik, gobilin, korr, korrik.

MISCRLLANEOUS.

On the goblins of the Romans, V. Plautus Aulularia, Prolog.

> Nequis miretar, qui sim, pancis elequar Ego lar sum fomiliarie; ex hac familia Unde me excuntem me aspexistis.

I have communicated a Norwegian fairy tale from the verbal narrative of a friend, to the Marchen Almanach of Wilhelm Hauff for 1827. Stuttgard.

Some particulars relative to the Servian Vile may be found in Wesely Serbische Hochseit lieder Pest. p. 17, 1286.

From the Farce songs of Lyngbye, Randers, 1822, we may learn something from the Liede von Quartin respecting the nocturnal orgies and occupations of the dwarfs. I have reviewed this book in the Gotting, gelehr, Anxeigen, 1824. No. 143, p. 14—17.

In the ancient Noricum (the modern Tyrol, Salaburg, Stiria, and Carinthia) there is a very popular belief in a Schrauel, the poevish mountain spirit; in an Alp spirit Dominadel, in the terrific Perchte, which announces a death; in the spirit Buts, which causes people to go astray; in the Dusel, Klaubauf, Lotter, Bartel, which creep into lonely houses and steal children; in the Klage, the

most dreadful and terrific image of inexorable destiny, the playing wood-women, and other spirits of meadows, springs, and fountains. These beings are generally invisible, but oftentimes appear to men. Muchar Röm. Norikum. Grätz, 1826, ii. 37.

Respecting the Wendischen dwarfs (they are called Berstue, Markropet, and Kolik) see Masch Obotritische Alterthimer, iii. 39. Wiener Jahrbiicher der Litteratur.



THE MABINOGION,

AND

FAIRY LEGENDS

07

WALES.



The was set downe, for cames more than one,
The weeld believen, no more than it both sence:
When things lye dead, and tyme is past and gone,
Blynd people say, it is not so we were.
It is a tale decade to picase the care
More for delight of toyes, then truth to bears:
But these that think, thus may a fable be
To author's good, I wand them here from my."

CHURCHYARD's WORTHINGS OF WALES.



The compiler of this work having been favoured with several original communications respecting the Legends of Wales, which he found it impossible to interweave with the notes of the former volumes, has arranged them in the following pages; as in many cases they afford striking illustrations of the legends current in Ireland.

The notice of the Mabinogion is chiefly derived from the kind assistance of Dr. Owen Pughe, who, besides the information conveyed in the introductory letter, placed in the hands of the compiler his manuscript translation of these romances, and with permission to make extracts. In availing himself of such flattering liberality, the compiler sincerely hopes that by more fully explaining to the public the nature of the Mabinogion than could be done within the limits of a prospectus, he may assist rather than injure the learned doctor's

subscription list. And as expressing his own sentiments, he will repeat the words of the Editor of the Cambro Britain, in his prefatory address to Dr. Pughe on the appearance of the second volume of that work:

" By a translation of the Mabinogion,

 In 1825, Dr. Owen Pughe issued the following proapectus for the publication of the Mahmogrou, so soon as subscribers should be obtained sufficient to defray the expense of printing:

"In three volumes, demy octavo, price 2L in boards; fifty copies will be on large superfine paper, price 4L. The Madinogion; or, the Ancient Romanics of Wales, in the original language, and a literal translation into English. By W. Owen Pughe, LL.D. P.A S.

"A general introduction, containing a review of the literature of Wales, in the early ages, will be prefixed; and each of the tales will be illustrated by such allusions as occur in the works of the bards, and other memorials.

"It is presumed, by the editor, that these interesting acmains of Braish lore will be considered a valuable acquisition by the literary world exhibiting a faithful and unique particular of the ancient manners and customs that prevailed among the Cymmry, through the modelle ages. They may also assist in deciding a long chapted quarter temperature the origin of all tales of a similar character diffused over Europe, and form an important accession to the cur ous and valuable illustrations of the subject, clasted by the learned remarches of Ellis, in The early English Romances."

"Names of subscribers received by Messis. Lewis and Aiston, 30, Bishopsgate-Screet; Mr. Jones, 50, Long Acres Mr. Ellis, 2, John-Street, Oxford-Street; Mr. H. Hughes, 15, 8t. Martin's-le-Grand; and by the Editor, Denbugh." eient remains, you will not only impose on your country a lasting obligation, but you will enrich in an essential degree the literary treasures of Europe. There may be other departments of learning more useful, but there is none more generally attractive than that in which the genius of romance has painted the fantastic splendours of her visionary reign. And among the numerous ancient productions of this nature, there are few, if any, that excel in interest the juvenile romances of Wales."

A gentleman, who is unknown even by name to the compiler, has furnished him with some of the subsequent remarks on the romantic and chivalrons tales of the Welsh. And to a lady (whose name he would feel proud in being allowed to mention) he is indebted for the extensive oral collection of tales. That lady thus prefaced her communications:

"The subject of Welsh fairies is one which interests me much, but the opportunities of conversing with story-tellers are few, the race being now almost extinct in Wales. The increase of wealth, the intercourse with enlightened Sazons, the improvement of roads, and the

progress of education, have nearly banished the fair family.' However, I have the good fortune to inhabit a romantic valley in Glamorganshire, and am acquainted with some old secluded mountaineers who speak no language but their own, and who inherit the superstition of their ancestors. They see the fairies—they hear their enchanting music, and sometimes join in their merry dances. They are also familiar with ghosts and strange noises, behold supernatural lights, and always foretel death by certain signs. I am sorry to add, too, that my country folk have frequent communications with 'the old gentleman,' who visits them in all possible shapes and places. A favourite spot is near a Roman road on one of the hills behind this house, where it is supposed treasure is hidden .

"The stories which I send are deficient in the charm of national idiom, as they are trans-

In a subsequent letter the fair writer ways 1—" Manna wantembers a meeting of twenty preachers assembled on a hall not far from this, to combat the wicked spirit who had entired so many to sinful practices, by tempting them with bars of gold, which were dug up near a Roman causeway called Sam Helen. A farmer, a tenant of ours, who became suddenly tich, was commonly supposed to have sold himself to the evil one."

lations from the Welsh; but I have endenroured to imitate as closely as possible any peculiarities of phraseology, and in some instances have preserved the expressions in the original."

To the materials thus derived the compiler has added several fairy tales from printed sources, which are acknowledged; and on the entire he has appended notes, gleaned from various authorities. Even on this limited collection, like more extensive commentators, he has found these notes to exceed considerably his original intention; but he trusts that circumstance will not render them less acceptable. Although imperfectly qualified for the task, his aim has been to excite a general interest towards the more abstrase Legends of Wales. And in this endeavour he has been obliged in many instances to repeat particulars with which several readers must be familiar. He. however, preferred this fault to that of leaving any point, however trivial, unexplained.

The Ancient Bardic Poems and other remains, which are so frequently referred to, and quoted from, were collected and published by the Welsh Mecsense, Mr. Owen Jones, better known as "Honest Owen Jones, the Thames Street Furrier." This patriot printed at his own expense, in 3 vols. large 8vo., the Archaiology of Wales. 1st and 2d vols. in 1801: 3d vol. in 1807. A work which probably has preserved these curious remains from destruction, and certainly from oblivion.

The three volumes are spoken of by booksellers as " race," and at present sell in boards from ten to twelve guicens.



THE MABINOGION.

TO THE AUTHOR OF THE INISH FAIRY LEGENDS.

DEAR FIR,

I must leave to express to you, that I was greatly interested, by the perusal of the Irish Legends, at finding the fairy tales so generally and uniformly diffused over Britain and Ireland, for there appears a great similarity between those popular traditions, as preserved in the Emerald lale (Inverdions and in Wales, though in the latter country a great many have sunk into oblivious, which I used to listen to when young.

Among those in Wales, he lover golde, or, on the voice of the country, according to our common saying, the most deeply rooted in the public memory and most general are, "The Man who killed his Greybound," and the "Two prominent Oxen."

The first has found its way into the banks of tours to Wales, and been applied to Llywelyn, our last prince, but this is not warmined by the tradition, and a strong proof of its high antiquity is,

that Sir William Jones, in his "Institutes of Menu *," gives the tale literally the same, from Persian tradition. The tale is thus related: A family went out to work at the harvest, leaving an infant sleeping in a cradle, and a favourite greyhound in the house as a safeguard. The head of the family had occasion to return home, and on entering the house, he was alarmed at finding the cradle overturned, and the dog lying in a corner covered with blood, and also blood about the floor. The man immediately killed his dog, supposing that the animal had destroyed the child; but upon turning up the cradle, he discovered the child asleep, with the clothes about him, and a large serpent dead by his side. The man, when it was too late, found how inconsiderately he had destroyed the faithful guardian of his child, and hence comes the old proverb, " Edicared ag yer à ladhes ei vilgi " that is, as repentant as the man who killed his greyhound t.

Ments, in Welsh, is intellect, mind. Means med Triego which, the Son of the three tries, agreed in attributes with the Indian Menu. The latter gave the three Veiles, or the three revelations, and graceds in Welsh becomes words under many forms of construction, and is thus alcotted with the Samerit red.

[†] The comantic village of Beddgelart (the grave of the finiterance, in North Wales, is popularly said to be the acene of this legend, in which a wolf is substituted for the

The adventure of the two oxen, Ninio and Perbio, as drawing the crocodile out of the lake, is localized to several pools in Wales. There is

dog was Gelert or Ciliari, oddly enough anglicised into Kilf

"And till great Snowdon's rocks grow old And cease the starm to brave, The consecrated spot shall hold The name of 'Gelart's Grave,' "

The names of many places in Wales appear to be more obviously connected with the story. Thus Build Arthur (Arthur's table in Carmarthenahire, a druidscal research (see Orbana's Canden, col. 752), is likewise called Cheal v Filiat, the couch se Harri of the greyhound. There is a monament of the same kind, called also Grad y Filiat, in Glamorgan shire, another called Liech v Ort, the flat stone of the Dog in Cardigmahire. And in Mericoethshire, we find Figuresian Mora Malei, the apting of the greyhound's stone, a stream maning out of the side of Herwyn maintain.

This legend, although more romanur, bears some resemblance to that related in Irriand of Partholats, who, in a fit of paleury, bulled his wife's greyhound, which was called barner, and hence Into Somer, or the Dog's Isle, in Laugh Erne. Not for from Hence, in the county of Lamerick, the figure of a preyhound, middly eculptured on a rock, is pointed out by the peasantry with the tale, that the figure is in minory of a faithful dog, where his master had killed to a burst of passion.

The story of the prominent Oxen II (see bilining) of the axes having a prominence, probably iniffalors, drawing the four termining out of the lake of floods, is said to be a memorial of the Deluge. See the original Trieds in

one in Carnavoushire, and another in Denhighabire, and both are called Llyn day yearin, or the Pool of the two Oxen. I have formerly heard an old man (and probably the very last performer), playing upon the Cruth*, a singular piece of music, which imitated the lowing of the oxen, the clanking of their chains, &c. in drawing the unimal out of the lake.

Besides those legends, which were popularly recited, there is another remarkable class of tales

Arch, of Wales, and translation, with interesting remarks, in the Cambro Briton, 1820, vol. i. p. 127. Some currous particulars relating to this inquiry will also be found in the second volume of Bryant's "Analysis of Ancient Mythology," and Mr. Davies's Works.

These oxen belonged to Hu Gadern, or Hu the Mighty, respecting whom see the Notices collected by Dr. Owen Pughe, from the Triads, and published in the Cambro Rogana, 1818, vol. 11, p. 162, and an extremely regenous and lexical paper of the Cambro Briton, vol. 4, p. 59.

The Creeth, pronounced Crooth, was an matriment held by the Welsh next in estimation to the harp. It was on the principle of the violin, and had an strings, four of these were played with a bow, and the fifth and sixth, which served as a base, were struck with the thumb.

Crowder is still used in some districts of England for fiddler. The adventures of Crowdero in Hudibras are well known. Venortics Fortunates (I. via p 160, ed. Magnet 1617) in panegyrising the Dux Lupus, tells him that the British Chrotta sings him.

" Romanus que lyra plaudat tibi, barbarus barpa Gracus anhillata, checete Britanna canat."

or remances, which are preserved in ancient manuacripts *, but which in latter times have entirely passed away from public memory.

Their existence, however, has been made slightly known to the literary world within the last thirty years, by an announcement of their intended publication, but this has not hitherto been accomplished. I have lately renewed my intention of printing the originals, with a translation, in three volumes, by subscription, and as soon as a prospect of indemnity for the expense appears likely, the work will go to press.

The tales thus announced are known under the title of Mabinogios †, which implies matters interesting to youth.

An Account of the principal Collections of Welsh Manuscripts was communicated by Dr Owen Pughe to the Anti-quarter Secrety, and is published in the Archaeologia, sol. also p. 211—228. In this very valuable paper, the Doctor status, that having made a calculation, he is enabled to infer, that he personal upwards of thereen thousand poetical pieces in Welsh of catomic denominations (for the purpose of collecting words) in the course of about eighteen years, whilst capaged in our pring his Welsh dictionary.

† The We showed Mahn again (in the sengular Mahanagi) may be rendered by juverilia, and augustus any thing that apparture to youth. It is, however, commonly used in a limited acreptation, and understood to mean restain remounts between a comice for children, which were in farrier ages the sequilar legends of the country. These legends are countries

These are some of the most curious remains of the literature of Wales, composed and popularly recited at a period when that country enjoyed its own independent government. From the consideration of various circumstances recorded in our ancient manuscripts, it would appear that a recital of heroic achievements must have been conducted on a regular system, and that there was a class of persons under the appellation of Datgeinseid, or reciters, who peculiarly cultivated it as a means of support, under the sanction of the laws. At what time such a system originated, it would be difficult to determine, but that it had its source in the bardic institution, there can be little room to doubt.

Judging from all the evidence that can be adduced, it may be concluded that all the tales of the Mabinogion must have been put into the firm in which they are still preserved, at different periods anterior to the union of Wales with England under Edward I. in the year 1283.

alluded to under the name Vetoriou, or Tales, and Heavenows, or old storess.

To persons conversant with Welsh antiquities some instances of anachromam are evident in the Mabinistice; with respect to Pwyll himself, the hero of the first tale, in particular; and, therefore, no pretensions to exactness of date can be made. Tallesin, who flourished in the sixth century. The traditions forming the basis of the Mahinogion are so intimately blended with our early poetry, and are so completely its machinery, that the high antiquity of these tales admits of no question. Most of the real characters introduced in them are recorded in our historical memorials, and many of the places mentioned are still known, and hear the same names.

mentions several incidents in these tales; so also do the Welsh poets, who thousand in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries. Many of the personages and events in the Mahinegion are likewise mentioned in the Triads.

* In the tale of Payll, the real personages are Payll, Pryden, Terrosco, Tarr, Edivant, and Hybrid Hen. Rhianon, the Dynam Mayn, or Facry, is a mythological creature; and Arana, Haveau, and Gwanf mate (but are imaginary betogs.

Rhianors was a character in the bardie mythology, the song of whose turds so entranced any one who heard them, that they incented unconscious of years passing away. The name Rhianors in place the queen, or paragon of the fair sex; and the Webst parts complimented a lady for superior endowments by comparing her to filhianon:

44 Greenbrowne I Et poyd a cudowyd û prid Dyga circson Rhisma end 194

"Gwenhwyrar! Her countenance has been covered with carsb. severe the recollections of her having the gift of Rhianon."—Geroomy Covered 19003.

Arrent springs conquent one; Haven, the splendour of summer, ce summershape; and fewnyl mab (had means, light out of tracset.

The Mabinogion are divisible into three classes:
In the first class are to be included, Pwyll,
Prince of Dimetia; Bran's Expedition to Ireland*;
Manawydan's † Destruction of the Enchantment
that was over Dimetia; and The Magical Ad-

 See subsequent account of this Mahmogi; the events of which arise out of the tale of Pwyli.

† Manawydan is the brother of Bran, and one of the arrea who carried his head to London. The events of this tale are a continuation of the former, and its conclusion is the doing away of some spells or enchantments laid upon Departs, arising out of the events of the tale of Pwyll.

* "Neuro Denouoir, the seat of the Dimetian king, Whilst Cambria was herself full, strong, and faurishing," &c.

So sings old Drayton in his Poly-olbion.

The Dimens of Roman writers is called in Welsh Ityred, and, strictly speaking, denotes the modern country of Pernbroke t which last name of Pernbroke ta a corruption of the Welsh Penbro, or head land. Penbro and Dyved are epithem equally descriptive of the country; as the latter to place, the region of gliding waters, in allowan to the two charmle of Dau Cledau, which glide nearly through its which extent, and form the haven of Milliard. But according to the normal divisions of Wales, Ceredigion, or Cardiganshur, the Vale of Types and Guyr, or Gower, were often comprehended quite the name of Dyved, or Scripting. By the poets it was denominated Bro Ergit, Ter Prydert, and Gwind ye Had, the country of filiusion:

" Y mwysteen awenawl.... Hed yn pres i gwlad Eryk." ventures of Gwdion, under Math, the son of Mathonwy*. These four tales follow each other in

"Thou blackbird, abounding in melody—fly hastily to the country of Ecylt."—Dav. ab Gwligm. 1340.

" Clyw mi hav....

Hed treese i tir Englt

O permed gwled Gwyned gwyll."

" Hear me, summer—fly for me to the land Esylt, from the middle of the wild country of Gwyned."—The same.

" Gwen Eleri Gwlad Pryderi Yw gwraid deri Gwrd à tirir."

"Fair Eleri! the country of Pryderi is where the roots of mighty cake will be grounded."—L. Giyn. Coti. 1460.

" Dyved a somed o symud et maured Am eryr bro yr Hud."

- "Dyved has been disappointed from the removal of its dignity, for the eagle of the land of illusion."—Dar. ab Gurllym. 1350.
- This tale follows the preceding in connexion; but the incidents in it are distinct, so that it may be considered as a separate one. It opens with an embassy from Math, prince of Gwynedd (Venedotia) to Pryderl, the son of Pwyll, prince of Dyved (Dimetia). The ambassadors are twelve bards, with Gwydian, the son of Don, at their head, who had magic spells at command. The object was by means of rich presents to obtain a race of new animals, of which Pryderi had possession, and these were swine, being the first of the kind in the island. The sequent is refused; but Gwydian, by illusions, obtains

connexion, and abound with invisible agencies of various kinds, with many allusions to mythological persons and things of remote antiquity *.

The heroes of the next class are those who seek adventures to entitle them to the honour of being carolled among the knights of Arthur. These are, Owen, the son of Urien; Peredur, the son of Evrog; and Geraint, the son of Erbin. Trystan was the hero of another tale, to which many allusions are made by the bards; but of which not a Welsh copy is now to be found. To make amends, however, a version of it by Thomas of Ercildoune has been given to the world by Sir Walter Scott. This class has an identity of character with the romances of the middle ages, which are familiar from the elegant synopsis given of them by Ellis.

There are four other miscellaneous tales, which do not fall within the foregoing classes: These are, The Contention of Lludh and Llevelyst; The

the swine. Pryderi, in revenge, torndes Gywnedd: the consequence is the ruin of both counties; and the tale procunds with a series of spells often very fanciful and striking.

The originals of these four tales are preserved in the "Lighty Coch e Hergest," or Red Book of Hergest, in Jesus College, Oxford, pages 700, 726, 739, 751, and in the Hengwri library other copies are to be found.

† Lludh, son of Beli, was the father of Caswallawn (Cassivellaumus); he and Llevelys, his brother, are described play-

Dream of Maximus *; The Dream of Rhonabwy +, and The History of Taltesin.

Some tales, to which frequent references are made by the Welsh bards, will not be inserted in the edition of the Mubinogion, which I intend printing, as they are already before the public; such as the San-Greal and Morte Arthur, which were originally in Welsh, as may be seen by a fine copy of them at Hengwert, written in the thirteenth century. There are also Welsh copies of Sir Bevis of Hampton, and of Charlemagne. The latter tale may have been, as suggested by Leyden, originally composed in Brittany; and the author must have been well versed in British love, as the tale contains much of the mythology of Hu Gadarn, or Hu the Mighty.

I shall emclade this notice with giving two instances of the correctness of tradition, as corresponding with things related in the Mabino-gion.

ing at ball, which, with the events the game produced, and their reconcilements, forth the subject of this tale.—The original in the Real Book of Hergest, p. 705.

* The Dream of Maximus is concerning his elevation to power, and in it are narrared the incidents leading to its occomplishment.—The original in the Red Book of Horgant, p. 607

† The original will be found in the Red Book of Hargest, p. 555. The first is concerning Bronwen, the Aunt of Caractacus, who is said, in the tale of Brun, to have been buried on the banks of the Alaw, in Anglesea. There is an islet in that river still bearing the name of Ynys Bronwen, or the lale of Bronwen; and a friend of mine, with others, made a discovery there in the year 1813, which confirms in a very remarkable manner the historical truth whereon the tale of Bran is founded.

The particulars of the discovery were inserted by that indefatigable antiquary, Sir Richard C. Hours, in the Cambro Briton, vol. ii. p. 71. The following is an extract from that account:—" A farmer living on the banks of the Alaw having occasion for stones to make some addition to his farm-buildings, and having observed a stone or two peeping through the turf of a circular elevation on a flat not far from the river, was induced to examine it, when, after paring off the turf, he came to a considerable heap of stones, or carneds, covered with earth, which he removed with some degree of caution, and got to a cist formed of course flags, cauted and covered over. On removing the lid he

[&]quot; " Bedd petrual a wnaed t Brannen forch Lyr ar ton. Alaw at you y claddwyh ht."

[&]quot;A square grave was made for Bronwen, the daughter of Lyr, on the banks of the Alaw, and there she was burned."

found it contained an urn *, placed with its mouth downwards, full of ashes and half calcined fragments of lame."

This urn, with its contents, are now in the possession of Mr. Richard Llwyd, the author of Benumera Bay, and other Poems, and now residing at Chester.

The other instance of the fidelity of tradition relates to the discovery of the fortress of Ariantod, mentioned in the tale of Math. Its situation was thus found, "Being in conversation respecting names of places in Anglesen with a late friend of mine from that country, he said that there was a remarkable ruin in the sea, nearly midway between Llandwyn Point and the church of Clynog, in Carnaryonabire, which sailors in passing over can see in the water, and which is dan-

* From a sketch of Hemmen's urn.



gerous to vessels, and called by them Caer Arianrod. Thus, by mere accident, I found what I had often vainly inquired for. I thought that it was to be found somewhere on the coast of Arvon, and not about two miles from it in the sea.

Excuse my sending you so hasty and unconnected an account of the Mabinogion, and believe me to remain,

Dear Sir,

Yours truly,

WILLIAM OWEN PUGHE.

London, 11th May, 1827.

The following may be considered as fair specimens of the Mabinogion. The first is intended to illustrate the style of narration. Of the other, as connected with Irish tradition, a partial synopsis is given, which, at the same time, conveys an idea of the rapid succession of wild and romantic adventure in these tales.

THE COMMENCEMENT OF THE TALE OF

PWYLL*, PRINCE OF DYVED t.

PWYLL, prince of Dyved, was lord of the seven provinces of Dyved. Once upon a time he was at Arberth ‡, a principal court belonging to him, and he formed the resolution to go out hunting, and the part of his territory where he intended to hunt was the glen of Cuch ‡.

Pavil, means impulse, and in a secondary sense, it is remove, intellect, or wit. The original, and a translation of this Mahinogi, is given in the Cambrian Register for 1795, well to p. 177, communed in rold in for the following year, p. 372, from the Hed Book of Junia College, Oxford, a Misof the fourteenth cuntury, and it is completed in rold its. for 1818, p. 230,

† Dyord - Dimetia, sa before explained.

I Arberth to at present a bundered in the couth-cost of Pomberheabites, where there is a small town town the misss of an old castle busing the same name, the meaning of which is, "above the tincket." The highest call it Nurberth, from blending a part of the preparation yo with the original name.

5 The small river (uch, through most of its course, divides the countries of Pernbroke and Coernarthen, and falls has the Trivi a little atterer (anlagan. The name is descriptive of its dark bad beneath frowning rocks.

179 PWYLL, PRINCE OF DYVED.

So he set out the same evening from Arberth, and proceeded as far as the head of the grove of Dyarwyn, where he remained that night. The next morning, in the infancy of the day, he arose and went to the gien of Cuch, to turn out the dogs below the wood. He blew his horn, and entered fully upon the chase, following after the dogs, and separating himself from his companions.

As Pwyll listened to the cry of the hounds, he heard the note of another pack different from that of his own, and that note coming in an opposite direction. And he perceived a dusky glade in the wood, forming a level plain; and as his pack was entering the skirt of the glade, he saw a stag before the other pack; and towards the middle of the glade, beheld the hounds that were pursuing the stag overtake him, and throw him down; and then remarking the colour of the dogs, without thinking of noticing the stag, he deemed that of all the greyhounds he had seen in the world, he had not seen dogs of similar colour with them; for their colour was a clear shining white, and their ears were red, and as the dogs glittered with

There is in the river Cuch a romantic waterfall, rear which we must look for the grove of Dyarwys, or the running terrent.

such whiteness, so glittered the redness of their

Thereupon Pwyll came to the spot, and driving the pack that had killed the stag away, he drew his own pack on the stag. And while he was thus engaged in drawing on his dogs, he saw a knight coming after the other pack, upon a large dapple gray horse, having a bugle horn hanging round his neck, and clad in a hunting dress of dark grayish cloth.

The knight then approached Pwyll, and said thus to him: "O chief! I know not who thou art, and will not therefore bid thee a welcome."

- "What, then," said Pwyll, " thou art, perhaps, of too high a rank to entitle me to that honour "
- "Truly," answered the other, " it is not any worthiness of my honour that deters me from the civility."
- " Then, chief," replied Pwyll, " what other
- " Heaven hear me witness," quoth the knight, " thy own ignorance, and thy want of courtesy "
- "What discourtesy, chief, bast thou perceived in me?"
- "I have never experienced greater incivility from any man," said the knight, "than driving away my dogs that had killed the stag, and setting

thy own pack upon him. That," added he, "was an insult; and though I may not avenge myself as to thee, I vow to heaven, I will cause thee disgrace, for which a hundred stags will not make amends."

"O chief!" said Pwyll, " if I have done then an injury, I will purchase thy friendship."

"In what manner wilt thou purchase it?" inquired the other. "According as thy dignity," answered Pwyll; "but I know not who thou art." "I am a king," rejoined the other, "wearing a crown in the country whener I come." "Sir," said Pwyll, "I greet thee with a good day: and what country then dost thou come from?"

"From Annwn," answered the other; "I am Arawn ", king of Annwn †."

* Araum may signify elequence: in the Cambrian Register it is translated " the silvered tongued."

The mythological region of shows deserves particular explanation. This term, in its most strict application, related to the bardic theology; wherein it disnotes agreeably to indisteral import, a privation of knowledge, being the contrast to Gwynvyd, or the intellectual world, by which the name happlicas was defined. Annwn was the lowest point of arimamon, or the extreme of evil, in the circle of Abred, or meteropeychosis, out of which the lapsed soul was magnised to re-ascendinguish all intermediate modes of extreme, until it arisined the human state, wherein ultimately it accumulated total-

" Sir," said Pwyll, " by what means may I obtain thy friendship?"

to to enabling it to choose, and so to attach itself to good or to rval, as a free agent ". If good preponderssed in the rhoice, the soul escaped by death to a higher circle of being, wherein the memory was restored, so as to recognite the incidents and economy of every state of inferior life peased through; and though the soul progressively accumulated knowledge in the circle of felicity, and it merged into the insellectual circle of infinituale, to experience varied modes of existence eternally in approaching to the Deity; and as no fante being could, consistently with happiness, endure eternity without changing, this was a necessary condition. But if wan was attached in citil, by death the soul again fell into a lower state of being, corresponding with its turpitude in the drde of necessity and evil; and again it transmigrated to the state of humanity. Thus the reprodute proceeded, so on alternately to become attached to the good; and this state of good prepanderating, it would consequently become universal among men, and then would this world end. Fo taught "the bushe of the tale of Bettalia"

Assess, in its more has acceptation, as in the Malitnogiou, is the submown world, the mensible state, and fairy land. There is another Welsis term, very similar in sound, but differing in strict literal sense, jet not grantly so, as sometimes

The first that the bornet point of extiteties was termed energy that, which a tendity are topic managed. That is into the and of life, whence it again the result of the first that is a vested of the position in them. It is exact a vested of the first that is a vested of to terrethermal the first that the terrethermal the position in the western to be a fact, and there is to a vested to be present as the position of the property of the position of the positio

"This is the manner thou shalt obtain it," was the answer: "there is a person whose dominion borders upon mine, and who makes war upon me continually; he is called Havenn*, also a king of Annwn: by freeing me from his attacks, which thou canst easily do, thou shalt obtain my friendship," &c.

used. This term is Andrews, the abyes, or bottomicas jet, Tertarus. Thus the sun, on approaching to the winter solution, is made to say:

> " I goed awd gasav I gwlad andwen dwn yd av."

"To shup the winter gale, to the region of the abyse profound I go."—Dar. ab Gardym, 1350.

It should be remarked, that after his return from Anna, the cognomen of Pwyll Penterig Dyred is changed to Pwyll pen Annan, or Pwyll, the head of the world unknown.

Mr. Davies, in his "Celtic Researches," p. 175, considers Annum to imply "figuratively the condition of the dead, or the infernal regions, which comprehends the Elyanim and the Tartatus of antiquity." And in support of this op mon, he quotes the proverb, "Ned eig t annum and the will be but one journey to hell; and likewise the common expressions. Can Annum, hell-hounds; Plant Annum, children of the deep, certain wandering spirits. The limb are said to have anciently called their country by the name.

^{*} Literally, summershine.

SKETCH OF THE TALE OF BRAN.

Bran, the son of Llyr, with his brothers, and the attendants of his court, are described as sitting on a large stone at Harlech*, when they perceive

 The vacuuty of Harlech abounds in Drusdical remains. At the etch of the title part of a great stone wall, four-and-wenty fact in the kness, may be seen, retend by into the sen for about two-and-twenty coles in a acromating manner, from the coust of Memoratishers, andway between Harlech and Bann oth-This extraordinary work to called Sarn Hairty, or St. Catrick's Canachay harti Hadriwyg, or the Ship Heraking Causeway. remarks Pennant, it ought to be more preperly calcul, from the numbers of ships lost on its the perfection city to explored to have been face Wyddno, or fewyddno's fity fewyddno flourished from about the year 400 to 520. He was surramed Caranher, and was father to Elphin, the patron of Talasin the hard. At the end of Sam Badrig are statem large stones, one of which is four varies in breadth. Sam a liwish cuits from a peant N. W. of Harlesh, and is supposed as most the end of this. It appears at low water near the mouth of the Dysynni. The space between thise formed, several communes ago, a habita'ir hundred of Meranetheter, railed fatterf Guarded, the lowland bundred. There appears hat's reason to dealed that these bases, or I mineways, were the work of art, according to monkish legenda, Sam Bailing was miraculously formed by by Patrick, to expectite his passage to Ireland. That the part of the sea was formerly dry land seems to be thirteen ships steering towards them from the south of Ireland. They go down to the strand, and the ships offer tokens of peace. The Irish king, Maltholwe, is on board one of these ships; and he says, that he has made the voyage for the purpose of obtaining the hand of Bronwen. Llyr's daughter, and so create a union between the two islands. Bran invites him on shore, and Maltholwe, lands. The next morning a council is held, when the Irish king's request is complied with, and he is married to Bronwen.

Bran's half brother Evnisien (the man of strife) becomes angry at not being consulted respecting this marriage, and, as an insult to Maltholwe, mutilates his horses by cutting off their cars and their lips close to the teeth. Intelligence of the insult is conveyed to Maltholwe, who immediately orders his ships to prepare for departure. Hean

well attested both by written and oval tradition. The rate-strophe of its being delaged is recorded in a very old MS, written between the much and twelfth continues, called the Black Book of Caermarthen (preserved in the Hongart collection), page 63. The immulation is believed to have happened about the year 500, owing to the regregative of a drunkard named Seithennin, who left the slucies of the embankment open. Vide Welsh Archaiologia, vol. ii. p. 64.

Bards, p. 124, it is stated that the highest furret of Harlech Castle is called Bronwen's Tower.

demands the reason of his so doing, and expresses his regret at the insult which has been offered to him by Evnisien: he at length proposes not only to replace the horses, but also to give Maltholwe a bar of silver equal in compass and height to himself, and a plate of gold as large as his face. On these terms the matter is made up, and a banquet of reconciliation takes place.

At this feast the appearance of Maltholwe is pensive, instead of his usual gay manner. Bran makes a farther apology, and offers him, as an additional remuneration, a magic cauldron, into which any man who may be slain to-day shall, if thrown, he on the morrow as well as ever; but he shall not have the use of speech. The horses are given the next day, and in the evening there is another banquet, at which Maltholwe inquires of Bran where he had obtained this wonderful

^{*} Talicain more than once, in his mysterious verses, speaks of magic cauldiness. In his parm of Principle Survey, the speaks of Antium (translated the sleep 1), Weish Archaeol p. 45, he styles it the couldron of the rules of the doep, which first began to be warmed by the breast of time damsels (the Gwillion). He describes it as instring a ridge of pearls round the border.

[&]quot; New pair per Annufu! Pay y tyand? Guryur am et oror a mercrid."

[&]quot; Is not thus the cauldoos of the ruler of the deep ! What is its quality, with the ridge of pearls much its border?" &c.

cauldron. Bran replies, that he believes it came from Ireland, and expresses his wonder that Maltholwe should be ignorant of its history. Maltholwe, thus reminded, says, that he remembers something of it; for that, as he was one day hunting on a mountain above a lake in Erin, called the Lake of the Cauldron, he saw a hideous, gigantic, tawny man come out of the lake with a cauldren on his back, followed by a woman who was twice his size, being large with child. That he took them home with him; but they were of so mischievous a nature, and so riotous, that, to get no of them, he had recourse to the plan of forming an iron house, in which he induced them to live; and having made them drunk, he had caused coals to be piled about it and blown into an ardent glow. The heat becoming white, and inconvenient to the inmates, the gigantic man put his shoulder to the side of the iron house, and forced it out, his wife followed him, and they escaped from Ireland over to Wales.

Bran then says, that he received them kindly; in gratitude they gave him the cauldron, and afterwards became excellent warriors.

After this conversation, Maltholwe and his thirteen ships depart for Ireland, taking with him his wife Bronwen. They are received with great joy in Ireland; and a son is born, who is named

Gwern ab Maltholwe, and who is put out upon fusterage. The Irish, however, on learning the insult which had been offered to their king in Wales, become indignant. To mark their anger, they cut off all communication with that country, and maist on Maltholwe's potting away his wife Bronwen, and making her perform all menial officer Bronwen, thus disgraced, rears a starling, whom she teaches to speak; and having completed her tuition of the hard, ties a letter under its wings, with which it flies over to Wales. The bird at length contrives to discover Bran, "the blessed"," alights on his shoulder, ruffles its wings, and discovers the letter. Bran immediately assembles his forces, a temporary government is formed, and with his host he proceeds to invade Ireland, " where there were then only two rivers called Lil and Arcan †."

[&]quot;Bran was the father of Caradang (Caractaens), and according to the Trusts, he will all his failure were carried in Rober, and real actual there occur years as histograms the next. Hean having met there with more Christians, and being conversel, he prevailed on two Christians to accompany him to British, by which means the faith was introduced. Hence was the epithet " blessed," given to him.

[†] O'Flaherty's O'gagus, as well as Kenting's History of Ireland, switch profound works may be considered of about equal historical value with the Mabinegom's record that, on the landing of Partholas, the first inhabitant of Ireland after

IRR SKETCH OF THE TALE OF BRAN.

Some swineherds, who were on the sea short, discover his approach, and go with all possible

the flood, there were three lakes, and ten rivers in that uland; which the old poem, beginning, "Norm ACAM TRUE ARTHURS," (Adam, the reverend size of all our race), thus enumerates:

"Ny naprionan-loc no linn, 219 Cinin ain a cerona, 219 Cinin ain a cerona, 219 Cinin ain a cerona, 219 neic Shora Sean-abang.
Stopmreadra zo rion tampa, 219 Annana ya zeni Sean-locini; Frong-loc lingur net zlaig.
Loc lunzan, loc Fondineamain laoi, buar, banna, beanta huan, Samen, Slizeac, Modona What, Frong, Lipe a baizarb zo zlec, Irjad rig na Seanaibne."

"Nor lake expanded, nor a rapid stream
Found they in Ireland, on their first arrival,
Bendes three lucid lakes of obscure fame.
And ten bright streams of ancient high renown.
In truth-declaring verse I'll now record
The names of these three ancient, smooth, wide lakes:
Irrus, fair lake of soft expanded bosom;
Loch-lurgan, and Fordreman's lake.
The Lee, the Bois, the Barrow bright, and Brie;
The Sligo fair, the Moarne, and the Moy;
The Foin, the Liffy, watering Lebister's plain,
Are the fair rivers of high ancient fame."

Both Keating and O'Flaherty mentage, in the course of their history, the bursting out of various other lates and tives in Ireland.

speed to Maltholwe, when the following dialogue takes place:

" Sir," they said, " health to thee !"

" Heaven grant you success!" was his reply; " and have you any news?"

"Sir, we have most wonderful news," they said in enswer; " we have certainly seen a wood on the sea, where we never beheld a single tree before."

" Truly, that is a strange thing," said the king; " did you see any thing besides."

"O res; we could perceive a great mountain by the ade of the wood, sir," they replied; " and that mountain was moving, and there was a very high ridge on the mountain, with a lake on each side of the ridge. The wood, the mountain, the whole a could in motion."

"Well," and the king, "there is no body here who knows any thing of all this unless it be Bronwen; inquire if she knows?"

Thencupon messengers repaired to Bronwen.

" Madam," said they, " what dost thou suppose those things can be?"

"The men of the lale of the Mighty, who are coming over, from having heard of my affliction and disgrace."

"What can be the wood that was seen on the

190 SKETCH OF THE TALE OF BRAN.

"The masts of ships, and their sail-yards." Bronwen replied.

"Mercy on us!" they cried; "but what was the mountain that was seen on one side of the ships?"

"That was Bran, my brother, coming into shallow water," she replied; "there was no ship that could contain him."

"But what could be that tremendous ridge, and the lake on each side of the ridge?"

"It is he surveying this island," said Bronwen:

"he is full of wroth; his two eyes on either side
of his nose, are what seem the two lakes on either
side of the ridge."

The Irish warriors hold a council, and retreatover the river Llivon, breaking down all the bridges. Bran advances with his troops, but they find the river impassable.

"There is only this to be done," Bran replied,
that whosever would be the top, let him be
the bottom; I will be a bridge." And then was
that saying first made use of, and still is it proverbial from that event.

Bran laid himself across the river, and hurdles being placed upon him, his troops pass over. A negotiation ensues, when Bronwan suggests, that a house should be built of sufficient size to contain Bran, who, as he never had one before large

enough for him, will feel the honour so great, that he will accede to a peace.

To proceed with a more rapid analysis of the tale. Only seven return from this expedition to Ireland, after having destroyed nearly all the people of the country. Bran is mortally wounded, and orders his companions who survive to carry his head to be interred in the White Hill in London, as a protection against all future invasions, so long as the head remained there. The sequel of the tale recites their progress to London to bury the head. At Harloch, in their way, they are kept seven years listening to the hirds of Rhanou, singing in the air, and in Dyved Dimeta) by attending to the last words of Bran, they stay in a grand hall for eighty years, enjoying every kind of pleasure; all their misfortunes, and the object of their further progress being kept out of their minds but upon opening a door looking towards Cornwall, their real condition breaks in upon their memory, and they pursue their journey

MYTHOLOGICAL PERSONS.

THE following slight notice of a few of the characters mentioned in the Legends of Wales. although the list could readily be extended to some hundred names, may not be unacceptable to the reader. Druidical superstitions, which obscure the verses of Taliesin and Myrddin, tinge the complexion of many Welsh traditions. In their compositions, as in those of other early bards, frequent allusions are made to disembodied spirits and supernatural beings; whence proceeding, or how existing, we are not informed. These mythological personages seem to be completely wrapped up in mystery, and are presented to us by such partial and indistinct glimpses, that we can usually only perceive their existence, and rarely define their forms and attributes. Among these are three spectre bulls (tre tharso Ellyll) which, in the early

ages, greatly disturbed the tranquillity of the country. There were also the Guythamt, or Birds of Wrath, which Taliesin, who wrote in the sixth century, informs us he saw; but be does not describe their appearance.

Gwelou ymlodd taer yn naut Francon.* Hhwag Wythaint a Gwydion."

I saw a fleree conflict in Nant Français Between the hirds of Weath and Gwydion, A.c.

"It would be almost an endless task," writes a gentleman evidently well acquainted with the subject, " to enumerate all the ancient superstitions with which the early bards abound. Several of these have been entirely forgotten; obscure allusions to others exist in popular tales, and some have been handed down with very little change. Among the tales which have been preserved by tradition, those of the enchanter Merlin, the contemporary and friend of king Arthur, though certainly not of the age assigned to that chieftain, yet are of very considerable antiquity among the Welsh; and when com-

^{*} One of the valleys of Sonwdon, between Capel Carrie and Hungar

pared with the real history of that people, throw some light upon the origin of romantie fiction beyond what can be obtained from any other source. If in other countries we seek the earliest patterns of chivalry and romance, we can trace them from nation to nation, and from one age to another, until we arrive at Arthur and the Knights of the Round Table, but beyond him we cannot proeeed. It will be found, that every nation of Christendom acknowledges Arthur and his warriors as the first and most perfect models of knighthood; Merlin, as the greatest and most powerful of magicians, and Wales and the British islands as the place of their birth. However they may have been disguised in the extravagant legends of the middle ages, these warriors were real personages in early Welsh history, as the following list will testify; though it would not be easy to account for their universal adoption as the heroes of romance throughout the rest of the world."

Knights, &c. of Romance. Merlin the Enchanter. Uther Pendragon. King Arthur. Queen Guenever. Warriors of the Bards. Meeddin Uthyr Pendragon. Arthur. Gwenbwyfar. Knights, &c. of Romanes.

Warriors of the Bards.

Medrod.

Medrawd.

King Urience.

Urien Rheged.

King Mark.

March ap Meirchion.

Sir Ewein son of king Urience. Ewain ap Urien.

Sir Lamorac.

Llywarch Han, Latinized into Lomachus, whose Welsh

poems are still extant.

Sir Gawen.

Sir Tristram.

Sir Carados Brisbras.

Str Day.

Ywen ap Llywarch. Trystan ap Fallhwch.

Caradawc fraich fras.

Cai ap Cynir, &c.

ARIANROD is a female, whose name implies silver-wheel. She was the daughter of Don, and the sister of Gwydion. Arianrod is a term often used for the galaxy; and Caer Arianrod is the constellation of the Northern Crown.

CAWR, the hero, in its popular signification, is a giant.

Don, is a chief. Llys Don, the court of Don, is the name of the constellation Cassiopeia.

His attributes point him out as GWYDION. identified with the Saxon Woden. The latter is traced as coming from the banks of the Don, and the former is styled Gwydion ap Don, or Gwydion, the son of Don, which signifies Son of the Wave; and hence it has been conjectured, that he applied his skill in astronomy to the purposes of navigation. Caer Gwydion, or the numbert of Gwydion, is the common term in Wales for the galaxy.

GWENIDW is a female who presides over the sea. The white breakers out at sea are called Devaid Gwenidw, or the sheep of Gwenidw. So in Ireland the Killarney boatmen term the waves "O'Donoghue's white horses." See vol. i. p. 324, second edition of this work.

GWIDHAN and GWIDHANES, a hag, a witch, a sorceress, a giantess.

" Y drug
Guae dhynion vaint guidhance
Er diwmneu y cycau "

" Evil-Wee to men the nagastude of such a hag to pollute the whole!" Elia Wyn, 1700.

GWRACH is also a hag. See account of GWRACH y Rhibyn, or the hag of dribble, which legend, it should be stated, is confined to Dimetia, pages 186 and 206 in the first volume, second edition, of this work. It may here be remarked, that Bun si in Welsh, which is not unlike the Irish Bunshee, signifies "the shrill-voiced damsel Gwrach y Rhibyn comes at dusk, and pokes her shrivelled face to the window, and in a small shrill tenor and lengthened voice calls the person by

name who is shortly to die; as Dei o baç ! Denr Dav-y!

GWTN AF NUDD, a mythological person, often mentioned by the ancient poets; Davydd ab Gwrlym, in a poem composed 1346, makes him to be the king of fairy-land.

"Among the extensive mountains about the junction of the counties of Brecon, Monmouth, and Glamorgan," writes an intelligent but unknown correspondent, " there is a considerable eminence, known by the name of Greys ap Nudd, generally corrupted into Gayaco y Nyth, which, though nearly alike in sound, yet, as applied to a mountain, is absolutely unintelligible. The real name of the mountain seems derived from Gwyn ap Nudd (pronounced Gwyr ap Neeth), a mythological personage, well known in eld British legends, as the king of those aerial brings who frequent the tops of mountains. It is likewise stated in the Triads, that there was in former times a real chieftain of this name, who was also a great astronomer, and ranked with Gwydion and Idris, as excelling in that science. Gwydien is the same with the combator of the Birds of Wrath' in Snowdon; and Idris gives his name to the mountain of Cader Idris, or the keep of Idris. in Meropethshire

"Concerning Gwyn ap Nudd, the following

198

ancient triplet is preserved among others of great age:

"Gwyn op Nudd budd buddinawr
Cynt i syrthias cadoedd chag Carweddawe
Dy frasch no brwyn betw e lawr."
Gwyr ap Neeth! victorious warrtor!
How fell the hosts before the dweller of the Cairn!
Thy arm, like rushes hew'd them down.

"The word Carneddaur might be translated mountaineer; but if the first translation be correct, it must refer to the warrior buried under the Cairn; and therefore implies, that Gwyn ap Nuddwas once a real person, though by some means or other, he has for many centuries been classed with the imaginary inhabitants of the hills."

IDRIS, or EDRIS, is before mentioned as an astronomer. "Idpis, in Greek," says Mr Davies, in his Celtic Researches, " implies an expert or skilful person, and wor (Idresh) in Hebrew, from wor (Dresh), to seek, search, inquire diligently. Hydres has a similar meaning in Welsh."

"Not far from Dolgellen, on the road to Machynlleth (pronounced Blahuntleth) are three large stones, in a pool of water or lake, Lynn y tri Graiennyn", or the lake of the three grains or

^{*} Mr. Davies, p. 174, Celtic Researches, expresses his opinion, that the word Graiennys here comes from Greion, aun.

publics. The tradition concerning them is, that the giant Idris finding them rather troublesome in his above as he was walking, threw them down there." "Very troublesome," remarks the reasoning Mr. Roberts, in his Cambrian Popular Antiquities, "they are not to be supposed to have been to the giant, as they would only weigh a few tons! They are, however, large enough for a numery computation of the giant's stature." p. 224.

M. de Gebelin, in his Monde Primitif (tom. iii. p. 392), observes, "that Enoch was known in the East under the name of Idras, or the Wise"

The Arabans say that he was a Sabean, and the first who wrote with a pen after Enos the son of Seth. See Orient. Coll. vol. si. p. 112

More Warner, supposed to have been Maud of St Waverley, or Maud de Hais, who built Hay Custle, and who was popularly termed Malaca y Walfa, or the Pury of the Enchoure.

Mr Theophilus Jones, in his history of Breck-nockshire, states, that "under the corrupted name of Moll Walbee, we have her eastles on every eminence, and her feats are traditionally narrated in every parish. She built (say the gossips) the eastle of Hay in one night, the stones for which she carried in her aprim. While she was thus employed, a small pebble, of about nine

200 MYTHOLOGICAL PRESONS.

feet long and one thick, dropped into her shoe. This she did not at first regard, but in a short time finding it troublesome, threw it over the Wye into Llowes churchyard, in Radnorshire (about three miles off), where it remains to this day, precisely in the position it fell, a stubborn memorial of the historical fact, to the utter confusion of all sceptics and unbelievers."



FAIRY LEGENDS OF WALES.

THE Fairies were the Dynion Mayn, or kind people of the Mabinogion. They were also called Y tylingt teg, the fair family, and in some parts of Wales, Y Toulu, the family, also Bendith on Mamau, the blessings of their mothers; and Gwreigedth Annyl, or dear wives.

The idea of the Fairies being diminutive is only current in Pembrokeshire and the adjoining districts, where they are called Y dynon bac teg, the small fair people. In the poems of the bards, and in the traditionary tales of the country, they had other names, such as Elod †, intelligences; and Ellyllon,

Dine Mal (correctly written in Irish Daims Matth) or good people, is in Welsh Dynes mad, and Dynes mad (ways).

[†] El-Elod, an intelligence, a sperit, an angel, a fairy. The queen of the fairies is called Tywynges or Elod.

goblins, or wandering spirits. The term cllyll, with its plural cllyllon, corresponds with the Hebrew elil and elilim. Bwyd Ellyllon, Elves food, is the poisonous mushroom: menyg cllyllon, are the flowers of the forglove. (Llyo Mawr, great herb), and Ccubren yr Ellyll, the Elves' hollow tree †. The popular stories

* Ellyll is the singular of Ellyllen.

" Tri turu Ellyll ynys Prydain: Ellyll Gwydawl, Ellyll Llyr Merini; ac Ellyll Gwetmut Gwledig " Triada.

The three bull Elves of the isle of Bentain; the Elf Gwydawl; the Elf of Lyr Menni; and the Elf of tewrtawl Gwledig.

Bull Elves, in another Triad, has been rendered Stag Elves. And again, in the Triads we find,

The three Sylvan Elves of the isle of Britain. The praminent Elf, the yellow Elf, and the Elf of Ednyschave the Amorous.

Another Trust for Melen and Melan, yellow, has Mele as a different reading; Banawg, prominent, is also changed too Manawg, spotted. The meaning of both these Trials appears to have baffled the skill of communicators, who pronounces use to be as mysterious as the other.

t Crabes yr Ellyli, or the Elvos bollow true, so was popularly called a venerable oak which stood in the park of Fire Robert Vaughan at Nannaa, not far from Dolgelleu. Its girth, according to Pennant, was 27 flot and a half. This tree is remarkable from the circumstance of the discovery of the bones of Howel Selo, the former proprietor of Nantana, who was supposed to have been murdered by the taxous Owen Glyndwr, and concealed in it. The story of the murder is variously related; but many years after the mysterious disappearance of Howel Selo, the sheleum of a large man, such

of their friendly, and at the same time mischievous, intercourse with the inhabitants of Wales are endiess. They are supposed to be the manes of the ancient Druids, suffered to remain in a middle state; not worthy of the felicity of heaven, but too good to associate with evil spirits, and therefore permitted to wander among men until the day of doom, when they are to be elevated to a higher state of being; hence the adage, " Byte ar dir y tylwyth teg," to live in the land of the fair family; that is, to subsist by unknown means. Though the fairies are generally represented as inoffensive, yet they sometimes discover a mischievous propensity in seizing an unwary traveller on the mountains, and giving him a trip through the region of air. See note on the story of Master and Man, in the first part of this work (p. 171, second edition), which is illustrated by a quotation from Dav ab Gwilym, a bard of the fourteenth century,

as Howel was known to have been, was found within the bollow crupk of t rober yr Ellill.

A sketch of this renerable tree was made by Sir Richard C. Hours, the evening previous in its fail (13th July, 1613, from which the etching is taken.

who gives a very humorous account of his journey in a mist.

The fairies are believed to comb the beards of the goats on Friday night, which is said to be the reason for the shining and silky appearance of the beard on Saturday. " made decent for Sunday." When a person happens to find a piece of money, he will always find another in the same place so long as he keeps it a secret.

"In Wales, as in other pastoral districts," says a note on Mr. Llwyd's Can y tylwyth teg", "the Fairy Tales are not crased from the traditional tablet; and uge seldom neglects to inform youth, that if, on retiring to rest, the hearth is made clean, the floor swept, and the pails left full of water, the fairies will come at midnight, continue their revels till day-break, sing the well-known strain of Torriad y Dydd, leave a piece of money upon the hob, and disappear.

"The suggestions of intellect and the precautions of prudence are easily discernible

^{*} Or Fairy Song, published in Thomson's British Me-

under this fiction: a safety from fire in the neatness of the hearth; a provision for its extinction in replenished pails, and a motive to perseverance in the promised boon."

The fairies have concerts of delicious music upon calm summer nights, which mortals are often permitted to hear. They are also extremely fond of dancing in circles by the light of the moon, and are much addicted to the stealing of children, sometimes even enticing grown-up people away.

"In submitting stories illustrative of Welsh superstition," writes the lady who has collected them, "I cannot help expressing my surprise at finding so many labouring under delicions which seem inexplicable. Many of my old friends are highly respectable in their line of life, farmers and farmers' wives, of strict veracity on all other topics save supernatural agencies, and they relate these stories with an extrestness and an air of truth that is perfectly confounding. Some have actually seen the fairies, and among this number is old Shane of Blacullanby, in the vale of Neath. She says, "that several years ago she saw the fairies to the amount of

several hundreds. It was almost dusk, and they were not a quarter of a mile from her. They were very diminutive persons, riding four a-breast, and mounted upon small white horses, not bigger than dogs. They formed a long cavalcade, and passing on towards the mountain, at a place called Clwydau'r Banwen, they disappeared behind the high ground, and seemed to be traversing the Sarn, or ancient Roman road, which crosses that mountain.

"Many old people have told me," continues the fair writer, "that when they were young, and had occasion to go to the mountains to look after sheep, or to fetch the cows, their parents always cautioned them to avoid treading near the fairies' ring, or they would be lost."

THE STORY OF GITTO BACH,

AS RELATED BY SHONE TOMOS SHONE RHY-THERCH *.

- "Don't talk to me, you silly young things—don't provoke an old man, now upwards of ninety years of age, by saying there were no fairies in Wales. If your great grandfather was alive, he
- * The lady to whom the compiler is indebted for the following collection of oral tales, in a letter dated 1st March, 1827, writes thus:
- "I have cut out from the Cambrian newspaper the death of Shone Tomos Shone Rhytherch, alias John Jones, alias Cobbler Jig," as he was commonly called by the country-people here, which was a great affront to him. I never saw the poor old man after he related to me his stories: he was one of the most entertaining persons I ever met with, and to those who understood Welsh, he was certainly a great treat.
- "On Wednesday, the 31st ult. at Ty-yn-y-Craig, near Aberpergwm, in the vale of Neath, John Jones, better known by the name of 'Cobler Jig,' at the advanced age of 91. He was a native of Llewel, in Breconshire, and when a young man lived as servant at Ynis-y-gerwn, and was distantly related to the late Mrs. Gwyn, of Pant-y-Corrid, in that county. For the last twenty years he has resided in the vale of Neath, and has chiefly supported himself by cobbling, and occasionally

would confirm every word of what I say. To of what I saw, I speak, and will speak, while I have breath. I tell you that fairies were to be seen in the days of my youth by the thousand, and I have seen them myself a hundred times. Indeed, when I was a boy, it was dangerous to leave children in their cradles, without some one to watch them; so common was it for the fairies to steal them away.

"There was poor Howel, Merodydd Shone Morgan's family *; what trouble they had when they

gardening. The eccentricity of his character, and his jurisfiar disposition, together with his advanced age, had rendered him a great favourite among the respectable tamilies in the neighbourhood; and what is remarkable, although daily writing at his trade of mending shoes, his eye-sight was so good that he never wore spectacles. At his request, his remains were taken to Croynant Chapel for interment, where his wife was buried about twenty years ago. Rees Williams, Esq. of Aberpergwin, very kindly sent a number of his workmen to make in carrying his remains to their last home, a distance of seven miles."

The peasants in Wales generally add their father's Christian traine to their own, and sometimes their grandfather's, and so on, until at last their names become almost interminable. Pennant relates, and of Mostyn, and his brother Piers, founder of the family of Trelace, were the first who abridged their name in Wales, and that on the following oversion. Rowland Lee, bishop of facilitied, and president of the marches of Wales, in the respectively.

lived on the Rhose, in the Creinant, when Gitto Bach! was stolen away. Gitto was a fine boy, and would often ramble alone to the top of the mountain to look at his father's sheep; and when he returned, he would show his brothers and sisters a number of pieces, the size of crowns, with letters stamped upon them, and resembling them exactly, only that they were made of a peculiarly white paper. When asked where he had found them, he would say, 'The little children with whom I play on the mountain give them me:' he always called them the little children.

"At length, one day, poor little Gitto was missing. The whole neighbourhood was in a commotion. Search was made, but no little Gitto was heard
of: two years clapsed, and the still desponding
mother received no other intelligence, than in trush
onto of alarm for the safety of her other children

Manry VIII, out at one of the course on a Webb rance, and weated with the quantity of " apo" in the pury, directed that the pannel should assume their last name, or that of their residence; and that Thomas up Harkard ap Hewel up Jerses Vychan should for the future be reduced to the poor dissipliable Mostyn; no doubt to the great most feature of wany an agreet line."—Vol. 1, p. 19, five ed. 1519.

^{*} A plain. The f evinant is a small secleded reliage in the mountains, consisting of a few scattered houses.

⁺ form in an abbreviation of Graffish; but a signales little, like the Irish beg.

For they took to wandering on the mountains, and from one or two excursions they had returned with coins resembling those which had been given to Gitto previous to his disappearance; whereupon the family became doubly vigilant in watching these children, and the cottage-door was cautiously secured with bars and bolts. One morning, as the mother opened the door, what should she see but little Gitto sitting on the threshold, with a bundle under his arm? He was the very same size, and apparently the same age, and dressed in the same tittle ragged dress, as on the day of his departure from the Rhos.

- "' My child " said the autonished and delighted mother, ' where have you been this long, long while?"
- " Mother, said Gitto, I have not been long away; it was but yesterday that I was with you. Look what pretty clothes I have in this bundle, given to me yesterday by the little children on the mountain, for dancing with them while they played on their harps."

The mother opened the bundle; it contained a dress of very white paper, without seem or sewing. She very prudently burnt it immediately, having ascertained that it was given him by the fairness

"This extraordinary occurrence," continued the narrator, "interested me much, and made me mere anxious than ever to see the fairies; and as I was walking one evening with my companion Davidd Rhys, near Pant Owns, above the Dinas Rock, we met a gipsy, and conversed with her. I expressed to her my great desire to see the fairies.'

- "Ah, Shone!" said she, "it is not to every sme it is given to see the good people, but I have the power, and can dispense it to you, if you follow my directions. Go and find a clover with four leaves " (meillionen pedair ddalen), and bring
- Many superstitions in Ireland are attached to a fourleaved sharmor. The lucky finder of one is believed, by means of it, to acquire the power of averag any beings, and things invisible to other eyes—of causing all doors, however strongly barred and booted, to fly open at will, Ac. The old Welab premi called Kadeir Talicam (Welsh Archol. p. 37), or the I hair of Talicam, the obscurity of which is supposed to be a detailed acquired of mystic Draidical rites, contains, among other argredients,

" Ag weddewl wgyrffyg A llywn meddyg Lle allwyr wngfyg,"

"And the honoused scryviling, and medical plants from an expected spot."

Percenting," any Mr. Daeis, in his Mythology of the Bertials Dirawle, p. 277, "mesms, protecting from illinous ;" he image on a swife the name of some plant, and adds, that "the populace of Wales ascertie the virtue implied by this came to a species of train i." Four white training are said to have metantly opting up wherever Olives trail upon the proced.—See Ottom's Com. Blag.

nine grains of wheat, and put them on this leaf, in this book; hunding me a book which she took out of her pocket.

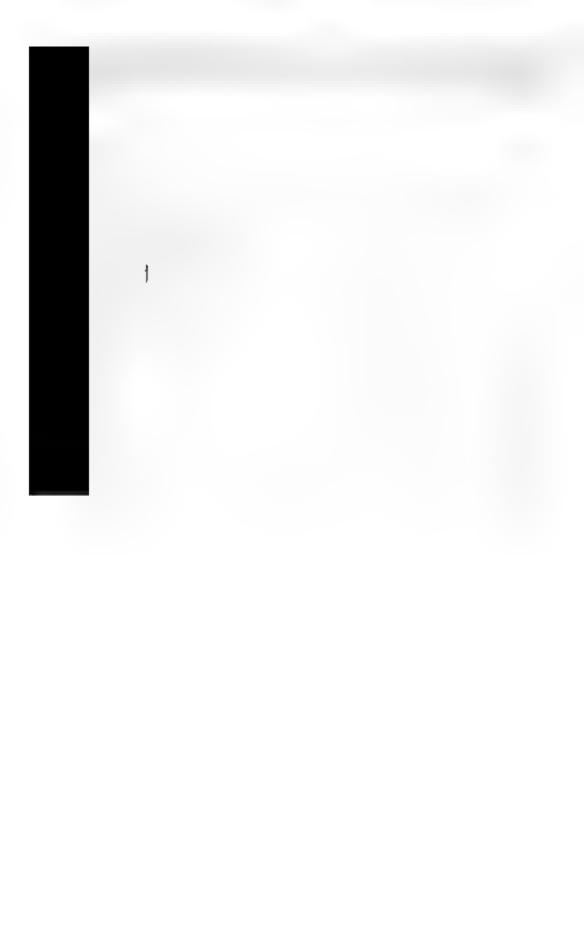
"I did us the gipsy told me,—' Now,' said she, Shone, meet me by moonlight to-morrow night on the top of Craig v Dinas*.'—I did so. She took a phial, and washed my eyes with its contents; and as soon as I opened my eyes, I saw at a short distance thousands of little people all in white, dancing in a circle to the sound of at least a score of harps. After dancing for some time, they left the circle, and formed a line on the brow of the hill; the one next the precipice squatted down, clasped her hands under her knees, and tumbled, tumbled, tumbled, head-over-heels, head-over-heels, all the way down the hill; the rest all following her example, until they were lost in the dark wood of the valley beneath.

"After this adventure, I was in the habit of seeing them continually. And you, Morgan Gwillim (Morgan was sitting in an arm-chair opposite the narrator), in your younger days, you saw the fairies as well as I.

"Oh, that I'll swear to, although I never took an oath in my life," replied Morgan. "I have seen

^{*} An etching of Craig y Dines, from an original eletch, is annuxed.





them on the Varteg*, and by Cylepsta Waterfall †, and by Sewyd yr Rhyd, in Cwm Pergwm ‡; and I once saw them, and I never saw them to such perfection, as when I stood between the cascade and the rock §, over which it fell; I could at that moment see them distinctly glittering in all the colours of the rainbow, and hear their music softly blending with the murmur of the waterfall. After enjoying themselves here for some time, they all proceeded into a small cave ||, which they had made in the rock, where they seemed to be exceedingly amused, laughing, and having a great deal of merriment: then they ascended the rock, and frisked away; the sound of their melodious harps dying away among the mountains, whither they

- Properly called Kil Hepsta.
- † A beautiful waterfall.
- \$ Sewyd yr Rhyd is a waterfall in the grounds of W. Williams, Eq. Aberpergwo, Vale of Neath, where the fairles are said to bothe.
- § The valleys in the neighbourhood of Pontneathvaughan abound with waterfalls, several of which are of considerable height, and surrounded by the most romantic scenery. In some instances the rock, over which the water is projected, so overhangs its base as to admit of a road being made between it and the waterfall.
- If The cave, thus attributed to the industry of the fairies, is still to be seen in Cwm Pergwm.

214 THE STORY OF GITTO BACH.

had fled; and the last strain I heard sounded something like this:



but the falling cadence I could not catch for the life of me, it was so faint."

Morgan added, that his wife, Shone, had often seen them with their white mantles, and sometimes they were to be seen bearing each other's trains. Indeed she saw them so often, that she at last took no notice of them.

" "Cyclin eiry gorwyn gorwydd hynt."

"Of the same hue as the extremely white snow of the front of the declivity."

LLEWELLYN'S DANCE,

AS TOLD BY DAVIDD SHONE .

- "About seventy years ago, there were two farmer's servants living at Llwyn y Ffynon: I knew them both well. They were returning from their work one fine evening at twilight, and driving their little mountain ponies before them, weary with having toiled all day, carrying lime for their master's use. When they came down into a smooth plain, one of the men, named Rhys ap Morgan, suddenly halted.
- "'Stop,' said he to his companion, Llewellyn, do stop, and listen to that enchanting music; that's a tune I've danced to a hundred times. I cannot resist it now. Go, follow the horses; I must find out the musicians, and have my dance;
- It is almost needless to point out the similarity between this and the Scotch tradition, related from Stewart, in the Brother Grimm's Eccay, at p. 16 of this volume. There is an ancient Welsh ballad called "The Old Man of the Wood," in which like The Adventures of Porsenna, alluded to in the first volume of this work, at p. 303, second edition, years roll away as mountable.

and if I don't overtake you before you reach home, take the punniers off the horses. I'll be with you presently.

"'Music in such a spot!' replied Liewellyn, in such a lonely place! what can you be dreaming of? I hear no music; and how should you? Come, come, no nonsense; come home with me."

"He might have spared himself the trouble of this remonstrance, for away went Rhys up Morgan, leaving Llewellyn to pursue his homeward journey alone. He arrived safely, untacked the little horses, completed his day's work by despatching an ample supper, and was retiring to rest without any anxiety about his companion. Rhys, who, he supposed in his own mind, had made this music a pretence to go to the alchouse, which was five miles off. For, reasoned Llewellyn to himself, how could there be the sound of music in that lonely spot, remote from any dwelling?

"The next morning, when he found that Rhys was still missing, he reluctantly told their master that he must have assistance to attend the horses, for that Rhys was not yet returned. This alarmed the farmer and his family, for Rhys was a very steady fellow, and had never before played the trush, although he was notoriously fond of dancing. Liewellyn was questioned and cross-examined as to where he had parted from hun,

and how, and why, and all about it; but to no one could be give what was considered to be a satisfactory answer. He said that music had allured him, and that he had left him to join the dancers.

- " Did you hear the music?' inquired his
- "Liewellyn replied that he had not; whereupon it was resolved that the alchouse should be sought for everywhere. But it was all to no purpose; no information was received of him; there had been no dance in the whole country round; not a sound of music had met the ear of any one; and, in fine, not the dightest trace of the lost servant could be made out.

"At length, after a strict but fruitless imputy, suspicion fell on Llewellyn. It was supposed by some that he must have quarrelled with Rhys on their way home, and perhaps had murdered him. Llewellyn thus accused, was taken up and comfined on suspicion. He vehemently protested his innocence, although he could give no clear account of the affair, and things remained thus for a year, when a farmer in the neighbourhood, who had some experience in fairy customs, shrewdly suspected how the matter stood, and suggested, that he and saveral others should accompany Llewellyn Walter to the very spot, and

at the very same time where he said that he had parted from Rhys ap Morgan. This proposition was agreed to, and when they arrived at the spot, which was green as the mountain-ash (Cersia), Llewellyn stopped.

" 'This is the very spot,' said he, ' and, hush !

I hear music; melodious harps I hear

"We all listened, for I was one of them, but we heard nothing. 'Put your foot on mine, Davidd,' said Llewellyn, whose foot was at that moment upon the outward edge of the farry circle. I did so, and all the party did the same in succession, and we all instantly heard the same of many harps in full concert, and saw, within a circle of twenty feet in diameter, countless numbers of little figures, the size of children of three or four years old, enjoying themselves vasily. They were going round and round the ring with hands joined. I did not perceive any varied figures in their dance; but as they were going round, we saw Rhys ap Morgan among them.

"Llewellyn at once seized hold of his smock frock, and twitched him out of the circle, taking great care himself not to overstep the edge of their ring; for once you are inside it, you lose all power over yourself, and become their property.

"'Where are the horses' where are the horses' said Rhys impatiently. "Where are the horses,

indeed! said Llewellyn, 'where have you been? Come, answer for yourself, and account for your conduct. Clear my character, which your absence has cast the reproach of murder upon.'

"'What stuff you talk, Llewellyn! go, follow the horses, my good fellow, while I finish my dance; for I have not yet been above five minutes dancing. I never enjoyed a dance like this; she let me return to the dance,' said Rhys.

You must explain the cause of your absence for this whole year. This foolish talk of yours about five minutes won't answer for me; so, come you must.'

"He took him by main force. To all our questions he could say nothing, but that he had only been absent from the horses five minutes, and that he was dancing very pleasantly, but of the people with whom he was he could give no account whatever; they were strangers to him, he mid. He could answer no questions as to what he had caten, or where he had alept, or who had clothed him; for he was in the same dress as when he disappeared, and he seemed in a very desponding way; he became, 'sad, sullen, and silent,' and seem took to his bed, when he died.

" And," continued the narrator of the tale, " the morning after we had found Rhys, we went

LLEWELLYN'S DANCE.

220

to examine the scene of this extraordinary adventure, and we found the edge of the ring quite red, as if trodden down, and I could see the marks of little heels, the size of my thumb-nails." He repeatedly compared the size of the heels to his thumb nail.

THE EGG-SHELL DINNER,

AS RELATED BY DAVIDD TOMOS BOWEN.

hood of a farm-house that was positively infested with fairies. It was one of those old-fashioned houses among the hills, constructed after the manner of ancient days, when farmers considered the safety and comfort of their cattle as much as that of their children and domestics; and the kitchen and cow-house were on the same floor, adjoining each other, with a half door, over which the good man could see the animals from his own chimney-corner without moving.

"My mother and the farmer's wifewere intimate friends, and she used often to complain to her, that the fairies unmoyed her and her family to that degree that they had no peace, that whenever the family direct, or support, or ate my most, or were sitting quietly together, these mischievous little beings would assemble in the next apartment For instance, when they were sitting in the kitchen, they were at high gambols in the dairy; or when they were yoking the cows, they would see the

fairies in the kitchen, dancing, and laughing, and provokingly merry.

" One day as there were a great number of respers partaking of a harvest-dinner, which was prepared with great care and nicety by the housewife, when they were all seated round the table, they heard music, and dancing, and laughing above, and a shower of dust fell down, and covered all the victuals which were upon the table. The pudding, in particular, was completely spoiled, and the keen appetites of the party were most provokingly disappointed. Just at this moment of trouble and despair, an old woman entered, who saw the confusion, and heard the whole affair explained Well,' said she, in a whisper to the farmer s wife, ' I'll tell you how to get rid of the faires . to-morrow morning ask six of the reapers to dianer, and be sure that you let the fairies hear you ask them. Then make no more pudding than will go into an egg shell, and put it down to beil. It may be a scanty meal for an hungry respects. but it will be quite sufficient to banish the fairies. and if you follow the directions you will not be troubled with them any more.

"She did accordingly, and when the faires heard that a pudding for six respers was boiling in an egg-shell, there was a great noise in the next spartment, and an angry voice called out.

- "'We have lived long in this world; we were born just after the earth was made, but before the acorn was planted, and yet we never saw a harvest-dinner prepared in an egg-shell. Something must be wrong in this house, and we will no longer stop under its roof.'
- "From that time the rioting, and music, and dancing ceased; and the fairies never were seen or heard there any more "."
- "The abourd ciscumstance of boiling a supper for six hungry men in an egg-shell will doubtless recall to the reader's memory the tale of the Brewery of Egg-shells, in the first volume of this work; where a changeling is betrayed into a similar exclamation of astonishment, and instantly disappears.

STORIES OF MORGAN RHYS HARRIS.

The last time the fairies were seen among the bills in the vicinity of Neath was about ten years since, by Morgan Rhys Harms, an old man, who related the following account of it to his landlord, a very respectable farmer, who lives about were miles from Aberpergwin, and who has now repeated it exactly as it was told to him. He says, the old man told it with such an appearance of truth, and that he was always so correct in every thing he said, that for his part he does not doubt the truth of his narration:

"Morgan Rhys Harris rented two farms; the one he lived at, and the other he held in hand, and farmed himself. In old times the farmers had kilms close by their houses, to bake their outs and their barley; and the house I am speaking of had thin appendage. Morgan Rhys Harris was going down a hill, which led to the farm, when he heard the most delightful music. He stopped, and still he heard this music; he advanced, and he heard it plainer still *.

The compiler preserves this sentence as he received it, although its punning construction residers the precise meaning questionable.

STORIES OF MORGAN BHYS HARRIS. 225

"At a little distance before him, in the direct path which he had to cross, and near the kiln, he saw numberless little beings all dancing. Various were the figures and changes of the dance; some advancing, others retreating, and others as if they were dancing reels. The old man panied, and hesitated whether he should return, or what course he should pursue, he feared to pass them, lest he should put his foot on fairy ground, and lose possession of himself; so he made a circuit, and reached the burn near the kiln. There he sheltered himself inside the door, and from this place he watched their movements for an hour. He distinctly saw them; and he learned the tune which they played. and would have taught it to me, if I had had an ear for music. This old man only died two years ago. I wish you had seen him, for he really was one who spoke the truth, and you might have relied on every word he mid."

Ax old woman in the neighbourhood of Alerpergwn states, that her father often new the fairles on horselsek in the air, on little white horses, but that he never saw them descend, that he heard their music in the air; and that the heard of a

226 STORIES OF MORGAN RHYS HARRIS.

man who had been twenty-five years with the fairies, and who, when he returned, thought he had only been five minutes away. She added, that those who have once been with the fairies never looked afterwards like other people; and that her own son, when a baby, looked so sadly, that her neighbours all thought, and used to tell her, that he was exchanged by the fairies.

FAIRY MONEY,

GIVEN TO DAVIDD SHONE'S MOTHER.

- "My mother, once upon a time, was in the habit of receiving money from the fairies; and near our house there was a well, and near it a green spot, celebrated for being the scene of many fairy exploits. Whenever my mother went to the well, she would find upon the stone, above the waterspout, a new half guinea. Once I was bargaining about a pig, and my mother, to prevent farther contention, brought her little bag of gold forward, and gave me a new half guinea. I was frightened when I saw a poor woman like my mother possessed of so much money, and I entreated she would tell me how she came by it. 'Honestly,' said she; I remember the very word.
- "'Oh, mother!' said I, 'tell me where you got it; to whom would you trust your secret, if you do not confide in your only son?'
- "'Well, if I must, I must,' said my mother. She then told me, and most unfortune, poor wo-man, for her was the disclosure; for from that

moment the donation ceased. Often did she attend the well; but, alas! in vain. Not a farthing did she find from that time."

DAVIDD Tomos Bowen knew a farmer who was much annoyed by the fairies; they frequented the brook that ran by his house, and so mischievous were they, that their greatest amusement was to take the clay from the bottom of the brook, and make little round balls, the size of marbles, with which they played; but that he never could discover what game it was. The water used to be so muddy in consequence of this, that the cattle could not drink of the stream; and when he would mutter a complaint against them for such conduct. they would always repeat his expressions with derision, and laugh, and frisk away. A girl in the neighbourhood used to assist them in making these clay-balls, for which, in return, she received quantities of money, and became a very rich woman. and went away to London, where she married a grand gentleman.

THE KNOCKERS.

"AVERY good-natured, fortunate sort of beings, whose business it is to point out, by a peculiar kind of bumping, a rich vein of metal ore, or any other subterraneous treasure. They are highly respected, and are deemed nearly allied to the fairies."—
Roberts's Cambrian Popular Antiquities.

THE PWCCA.

THE Welsh Pwcca is evidently the same as the English Puck, and is known in some parts of the principality by the name of Bwcci. In Breconshire a whole glen bears his name, Cwm Pwcca; and it is traditionally said, that from this spot Shakspeare drew some of his materials for the Midsummer Night's Dream, through the medium of his friend Richard, the son of Sir John Price of the priory of Brecon.

CWM PWCCA.

CWM Pwcca, or the Pwcca's Valley, forms part of the deep and romantic glen of the Clydach, which, before the establishment of the iron-works of Messrs. Frere and Powell, was one of the most secluded spots in Wales, and therefore well calculated for the haunt of goblins and fairies. But the bustle of a manufactory has now in a great measure scared these beings away; and of late it

is very rurely that any of its former inhabitants, the Pweens, are seen. Such, however, is the attachment to their ancient haunt, that they have not entirely described it; as there was lately living near this valley a man who used to assert that he had seen one, and had a narrow escape of losing his life, through the maliciousness of the goblin. he was one night returning home over the mountain from his work, he perceived at some distance before him a light, which seemed to proceed from a candle in a lanthern, and upon looking more attentively, he saw what he took to be a human figure carrying it, which he concluded to be one of his neighbours likewise returning from his work As he perceived that the figure was going the same way with himself, he quickened his pace in order that he might overtake him, and have the benefit of his light to descend the steep and rocky path which led into the valley; but he rather wimdered that such a short person as appeared to carry the lantern should be able to walk so fast. However, he redoubled his exertions, determined to come up with him, and although he had some misgivings that he was not going along the usual track, yet he thought that the man with the lantern must know better than himself, and he followed the direction taken by him without farther heistation. Having, by dint of hard walking, brink of one of the tremendous precipiees of Cwm Pween, down which another step would have carried him headlong into the rosing torrent beneath. And, to complete his consternation, at the very instant he stopped, the little fellow with the lantern made a spring right across the glan to the opposite side, and there, holding up the light above his head, turned round and uttered with all his might a loud and most malicious laugh; upon which he blew out his candle, and disappeared up the opposite hill.

A Welsh peasant, well acquainted with Cwin Pwem and its supernatural inhabitants, was requested to describe their form; he accordingly made a sketch, of which this wood-cut is a reduced fac-simile.



YANTO'S CHASE.

Some years ago, there lived among the hills a man named Evan Shone Workin, commonly known as Yosto r Coetear (Yanto or Ianto being the familiar term for Evan). It happened that this Evan was once invited to the house of a friend, on the borders of Glamorganshire, with several other relatives and neighbours, to celebrate a christening, and, as is usual on such occasions, the evening was passed with much conviviality. They drank the strongest ale—they quaffed the best old mead —they sang Pensilion † to the harp; and it

Mend, called also Methoglin, is a liquor manufactured from honey. Queen Elizabeth to said to have been particularly food of it, and to have annually imported a large quantity for her private drinking from Wales. A receipt for the manufacture, from an ancient Weish manuscript, may be found in that unful and clever compilation, Nicholson's Cambrian Traveller's Guide, second clistion, 1813, p. 63.

† Pennili is explained by Dr. Owen Pughe, in his Welch Dictionary, to mean, generally, " a prime division or part," and, applied to poetry, " a stanza, strophe, or epigram." Hence pennilium are properly epigrammatic stanzas, probably of bordic invention, when writing was in its practiced, with a view to processed the wit and window of their age; and intended as an agreeable exercise for the memory. The custom

was near midnight before Evan Shone recollected that he had a great way to return home. As he had urgent business to require his attendance at his own house early the next morning, he determined upon departing; and the better to qualify him for his journey, he plied the ale-cup with double diligence. Remembering the old adage, that a spur in the head is worth two on the heal, he took a parting draught of mead, and then set off for his home over the mountains of Carno.

of pennihon singing has been the means of handing down verses of remote antiquity. Pennant appears, generally speaking, to be in error when he compares the Welsh peer Justsinger to the improvisators of Italy; as extemporareous composition, although sometimes used, is far from being onesidered as constituting excellence, and has been objected to When two singers strive in titulity, the art cutismis in producing pentili appoints to the last sung, without repeating the same stanza twice; for this is regarded as a defeat. The subjects of the verses are humorous, saturcal, or countrory, at the will of the singer; and parishes have been known to contend against parades in this ammement. Although the custom is on the decline, persons may still be found who can recit from memory some hundred of these stanzas, and with them accompany the harp through various tunes and transitions with wonderful tact. Of late we attempt has been made by the Cymrodorian Society to revive and patronne permittee singing. For some curious particulars on this subject 🐗 Mr. E. Jones's " Relies of the Bards," p. 60, et ses

On these mountains, in the year 728, a battle was fought between Ethelbuild, king of Mercus, and Rodrick Moelwynes,

the Welsh pripos.

He had travelled some time, and proceeded a considerable way along the hills, when he thought he could hear at a great distance some sounds resembling music, nearly in the direction he was going. And as he advanced, Evan Shone found himself approaching these sounds so near, that he could plainly distinguish them to proceed from a harp, and some voices singing to it. He could even make out the tune, which was that of Ar Ayd y sos , but the night being dark, and the mist lying thick around him, he could not discover the persons who were thus amusing themselves. As he knew there was no house within a great di-

" "Of all the Welsh are," says Mr. John Parry, in a communication on Welsh music, in the Cambro-Henon, vol. i. (1820) p. 90, " that of Ar highly mis, or The Lave-long Night, is the most popular in England, partly owing to its own beauty, and partly to the patientic words, which were written to it (by Mrs. Opic, I believe), communicating

* Hure, beneath a willow, sleepeth Pour Mary Anne,* "

There is centrally a componer who has not written variations on the melody, particularly for the harp. And lately Listen, the actor, has introduced a comic parody on it, which he sings, riding on an axe; and wherein the sample burdlets of the original is hardesqued into "Ah" hade your nose." In Wales it is considered by the prize-singers as a more bagazille, and generally introduced as the last strain at constitute meetings, when category statists are suring to it alternately by the company.

stance of that spot, his curiosity was greatly excited by what he heard; and the music still continuing, and scemingly but a short distance from the path, he thought there could be no harm in devinting a little out of his way, in order to see what was going forward. He, moreover, thought it would be a pity to pass so near such a merry party without stopping for a few minutes with them to partake their mirth. Accordingly he made an oblique cut in the direction of the music, and lawing gime full as far as the place from which he at first imagined the sounds proceeded, he was a little surprised to find that they were still at some distance from him. However, he very philosophically explained this to himself, by recollecting that sounds are heard at a much greater distance by night than by day, and as he had gone so far from his road, he was determined to discover the cause; but, somehow or other, the more he walked the less the probability seemed of his arriving at his object. Sometimes the sounds would recede from him, and then he would quicken his pace lest he should lose them entirely; and through the darkness of the night, he more than once tumbled up to his neck in a turf log. When he had struggled out, and got upon his legs again, he would form a resolution to give up the chase; but just at that moment he would hear the sounds more lively and encouraging than ever, and not

unfrequently his exertions would be stimulated by hearing his own name called-" Evan! Evan!"

This being the most respectful mode of addressing him, he concluded, that whoever they were he was in pursuit of, they must be well-heed people, and on that account he was the more destrous of joining them. At other times, as he followed, he would hear himself called by his less dignified appellation of "Yanto! Yanto!" which, though not so flattering to him as the other, he concluded must come from some intimate friend, and therefore the familiarity was excusable. Lake the music, these salutations were sometimes so indistinct, that he could not always exactly distinguish whether or not they proceeded from the grouse or the lap-wings, which he was continually distorting among the heather.

At length, chagrined and mortified at his repeated disappointments, and excessively fatigued,
he was determined to be down on the ground till
morning; but he had scarcely laid himself down,
when the harp struck up again more buildintly
than ever, and scened to near, that he could even
distinguish the words of the song I pon this
he started up, and commenced another chase, and
again went through the same routine of tumbling
into bogs, wading knee-deep through swamps,
and scratching his legs in labouring through the

heather, till both his patience and his strength had almost deserted him. But before he was quite exhausted, what was his joy when be perceived, at a small distance before him, a number of lights, which, on a nearer approach, he found to proceed from a house, in which there appeared to be a large company assembled, enjoying a similar merry-making to the one he had left, with music and with drink, and other good cheer? At such a sight, he mustered up all his energies, walked in, sat himself down by the fire, and called for a But before the ale arrived, or he cup of ale. had time to make many observations on the persons about him, excepting that the people of the house were in a great bustle with attending on their guests, and every thing bore the marks of high conviviality, such was the effect of the fatigue he had undergone, and of the ale and mead he had before drank, that he fell fast asleep.

No doubt he slept long and soundly, for he was awoke the next morning by the sun-beams playing on his face. On opening his eyes, and looking around him, judge his astonishment at finding himself quite alone, and not a vestige remaining of what he had positively seen when he was going to sleep. Both the house and the company had completely vanished; and instead of being comfortably seated by a good fire, he found

himself almost frozen with cold, and lying on a bare rock, on the point of one of the loftiest crags of Darren y Killai, a thousand feet in height, down a good part of which poor Yanto would have tumbled perpendicularly, had he moved but a foot or two more in that direction.

THE ADVENTURE OF ELIDURUS.

(From Geraldus Cambrensis.)

"A SHORT time before our days, a circumstance worthy of note occurred in those parts (near Neath) which Elidurus, a priest, most strenuously affirmed had befallen himself. When a youth of twelve years, in order to avoid the society of his preceptor. he ran away, and concealed himself under the hollow bank of a river; and after fasting in that situation for two days, two little men of pigmy stature appeared to him, and said, 'If you will go with us, we will lead you to a country full of delights and sports.' Assenting, and rising up. he followed his guides, through a path at first subterraneous and dark, into a most beautiful country. but obscure, and not illuminated with the full light of the sun. All the days were cloudy, and the nights extremely dark. The boy was brought before the king, and introduced to him in the presence of his court, when, having examined him for

a long time, he delivered him to his son, who was then a boy. These men were of the smallest stature, but very well proportioned, fair complexioned, and wore long hair. They had horses and greyhounds adapted to their size. They neither ate flesh nor fish, but lived on milk diet, made up into messes with saffron.

"As often as they returned from our hemisphere they reprobated our ambitious infidelities and inconstancies; and though they had no form of public worship, were, it seems, strict lovers and reverers of truth.

"The boy frequently returned to our hemisphere by the way he had gone, sometimes by others, at first in company, and afterwards alone, and made himself known only to his mother, to whom he described what he had seen. Being desired by her to bring her a present of gold, with which that country abounded, he stole, whilst at play with the king's son, a golden ball, with which he used to divert himself, and brought it in haste to his mother; but not unpursued, for as he entered the house of his father, he stumbled at the threshold; he let the ball fall; and two pigmies seizing it, departed, showing the boy every mark of contempt and derision. Notwithstanding every attempt for the space of a year, he never could find again the track to the subterraneous passage.

242 THE ADVENTURE OF ELIDURUS.

He had made himself acquainted with their language, which was very conformable to the Greek idiom. When they asked for water, they said, Udor udorem. When they want salt, they say, Halgein udorem *."

On this specimen of Fairy language, Mr. Roberts, in his Cambrian Popular Antiquities, p.195, builds an ingenious theory respecting the fairies; at least so far as accounting for their appearance and habits.

STORIES OF FAIRIES,

From "A Relation of Apparitions of Spirits in the County of Monmouth, and the Principality of Wales."

This little book was written by the late Reverend Edmund Jones of the Tranch.

"W. E. of Hafodafel, going a journey upon the Brecon mountain, very early in the morning passed by the perfect likeness of a coal-race, where really there was none: there he saw many people very busy, some cutting the coal, some carrying it to fill the sacks, some raising the loads upon the horses' backs, &c. This was the agency of the fairies upon his visive faculty; and it was a wonderful extra-natural thing, and made a considerable impression upon his mind. He was of undoubted veracity, a great man in the world, and above telling an untruth. The power of spirits, both good and bad, is very great, not having the weight of bodies to encumber and hinder their agility.

"W. L. M. told me, that, going upon an errand by night from the house of Jane Edmund of Abertilery, he heard like the voice of many persons speaking one to the other at some distance from him. He again listened attentively; then he heard like the falling of a tree, which seemed to break other trees as it fell: he then heard a weak voice, like the voice of a person in pain and misery, which frightened him much, and prevented him from proceeding on his journey. Those were fairies which spoke in his hearing, and they doubtless spoke about his death, and imitated the moan which he made when some time after he fell from off a tree, which proved his death. This account, previous to his death, he gave me himself. was a man much alienated from the life of God. though surrounded with the means of knowledge and grace; but there was no cause to question the veracity of his relation.

"The Parish of Bedwellty.—From under the hand of the Rev. Mr. Roger Rogers, born and bred in this parish, I have the following remarkable relation: A very remarkable and odd sight was seen in July 1760, acknowledged and confessed by

were credible eye-witnesses of the same, i. c. by Lewis Thomas Jenkin's two daughters, virtuous and good young women (their father a good man, and substantial freeholder), his man-servant, his maid-servant, Elizateth David, a neighbour and tenant of the said Lewis Thomas, and Edmund Roger, a neighbour, who were all making hay in a field called I Werrylod Four Datalog. The first oght they saw was the resemblance of an innumerable flock of sheep over a hill called Cofen Rky-kar, opposite the place where the spectators stood, about a quarter of a mile distant from them. Soon after they may them go up to a place called Cefen Rhychair weba, about half a mile distant from them, and then they went out of their night, as if thoy vanished in the air. About half an hour before sunset they saw them all again; but all did not see them in the same manner; they saw them in different forms. Two of these persons saw them like theep; some saw them like greybounds, some like awine, and some like naked infants; they appeared in the shade of the mountain between them and the sun. The first aight was as if they rose up out of the earth. This was a notable appearonce of the fairtes, seen by crotible witnesses. The sons of infidelity are very unreasonable not to believe the testimenses of so many witnesses of the being of spirits.

"E. T. travelling by night over Bedicellty mountain, towards the valley of Ebry Fore, where his house and estate were, within the parish of Aberystruth, saw the fairies on each side of him, some dancing. He also heard the sound of a bugle horn, like persons hunting. He then began to be afraid; but recollecting his having heard,—that if any person should happen to see any fairles, if they draw out their knife, they will vanish directly; he did so, and he saw them no more. This the old gentleman seriously related to me. He was a sober man, and of such strict veracity, that I beard him confess a truth against himself, when he was like to suffer loss for an improdent step; and though he was persuaded by some not to do it, yet he would persist in telling the truth, though it was to his own hurt.

ser, born at Hen-dy, in this parish, a very religious young man, on going very early in the morning to feed the oxen at a barn called Vagybor y land, and having fed the oxen, he lay houself upon the hay to rest. While he lay there, he heard like the sound of music coming near the larn: presently a large company came in the harn, with striped clothes, some appearing more gay than others, and there danced ut their music. He lay

there as quiet as he could, thinking they would not see him, but in vain, for one of them, a woman, appearing better than the rest, brought him a striped cushion, with four tassels, one at each corner of it, to put under his head. After some time, the cock crew at the house of Blaes y come hard by, upon which they appeared as if they were either surprised or displeased; the cushion was then hastily taken from under his head, and they went away

" The young woman's grandfather, William Jenkins, for some time kept a school at Trefethia church, and coming home late in the evening used to see the farties under an oak, within two or three fields from the church, between that and Newyards bridge. And one time he went to see the ground about the oak, and there was a reddish circle upon the grass, such as have been often seen under the female onk, called Breakin bres (King-tree), wherein they danced. He was more apt to see them on Friday evenings than any other day of the week. Some say, in this country, that Friday is apt to differ often from the rest of the week with respect to the weather. That, when the rest of the days of the week are fair, Friday is apt to be rainy or cloudy, and when the weather is fool Priday is apt to be more fair. If there is any thing in it, I believe it must be with large and frequent exceptions, which yet may possibly consist with some measure of reality in the matter; but of this I am no judge, having neglected to make observations of the matter.

"I am now going to relate one of the most extraordinary apparitions that ever was communicated to me, either by word of mouth, or by letter, which I received from the hand of a pious young gentleman of Denbighshire, then at school, who was an eye-witness of it:

" ' REV. StR. March 24th, 1772.

it as well as I can in all its particulars. As far as I can remember, it was in the year 1757, in a summer's day about noon. I, with three others, one of which was a sister of mine, and the other two were sisters; we were playing in a field called Kachaled, in the parish of Bodrary, in the county of Denbigh, near the stile which is next Laseinyd house, where we perceived a company of dancers in the middle of the field, about seventy yards from us. We could not tell their numbers, because of the swiftness of their motions, which seemed to be after the manner of morris-dancers (something uncommonly wild in their motions); but after

looking some time, we came to guess that their number might be about fifteen or sixteen. They were clothed in red, like soldiers, with red handkerchiefs, spotted with yellow, about their heads. They seemed to be a little bigger than we, but of a dwarfish appearance. Upon this we reasoned together what they might be, whence they came, and what they were about. Presently we saw one of them coming away from the company in a running pace. Upon this, we began to be afmid, and ran to the stile. Barbara Jones went over the stile first, next her uster, next to that my sisterand last of all myself. While I was creeping up the stile, my sister staying to help me, I looked back and new him just by me; upon which I cried out, my suster also cried out, and trink hold of me under her arm to draw me over, and when my fort were just come over, I stall crying and looking back, we saw him reaching after me, leaning ou the stile, but did not come over. Away we ran towards the house, called the people out, and went trembling towards the place, which might be about one hundred and lifty yards off the house , but though we came so soon to see, yet we could see nothing of them. He who came near us had a grim countenance, a wild and somewhat ferre look. He came towards us in a slow running pace,

but with long steps for a little oue. His complexion was copper-coloured, which might be significative of his disposition and condition; for they were not good, but therefore bad spirits. The red, of their cruelty—the black, of their sin and misery; and he looked rather old than young.

The dress, the form, the colour, and the circ Of these, dear sir, did me surprise. The open view of them we had all four. Their sudden flight, and seeing them no more, Do still confirm the wonder more and more.

" Thus far Mr. E. W .- 's letter.

"P. W. who lived at the Ship, in Pont y Pool, and born also in Trefethin parish, an honest, virtuous woman, when a young girl going to school, one time seeing the fairies dancing in a pleasant dry place under a crab-tree, and seeing them like children much of her own size, and bearing a small pleasant music among them, went to them, and was induced to dance with them; and she brought them unto an empty barn to dance. This she did, at times, both going and coming from school, for three or four years. Though she danced so often with them, yet she could never hear the sound of their feet; therefore she took off ber

shoes, that she might not make a noise with her feet, which she thought was displeasing unto them. Some in the house observing her without shoes, said, this girl walks without shoes to school; but she did not tell them of her adventure with the fairies. They all had blue and green aprons on. They were of a small stature, and appeared rather old."

LEGENDS

THE LEGENS OF

In the county of Bree of mountains, called in V and in English the Bre of that chain which run of South Wales, and is name of the Black Mo principal peak, is cons. range, being nearly threseen with its attendant the town of Brecon, for in the landscape. Imm precipice of Peu y Van by very lofty rocks, is shaped pool called Llys hundred yards wide, and cerning which many s peated by the country must be allowed that it a spot better calculated impressions, being far r

tion, and even far out of sight of any cultivated land; overhung by rugged and frowning precipioes, often rendered more fearfully indefinite by the clouds and mists floating over them, or curling down their sides; the hourse croak of the raven, too, as he sails among the crags, adds in effect to the rugged grandeur of the scene.

Of the various stories related of this pool, the following seems the most generally known, and is related exactly as told by an old man who resided at no great distance from it.

" Several years ago, for some cause or other, the inhabitants of the neighbourhood formed a plan of draining Llyn Cwm Llwch, for what purpose is not now known, whether from curiosity to see what was at the bottom of it, or with an idea of finding some treasure there. However, having formed the resolution, they assembled at the lake one day in considerable numbers, with spades and pickaxes, and commenced their operations with such vigour that in a few hours they dug a trench thirty yards in depth, the remains of which may still be seen. Having worked very hard for several hours, they at last approached so near the water of the pool, that it seemed as if another blow of the pickaxe would complete the undertaking by breaking through the remainder of the bank, and letting out the water. But just as this blow was going

254 THE LEGEND OF LLYN CWM LLWCH.

to be performed-just as the pickave was lifted up to give the finishing stroke-a flash of lightning was seen, which averted the blow-the sky became black, a loud peal of thunder rolled among the mountains, waking their hundred ochoes, and all the workmen ran from the trench, and stond in awe upon the brink of the pool. As the sound of the thunder died away, a sort of ripple was perceived on the face of the water, and then the centre of the pool became violently agitated.-From this boiling eddy was seen to arise a figure of gigantic stature, whose hair and beard were three yards in length. Having arisen nearly half out of the water, he addressed the workmen: he told them to desist from their purpose, or else they would drown the town of Brecon and all the country of the Vale of Usk. He concluded by saying, ' Cofisch arraydd y gath,' (remember the token of the cat), and then disappeared in the water, amidst a most tremendous storm of thunder and lightning.

"When the wonder and fear had a little subsided, the people began to discuss the matter together, and could perfectly understand the warning, and comprehend every thing he had said but the concluding sentence, which they were much perplexed about.

"On this difficult point an old man came for-

THE LEGEND OF LLYN CWM LLWCH. 255

ward, Tomos Shone Rhytherch (an ancestor of the narrator of the tale), and said that he could explain the meaning of the words; and he accordingly told them, that when he was a boy he had heard a tradition, that a woman who lived in a cottage among the Van mountains had a cat which was very troublesome, and she determined upon destroying it. For that purpose, a lad who followed the occupation of a shepherd upon those hills took the cat with him one morning in order to drown it in Llyn Cwm Llwch. Having arrived there he took off his garter, and with it he tied a large stone to the cat's neck, and then he threw her into the pool. The cat of course immediately sunk out of sight, the sides of the pool being very precipitous. Shortly after there was seen a cat precisely of the same description in a fishing boat upon the lake of Llyn sa faddan, ten miles off, having a garter about her neck precisely the same with the one which the lad had thrown into Llyn Cwm Llwch. Therefore it is concluded that there is a connexion between this pool and the large lake of Llyn sa faddan, and though the pool is but small, yet if attempted to be drained, the lake of Llyn sa faddan would assist its little relative, and avenge the injury by discharging its vast body of water over the whole of the adjacent country."

256 THE LEGEND OF MEDDYGON MYDDVAL

THE LEGEND OF MEDDYGON MYDDVAI.

From the Cambro-Briton, vol. ii. p. 313.

A MAN, who lived in the farm-house called Esgairllaethdy, in the parish of Myddavi, in Caermarthenshire, having bought some lambs in a neighbouring fair, led them to graze near Llyn y van Vach in the Black Mountains. Whenever he visited the lambs, three most beautiful female figures presented themselves to him from the lake. and often made excursions on the boundaries of it. For some time he pursued and endeavoured to catch them, but always failed; for the enchanting nymphs ran before him, and, when they had reached the lake, they tauntingly exclaimed,

"Cras dy fara
Anhawdd ein dala,"

which, with a little circumlocution, means, "For thee, who eatest baked bread, it is difficult to catch us."

One day some moist bread from the lake came to shore. The farmer devoured it with great avidity, and on the following day he was successful in his pursuit, and caught the fair damsels.

After a little conversation with them, he commanifed courage sufficient to make proposals of marriage to one of them. She consented to accept him on the condition that he would distinguish her from her two sixters on the following day. This was a new and a very great difficulty to the roung farmer; for the fair nymphs were so similar in form and features, that he could scarcely perceive any difference between them. He observed. however, a trifling singularity in the strapping of her small, by which he recognised her the follawing day Some, indeed, who relate this legend, my, that this lady of the lake hinted in a private conversation with her awain, that upon the day of trial she would place herself between her two usters, and that she would turn her right foot a little to the right, and that by this means he might distinguish her from her sisters. Whatever were the means, the end was secured; he selected her, and she immediately left the lake, and accompanied him to the farm. Before she quitted, she summoned to attend her from the lake seven cows, two oven, and one bull.

This lady engaged to live with him until such time as he would strike her three times without cause. For some years they hard together in comfort, and she here him three soms, who were the celebrated Meddygon Myddyar.

258 THE LEGEND OF MEDDYGON MYDDVAL

One day, when preparing for a fair in the neighbourhood, he desired her to go to the field for his horse: she said she would; but being rather dilatory, he said to her humorously, "Dos, dos, dos," i. e. "go, go, go," and he slightly touched her arm three times with his glove.

As she now deemed the terms of her marriage broken, she immediately departed, and summoned with her her seven cows, her two oxen, and the bull. The oxen were at that very time ploughing in the field, but they immediately obeyed be call, and took the plough with them. The furrout from the field in which they were ploughing to the margin of the lake is to be seen in several parts of that country to the present day.

After her departure, she once met her two some in a cum *, now called Cum Meddygon, and delivered to each of them a bag containing some articles which are unknown, but which are supposed to have been some discoveries in medicine.

The Meddygon Myddivai were Rhiwallow, and his sons, Cadwgan, Gruffydd, and Emiow. They were the chief physicians of their age, and they wrote about A. D. 1230. A copy of their world is in the Welsh school library in Gray's-Inn-isne.

^{*} A dale or valley; hence the English word combe, so in Wycombe, Hifmcombe, &c.

THE ISLAND OF THE PARILY.

(From "The Mythology and Rites of the British
Druids. By Edward Davies, Author of Celtic
Researches. London, 8vo. Booth.—1809)."

In the mountains near Brecknock there is a small lake, to which tradition assigns some of the properties of the fabulous Avernus. I recollect a mahinogi, or mythological tale, respecting this piece of water, which seems to imply that it had once a funting raft; for here is no island.

In ancient times, it is said, a door in a rock near this lake was found open upon a certain day every year. I think it was May-day. These who had the curiosity and resolution to enter were conducted by a secret passage, which terminated in a small island in the centre of the lake. Here the vioters were surprised with the prospect of a most enchanting garden, stored with the choicest fruits and flowers, and inhabited by the Tyloryth Toy, or fair family, a kind of fairies, whose beauty could be equalled only by the courtesy and affability which they exhibited to those who pleased them. They guthered fruit and flowers for each

of their guests, entertained them with the most exquisite music, disclosed to them many events of futurity, and invited them to stay as long as they should find their situation agreeable. But the island was sacred, and nothing of its produce must be carried away.

The whole of this scene was invisible to them who stood without the margin of the lake. Only an indistinct mass was seen in the middle and it was observed that no bird would fly over the water, and that a soft strain of music at time breathed with rapturous sweetness in the break of the mountain.

It happened, upon one of these annual visite that a sacrilegious wretch, when he was about to leave the garden, put a flower with which he had been presented into his pocket, but the that boded him no good. As soon as he had touched unhallowed ground, the flower vanished, and had lost his senses.

"Of this injury the fair family took no notice at the time. They dismissed their guests with their accustomed courtesy, and the door was closed as usual: but their resentment can high. For though, as the tale goes, the Tylicyth Top and their garden undoubtedly occupy the spot to this day though the hirds still keep at a respectful distant from the lake, and some broken strains of music

THE ISLAND OF THE FAIR FAMILY. 261

are still heard at times, yet the door which led to the island has never re-appeared; and from the date of this sacrilegious act the Cymry have been unfortunate."

It is added, that "sometime after this, an adventurous person attempted to draw off the water in order to discover its contents, when a terrific form arose from the midst of the lake, commanding him to desist, or otherwise he would drown the country.

"I have endeavoured," says Mr. Davies, "to render this tale tolerable, by compressing its language, without altering or adding to its circumstances. Its connexion with British mythology may be inferred from a passage of Taliesin, where he says that the deluge was presaged by the Druid, who earnestly attended in the ethereal temple of Geirionydd to the songs that were chanted by the Gryllion*, children of the evening, in the bosoms of lakes."

* Prequent allusions are made in early Welsh poems to the Gwyllion, which term has been generally understood to mean shades or ghosts of departed men, who were allowed to inhabit this world, and sometimes appeared in a visible state.

" Scith gwew gowenou Scith lourid aften O gweed Ciarcinion Y dylenwon.

262 THE ISLAND OF THE FAIR FAMILY.

Soith ugain haction

A aethant yn Gwyllion
Yn hoed Celiddon
Y darfuant."

Merddin, 580.

"Seven battles of the spear Seven rivers full of blood of leading warriors Shall fill up.

Seven acore heroes have become

Wandering phantoms: in the woods of Caledonia.

They came to their end."

Again :--

"Cad Gwyllion Davydd da gyrchiad."

Ll. P. Moch, 1240.

"The battle shades of David of good onect."

Gwendyd thus addresses her brother Merddin in his fit of frenzy:—

"Cun ethyw dy Pwyll cun Gwyllion mynyd A thy hun yn agro Pwy gwledych gwedi Iago?"

"Since thy reason is gone with the gloomy shades of the mountain, and thou thyself despairing, who sways the realin after Iago?"

The compiler avails himself of this opportunity to correct what he has said respecting the word Gwyll in the lat part of this work (2d Ed. p. 247, and quoted at page 11 of this volume); although the explanations he has given of the word are correct, he was wrong in comparing it with the Irish Phooka. The Welsh name for this spirit is Mwcs or Pwccs, which means, formed of smoke, from Mwg—smoke.

THE HEADLESS LADY.

Cwm Rhyd y Rhesg is a dark and gloomy dingle in Glamorganshire. A bridge crosses a wild ravine, which is overhung with trees; and the murmuring of the streamlet among rocks, or the rustling of the breeze among leaves, are the only sounds which disturb the solitude of this romantic dell. Here it is that the Headless Lady is said to wander every alternate sixty years; being absent for sixty years, and then returning, to the great terror of the neighbouring district. She is seen in the dusk of the evening; and the present year (1827) is part of her term of appearance.

Many stories of this appalling spectre are related by the peasantry. Some say the most death-like chill freezes their blood at beholding her, although she has never been known to molest any one, but tranquilly wanders along. Others, that their very clothes seem to freeze around them and become stiff; and that they are deprived of utterance or motion. The following tale is given as related by the parties concerned, and so far as relates to the alarm of the girl, and her account of the matter, is certainly no fiction. Ever since the occurrence she has been called Mary'r Elor.

^{*} Eler is the Welsh for hier.

About ten years ago, as Mary Lewis was guing through Cwm Pergwm, on her way to Blackpergwm farm, near the bridge called Poot Rhyd y Rhesg, there appeared before her a female figure, dressed in white, and without a head, which, although it seemed to approach her, never came nearer. Retreat was useless, for every retrograde step she took, the headless figure kept pace with her: she therefore determined on going forward; but the lady preceded her, and always kept in full view about two yards in advance of poor Mary. She describes this frightful object an about five feet in height, and having in every respect, with the exception of the head, a complete and beautiful female form. Her dress was anow white, and a mantle of dazzling purity fell over her shoulders in Vandyke points. The figure made no sign or motion whatever to Mary but accompanied her to within six paces of the farmhouse, and then vanished

As soon as the poor girl gained the threshold she fainted away; and every time she revived, and endeavoured to explain the cause of her alarm, and describe the spectre, the very recollection terrified

In the neighbourhood of Pont neath rangium, there is also seen an apparition reasonabling a woman without a head a and having the part of her dress which comes maind the threat out into Vandykes, called in Welsh (am chidyness, or the Crook of the fern.

her into hysteric fits. She remained in this state for two days, at the end of which time she appeared lifeless from exhaustion. The good woman of the house thought she was actually dead, and sent for her relatives, who brought a bier to take her home. A procession followed the bier to Mary's house; and when they were going to lay her out, she showed symptoms of returning animation, and by slow degrees recovered, when she related the above account of the appearance of the Headless Lady.

OWEN LAWGOCH'S CASTLE.

In one of the most secluded parts of the principality may be seen the ruins of an ancient fortress, called "Castell Owen Lawgoch," from the name of the chieftain, Owen Lawgoch, or Owen of the Bloody Hand, by whom it was once occupied, and who is believed to be at this moment, together with all his warriors, in a state of enchanted sleep in the vaults under the castle*; and in confirmation of this belief, the following story

He is terrified at the sight, and returns without disturbing the giant.

A peasant, according to Waldren, ventured to explore the vaults and passages under Castle Rushin, in the lake of Man. After wantlering from one apartment to another, he arrived at a hall, into which he looked before he ventured to enter. He there beheld "a vast table in the middle of the room, of black marble, and on it extended at full length, a man, or rather monster; for by his account he could not be less than fourteen feet long, and ten round the body. This provingment fabric lay as if sleeping on a book, with a sword by hun, of a size answerable to the hand supposed to make use of it."

was related by Thomas ap Rhys as having occurred not many years ago:

" It happened that as a Weishman was one day sauntering among the ruins of Castle Owen Lawgoeb, he discovered an opening which seemed to land to some subterraneous passage. Having removed the obstructions caused by the ivy and the rubbish about the entrance, he managed to creep in. To his surprise he found that this passage led to others of considerable length, and curiosity induced him to explore further, until he auddenly mme rate a vaulted hall of vast extent, in which he beheld an immense multitude of warriors clad in armour, lying upon their arms fast asleep. This unexpected sight completely checked his curiosity; and, quite satisfied that he had proceeded far enough, he hastened to return before his intrusion should be discovered; but as he turned himself round to depart rather incautionaly, he unfortunately struck his foot against something which he did not perceive in the dim light, but which seemed to consist of arms piled up together, and they fell with a tremendous clang, whereupon all the warriors started up from their sleep, and greeping their arms, exclaimed 'A ydye Ai 's ddydd ' a ydyw hi 'n ddydd ' (In it day ' In it day?); but the intruder, with the most admirable

presence of mind, answered 'Nagyr, aagyr, eysguch etto,' ('No, no, sleep again,') when they all immediately laid themselves down, and fell fast asleep as before, where they still are, waiting the signal which is to awaken them ""

Another legend says, that it is in a cavern under a hill that the chieftain, Owen Lawgock, with his thousand warriors, lie in a state of enchanted sleep, waiting for the time to arrive when they are to be awakened in order to oppose a hostile army which they shall meet at the ford of Rayd goch arddy faych, and at Llyn pent y Weryd, and that the destinies of Britain depend on the valuer and success of the awakened warriors t.

* Frederick Barbarossa, according to German tradition, at has been mentioned in a note on the Giant's State, in the 2 part of this work, sits within the Kyllbausen, leaving on a stone table, into which his long beard has grown, waiting until the day arrives when he is to hang up his sincid open withered tree, which will immediately put forth leaven, and happer days will then begin their course.—See also note at Barry of Carra Thierna, in the same volume.

† "In ages of romance, a romantic unmortality has been bestowed by popular loyalty on those heroes who commands the admiration as well as the fondness of their country and Those who had seen their keng flushed with rectory as leading on his warriors, or enthroused in majority and window were almost refuctant to admit that he too could dis."

"Greece revered her yet living Achilles in the White Island; the Britons expected the awakening of Arthur chiranced in Avelon; and almost in our days it was thought

. This hill is said to be the scene of a very extraordinary appearance, concerning which, an old man of the neighbourhood related the following story:

"Whoever stands at the distance of a mile or two from the hill may perceive upon its summit a fine large yew tree; but should you attempt to approach the spot, you will find that the yew tree has vanished. If you retreat again to a short distance, you will plainly see the tree as before.

"It happened that a shepherd lad being one day upon this hill, wanted a walking-stick, and perceiving a hazle tree near him, he cut it for that purpose. In a short time afterwards he became tired of his pastoral occupation, and he resolved upon leaving home, and seeking his fortune in some other line of life. He set out accordingly, and as he was journeying on he met a stranger of noble appearance, who looked very carnestly at him, and at the hazle stick which he had in his

that Schastian of Portugal would one day return and claim his usurped realms. Thus also the three founders of the Helvetic confederacy are thought to sleep in a cavern near the lake of Lucerne. The herdsmen call them the three Tella, and say that they lie there in their antique garb in quiet alumber; and when Switzerland is in her utmost need they will awaken and regain the liberties of the land."

Quarterly Review, No. 2liv. for March, 1820, p. 371.

hand. At length he spoke to him and mile Young man, where did you get that stick Can you show me the very spot?

"'I can, sir,' replied the poor Welsh boy.

" And will you?' inquired the stranger in a

" 'Most readily would I,' said the boy, 'if was near it.'

"The stranger then offered to pay all the penses of the journey, and to reward him for 😹 trouble. The boy agreed to the proposal, and the accordingly set off together and arrived at the very root of the tree. The boy then stopped and said, 'This, sir, is the root of the hazle stid which I hold in my hand. The stranger the desired him to look under it, and that he would dud a trap-door which would admit him into vaulted passage; that this passage would let him into an apartment in which numbers of armed warriors lay asleep, and that at its entrance be would find a rope conducting him to it . 'but.' said he, 'press gently on this rope, for it is attached to a bell, which, if rung, will arouse the warriors and their chieftain, who, if he be wakened, will ask, Is it day? Should this be the case, mind and answer quickly 'No!' 'In this apartment,' he continued, 'there is a vas

quantity of gold, concealed under a pile of arms; and this gold I want you to bring away. Be cautious, and remember what I have told you.'

"The lad, after some little hesitation, obeyed: he found the trap-door, descended, and arrived at the apartment described by his companion. There he beheld the warriors lying on their arms saleep; and near the chieftain was the pile of arms which concealed the heap of gold. The intrepid lad approached to seize it, and was in the very act, when down fell the arms with a fearful clang, and up started Owen Lawgoch, who stretched out his hand, which was as large as a shield, and cried out with a voice that pealed like thunder, 'A ydyw ki 'n ddydd' a ydyw ki 'n ddydd' (Is it day? is it day?); whereupon all the armed men were aroused, and reiterated the same question. The young Welshman with great coolness replied, ' Nagyır, nagyır, cysguch etto;' (No, no, sleep again); when they all composed themselves to sleep again.

"The lad then secured as much gold as he could carry, and returned with it to the entrance of the cavern, where he delivered it to the stranger, who desired him to descend again and bring up the remainder, promising him a handsome share of it. Upon this second attempt, he found neither rope nor hall, nor warriors nor treasure; and after much

272 OWEN LAWGOCH'S CASTLE.

toil and fear, he found his way back to the trapdoor; but his companion had fled for ever, and he never even heard of him afterwards."

The cavern, like the yew tree on the mountain, has ever since been in a state of *Dygel* (invisibility), and no one from that time has disturbed the enchanted sleep of Owen Lawgoch and his steel-clad warriors.

CWN ANNWN;

OR, THE DOGS OF HELL.

(From " A Relation of Apparitions," &c. by the Rev. Edmund Jones.)

BEFORE the light of the gospel prevailed, there were, in Caermarthenshire and elsewhere, often heard before burials, what by some were called

whose inquiries the compiler has derived so much assistance, respecting the various signs he had witnessed preceding death. He seems to be quite experienced in them, and well acquainted with every description; he has himself heard and seen more than most people. He has heard the Eyherra the (grouns) and the Cwn Annun† (little dogs that howl in the air with a wild sort of lamentation): one of them, he says, fell on a tembstone once, but no one ever found him. He has also heard a little bird called Aderin y Corff, which chirps at the door of the person who is to die, and makes a noise that resembles in Welsh the word 'come, come.' Who ever is thus called must attend the summons."

t The word Annua has been before explained; see page 180.

Con Annon Dogs of Hell), by others Cun be dith en Mamman (Dogs of the Fairnes), and be some Cun-wybir (Sky-dogs). The nearer they we to man, the less their voice was, like that of small beetles; and the farther, the louder, and seat times like the voice of a great bound sounding among them, like that of a bloodhound, " a dog hollow voice."

As Thomas Andrews was coming towards ban one night with some persons with him, he had as he thought the sound of hunting. He was afmile it was some person hunting the sheep, as 📗 hastened on to meet, and hinder them: be bear them coming towards him, though he saw their not. When they came near him, their voices we but small, but increasing as they went from him they went down the steep towards the river Ebe dividing between this parish and Mysydd arg whereby he knew they were what are called Con-mybir (Sky-dogs), but in the inward per of Wales Con Annun (Dogs of Hell) I have head say that these spiritual hunting-dogs have been heard to pass by the eves of several houses before the death of some one in the family. Thorn Andrews was an honest, religious man, who wor not have told an untruth either for fear or f favour.

One Thomas Philips, of Treleck parish, heard those spiritual dogs, and the great dog sounding among them, and they went in a way which no energie used to go; at which he wondered, as he knew they used to go only in the way in which the curpse was to go. Not long after, a woman, who came from another parish, that died at Treleck was carried that way to her own parish-church to be bursed, in the way in which those spiritual days seemed to hunt.

An acquaintance of mine, a man perfectly firm to tell the truth, being out at night, heard a hunting in the air, and as if they overtook something which they hunted after, and being overtaken made a unserable cry among them, and seemed to except, but overtaken again, made the same dismal cry, and again escaped, and followed after till out of hearing.

Mr. D. W. of Pembrokeshier, a religious man, and far from fear or superstition, gave me the following account. That as he was travelling by himself through a field called the Cot Moor, where two stones are set up, called the Devil's Negs, at some distance from each other, where evil spirits are said to haunt, and trouble passengers, he was thrown over the hedge, and was never well after-

mastrif dog with him; but suddenly he saw an other mastrif dog coming towards him. He thought to set his own dog at it, but his dog seemed to he much frightened, and would not go near it. Mr. W. then stooped down to take up a stone, thinking to throw at it; but suddenly there came a far round it, so that he could perceive it had a white tail, and a white snip down his nose, and saw hit teeth grinning at him; he then knew it was not of the infernal Dogs of Hell; one of those kinded dogs against which David prayeth in Padia retry, 20. "Deliver my soul from the power of the dog."

As R. A. was going to Langhara town one eventing on some business, it being late, her mother dissuaded her from going, telling her it was lettered that she would be benighted, likely she might be terrified by an apparation, which was both seen and heard by many, and by her father amon others, at a place called Pant y Mu log, which was pit by the side of the lane leading to Langhara tilled with water, and not quite dry in the summer. However she seemed not to be afraid; there fore went to Langhara. On coming back held night (though it was rather dark) she passed by the place, but not without thinking of the age.

parition. But being a little beyond this pit, in a field where there was a little rill of water, and just going to pass it, having one foot stretched over it, and looking before her, she saw something like a great dog (one of the Dogs of Hell) coming towards her. Heing within four or five yards of her, it stopped, sat down, and set up such a scream, so horrible, so loud, and so strong, that she thought the earth moved under her; with which she fainted and fell down. She did not awake and go to the next house, which was but the length of one field from the place, until about undaught, having one faot wet in the rill of water which she was going to pass when she saw the apparition.

One time, as Thomas Miles Harry was coming home by night from a journey, when near Tyn y Liwys, he saw the resemblance of fire, the west ade of the river, on his left hand, and looking towards the mountain near the rock Terres y Tracys on his left hand, all on a sudden, saw the fire near him on one aide, and the appearance of a mastiff dog on the other side, at which he was exceedingly terrified. The appearance of a mastiff dog was a most dreadful night. He called at Tyn y Liwys, requesting the favour of a person to accompany him home. The man of the house being sequainted with him sent two of his servants with him home.

278 CWN ANNWN; OR, THE BOGS OF HELL.

W. J. was once a Sabbath-breaker at Risca vil lage, where he frequently used to play, and rail the ale-houses on the Sabbath day, and there see till late at night. On returning homeward he bear something walking behind him, and turning to what it was, he could see the likeness of a man walking by his side; he could not see his face, and was afraul to look much at it, fearing it was 📹 evil spirit, as it really was: therefore he did no wish it good night. This dreadful, dangerous and parition generally walked by the left side of him It afterwards appeared like a great mastiff due which terrified him so much that he knew und where he was. After it had gone about half mile, it transformed itself into a great fire, as large as a small field, and resembled the noise which fire makes in burning gorse.

THE CORPSE-CANDLE *.

(From " A Relation of Apparitions," hec. by the Rev. Edmund Jones.)

A sour the latter end of the sixteenth century, and the beginning of the seventeenth, there lived in the valley of Ehry Four, one Walter John

" Called in Welsh Conwyll goef, or Canwyllan Cyrph. The corpse-candle denotes the death of the person who as men carryin; it, and varies in the strength of the light acenthing to the set of the victim, the female Coungil goof being a pale and delicate blue light. It to seen all over Wales. Mr Roberts however says, in his Cambrian Popular Anthropities, that " the superstitions notion concerning the outpee-candle is at present almost confined to the discour of 5; Duril's, where it is the popular bolief, that a short time before the death of a person, a light is seen imusing from the sick-bed, and taking its course to the church-yard along the very track which the fattered is afterwards to pursue " Both the corpse carolle, and Adress y coeff, the corpse-bird (exceed ow), may be naturally accounted for, but it is only the branche of the compiler to record and illustrate the superstricts belief in them. There is an appearance in Wales called a I Asserth, which is similar to the rootch Wouth, and the Irish Ferch; that is, a resemblance of any particular person. But in Wales, this does not always denote the death

Harry, belonging to the people called Quaker a harmless, honest man, and by occupation a farmer who went to live at Ty ya y Fid, in that valley where one Morgan Lowis, a weaver, had lived before him; and after his death had appeared to some, and troubled the house. One night, Walter being in bed with his wife, and awake, saw a light come up stairs, and expecting to see the spector and being somewhat afraid, though he was no turally a very fearless man, strove to awake bit wife by pinching her, but could not awake ber and seeing the spectre coming with a candle it his hand, and a white woollen cap upon his bend and the dress he always wore, resolved to speak to him, and did, when he came near the bed, and said, " Morgan Lewis, why dost thou walk this earth?" To which the apparition gravely answered. like one in some distress. " that it was because of some bottoms of wool which he had hid in the wall of the house, which he desired him to take away, and then he would trouble them no more." And then Walter said, " I charge thee, Morgan Lewis, in the name of God, that thou trouble my

of the person so seen, as there are many now alive, when Liatrich has been seen by several in the Vale of Neath, when they were at a great distance from thence, and who are still alive, and in ignorance of the circumstance. This seek of vision never speaks, and vanishes when spoken in.

house no more;" at which he vanished away, and appeared no more.

A clergyman's son in this county (Monmouth), but now a clergyman himself in England, who, in his younger days, was somewhat victous, having been at a debauch one night, and coming home late, when the doors were locked and the people in bed, feared to disturb them; fearing also their chiding and expostulations about his staying so late, went to the servant, who slept in an outroom, as is often the manner in this country. He estald not awake the servant, but while he stood over him, he saw a small light come out of the servant's postrils, which soon became a curpuecandle. He followed it out, until it came to a foot-bridge, which lay over a rivulet of water. It came into the gentleman's head to raise up the end of the foot-bridge from off the bank whereon it lay, to see what it would do. When it came, it seemed to offer to go over, but did not go, as if lath to go because the bridge was displaced. When he mw that, he put the bridge in its place, and stayed to see what the candle would do. It came on the bridge when it was replaced; but when it came near him, it struck him, as it were with a handkerchief; but the effect was strong, for he became dead upon the place, not knowing of himself a long time before he revived. Such is the power of the spirits of the other world, and it is ill jesting with them. A Sadducce *, and a proud ridiculer of apparitions, in this gentleman's place. now, would have a pure seasoning for his pastime It is true these gentlemen have not seen the corpse-candles of Wales; but they should believe the numerous and ever-continuing witnesses of it, and not foolishly discredit abundant matters of fact, attested by honest, wise men. We have heard of others, who, from an excess of natural courage, or being in liquor, have endeavoured to stop the corpse-candles, and have been struck down upon the place, but now none offer it, being deterred by a few former examples related, remembered, and justly believed.

Joshua Coslet, a man of sense and knowledge, told me of several corpse-candles he had seen, but one in particular, which he saw in a lane called Hool builch y guynt (Wind-gap lane) in Landeilo Fawr parish, where he suddenly met a corpse-candle, of a small light when near him, but in-

By this name Mr. Jones has been pleased uniformly to designate all persons incredulous in the appearance of fairies. Cwn Annwn, (Hell-hounds), and corpse candles. After the perusal of so many detailed accounts, reader! art them a Sadduces?

creasing as it went further from him. He could eastly perceive that there was some dark shadow passing along with the candle, but he was afraid to look carnestly upon it. Not long after a burying passed that way. He told me, that it is the common opinion, doubtless from some experience of it, that, if a man should wantonly strike it, he should be struck down by it, but if one touches it unawares, he shall pass on unhurt. He also said, that some dark shadow of a man carried the candle, holding it between his three forefingers over against his face. This is what wante have seen, who had the courage to look carnestly. Others have seen the likeness of a candle carried in a skull. There is nothing unreasonable or unlikely in either of these representations.

One William John, of the parish of Lanlayds, a smith, on going home one night, being somewhat drunk and hold (it seems too hold), saw one of the corpse-condies. He went out of his way to meet it, and when he came near it, he saw it was a burying, and the corpse upon the beer, the perfect resemblance of a woman in the neighbourhood, whom he knew, holding the candle between her fore-fingers, who dreadfully granned at him, and presently he was struck down from his

horse, where he remained awhile, and was ill a long time after, before he recovered. This was before the real lurying of the woman: his fault, and therefore his danger, was his coming presumptuously against the candle. This is another sensible proof of the apparition and being of spirits.

The fore-knowledge of those corpor-rendle spirits, concerning deaths and burials, is wonderful, as the following instance will show One Rees Thomas, a carpenter, pussing through a place called Rhio Edwst, near Cappel Even, by night, heard a stir coming towards him, walking and speaking; and when they were come to hira. he felt as if some person put their hand upon has shoulder, and saying to him " Rhys back pe fold yr y'ch chwi " (Dear Rees, how are you?) which surprised him much, for he saw nothing. But a month after, passing that way, he met a burying in that very place, and a woman who was in the company put her hand upon him, and spoke enactly the same words to him that the invisible spirit had spoken to him before; at which he could no less than wonder. This I had from the mouth of Mr. T. I., of Trevach, a godly minister of the gospel.

The following account I had from under the hand of Mr. Morris Griffith, a man truly religious, and a lively preacher of the gospel among the Baptists, which came to pass in Pembrokeshire, as follows. "When I kept school at Pont Face parish, in Pembrokeshire, as I was coming from a place called Tredarith, and was come to the top of the hill, I saw a great light down in the valley, which I wondered at, for I could not imagine what it meant. But it came to my mind that it was a light before a burying, though I never could believe before that there was such a thing The light which I mw there was a very red light, and it stood still for about a quarter of an hour, in the way which went towards forferch llawddog church I made haste to the other ade of the hill, that I might see it farther, and from thence I saw it go along to the church-yard, where it stood still for a little time, and entered into the church I stood still, waiting to see it come out, and it was not long before it came out, and went to a certain part of the church-vard, where it stood a little time, and then vanished out of my sight. A few days afterwards, lwing in achool with the chiadren, about noin, I beard a great noise over head, as if the top of the house was coming down. I went to see the garn t, and there was nothing aimss. A few days afterward,

Mr. Higgon of Pont Faen's son died. When the carpenter came to fetch the boards to main the coffin, which were in the garret, he made exactly such a stir in handling the boards in the garret as was made before by some spirit, who foreknew the death that was to come to mass. If carrying the body to the grave, the burying stood where the light stood for about a quarter of and hour, because there was some water cross the way, and the people could not go over it without wetting their feet; therefore they were obliged to wait till those that had boots helped them erer-The child was buried in that very spot of ground in the church-yard where I saw the light ston after it came out of the church. This is what I can holdly testify, having seen and heard what I relate; a thing which before I could not beheve. Morrix Grippith."

Some have been so hardy as to lie down by the way-side where the corpse-candle passed, that they may see what passed, for they were not hurted who did not stand in the way. Some have seen the resemblance of a skull carrying the candle at others the shape of the person that is to die carrying the candle between its foreingers, holding the light before its face. Some have said that they saw the shape of those who were to be at

STORY OF POLLY SHONE RHYS SHONE. 287

the burying. I am willing to suspend my belief of this, as seeming to be extravagant, though their foreboding knowledge of mortality appears to be very wonderful and undeniable.

STORY OF POLLY SHONE RHYS SHONE.

From the oral relation of David Shone.

"I LIVED as a servant in a farm-house in Ystradfellta, where a young woman, named Polly Shone
Rhys Shone, was in the habit of coming to sew.
She was employed in the neighbourhood as a
sempstress. Well, it happened that I was coming
home one night with William Watkin, a fellowservant, and we perceived a light coming to meet
us, which we soon discovered to be a corpse-candle.
I cautioned my companion not to stand in its way
(knowing the danger of such temerity), but, said
I, 'follow my instructions; station yourself here
with me;' and we placed ourselves upon a bridge
over a brook, through which the road passed, and
we lay down and turned our faces towards the
water, and there we clearly saw the reflection of

STORY OF POLLY SHONE RHYS SHONE.

Polly Shone Rhys Shone, bearing the corpse-candle upon the ring-finger of her right hand, and the other hand over the light, as if to protect it from the wind. We remained motionless in this position until the reflection vanished, and then we walked home sad and sorrowful; although we could not believe that it was Polly; for what should she do in that church-yard? that was not her burying-place. But, however, sad thoughts we had, although we said nothing on our return, though repeatedly questioned why we looked so mournful. In a week after we heard that pour Polly had been suddenly taken off, and her corpse passed that very road, to be buried in that same church-yard."

The Welsh, like the Irish, are singularly attached to the burial-place of their family, and adhere to the spin when their forefathers were laid with an extraordinary tenants. A labourer will request to be carried to the grave of his attached though his death-bed may be fifty miles drugar: Every Easter, Whitsunide, and Christman the relatives of the oparted are busy white-washing the head and foot stories, and planting flowers on the graves—they sho lister at the chard-door in the dark, when they sometimes fixey they hear the names called over in church of those who are destined about to join their lost relatives in the tomb.

THE KYHIRRAETH.

(From " A Relation of Apparitions," &c. by the Rev. Edmund Jones.)

"I am now," mys the reverend outhor, " going to give you an account of the Kylovraeth, a doleful foreboding noise before death.

" D. P., of Lan y byther parish, a sober, sensible man, and careful to tell the truth, informed me, that, in the beginning of the night, his wife and maid-servant being in the house together, which was by the way-side, they heard the doleful voice of the Kyhirrorth, and when it came irrer-against the window, it pronounced these strange words, of no signification that we know of, encluck. proofech, and some time after a burying powerd that way. I confrom a word of this sound, especially the latter part of this last syllable, sounding in Welsh like the twenty-third letter of the Greek alphabet, at least as they pronounced it formerly in the schools, pronounced by a spirit of the night, near at hand, with a dangreeable, horridsounding voice, was very terrible and impressive upon the mind and memory. The judicious Joshus

PART III.

Coslet, who lived on that side of the river Town which runs through the middle of Caermarthe shire, where the Kyhirraeth is often heard, got me the following remarkable account of it.

"That it is a doleful, disagreeable sound, here before the deaths of many, and most apt to be heard before foul weather. The voice resemble the groaning of sick persons who are to die, beat at first at a distance, then comes nearer, and the last near at hand; so that it is a threefald warning of death, the king of terrors. It begins at and louder than a sick man can make, the second cry is lower, but not less doleful, but rather may so; the third yet lower, and soft, like the greating of a sick man almost spent and dying, so that a person well remembering the voice, and coming to the sick man's bed who is to die, shall hear he groans exactly alike, which is an amazing evident of the spirit's foreknowledge.

"Sometimes when it cries very load at bears resemblance of one crying who is troubled with stitch. If it meets any hindrance in the was, seems to groun loader. It is, or hath been, ver common in the three commons of law Centa. commot is a portion of ground less than a canttra or a hundred; for three commots make up the hundred of Vais-Centa, which extends from the hundred of Vais-Centa, which extends from the

patishes, viz. Landilo Fmer, Betties, Lanedi, Lanson, Cydwels, Langenich, Penfre, Lanarthney, Langynderen, &c., which lie on the south-east sale or the river Torry, where sometime past it cried and grouned before the death of every person, as my informant thought, who lived that side of the county. It sounded before the death of persons who were burn in these purishes, and died elsewhere. Sometimes the voice is heard long before death, yet three quarters of a year is the longest time beforehand. But it must be a common thing indeed, as it came to be a common thing for people to may, by way of reproach to a person making a disagreeable none, OA'r AyAn one a, and sometimes to children criting and grounds oureasonable.

Walter Watkins, of Neustle, in the parish of fauddetty, in the county of Brecon, being at achoos at Carmarthen and as he and some other scholars who ladged in the same house with him were playing half by the house late in the arming, heard the desiral, mournful none of the K. or set i very near them, but could see nothing which was very shocking to hear. Though these sort of men are incredulous enough, yet they were some permanded that it was the voice of neither man nor heast, but of some spirit, which made them leave

their play and run into the house. Not long after, a man who lived near the house died. This kind of noise is always heard before some person's death.

"The woman of the house where these scholars lodged related to them many such accounts. which they heard with contempt and ridicule, believing nothing of what she said One morning they asked her sportingly what she had heard or seen of a spirit that night? She readily answered. that she heard a spirit come to the door, and passing by her while she sat by the fire, it seemed to walk into a room where a sick man was; and after some time she heard it coming back, and as if it fell down in a faint, and was raised un again. Soon after, the sick man rose up, thinking he was able to walk, come into the room where the woman heard the fall, and fell down dead in that very part of the room where the spirit made the same kind of stir which his fall made, and was made by those that raised him up.

"In Montgomeryshire. Edward Lloyd, in the parish of Langyrig, being very ill, those that were with him heard the voice of some person very new them; they looked about the house, but could see no person: the voice seemed to be in the room where they were. Soun after, they beard these

words, by something unseen, Y mee Nesbrea y Ty ya craccio (The appermost beam of the house cracketh); soon after, Fe dorr ya y man (It will presently break); then they heard the same voice say, Dyna fy ya torri (There, it breaks!) He died that moment, which much affected the company.

" A woman in Coermarthen town protested to Mr. Charles Winter, of the parish of Bedreelity (who was then at the academy, and since became a preacher of the gospel), that she heard like the sound of a company, as it were a burying, coming up from a river; and presently, as it were, the sound of a cart, coming another way to meet the company; and the cart seemed to stop while the company went by, and then went on. Soon after a dead corpse was brought from the river from one of the vessels, and a curt met the burying, and stopped till the company went by, exactly as the woman heard. Mr. W. was no man to tell an untruth; and the woman had no self-interest to serve by telling an untruth. The wonder is, how these spirits can so particularly foreshow things to come. Either their knowledge of future things near at hand must be very great, or they must have a great influence to accomplish things as foreshown. Be it either way, the thing is wonderful, of the very minute and particular knowledge of these spirits in the manner of deaths and burnals."

)

(From Roberts's Cambrian Popular Antiquities.)

"In South Wales another appearance is generally affirmed to take place before the death of some noted person, viz. a coffin and burial train are seen to go from the neighbourhood of the house in the dead of night towards the church-yard. Sometimes a hearse and mourning conches form the cavalcade, and move in gloomy silence in such a direction: not a footstep is heard as they proceed along the public roads, and even through the towns; and the terrors of the few who happen to see them are spread over the whole neighbourhood. Of these appearances the causes are probably artificial; and Lear's idea of shocing a troop of horse with felt may be in these instances more than imaginary."



ADDITIONAL NOTES

OX

THE IRISH LEGENDS IN THE FIRST VOLUME.

BY THE BROTHERS GRIMM.

The Legend of Knocksheogorenu.

This legend resembles the German one of the boy who does not know what terror is, and whom no apparitions can frighten, less in the fable than in the character. Vide Hausmürchen, No. 4, and the notes on it.

The Legend of Knockgrafton

Belongs to that class of tales in which it is represented that the spirits give good fortune only to the good, and that the same favour, when asked by the wicked, turns out to his detriment. See the notes to the third volume of Hausmärchen, p. 155.

The Young Piper.

The little bagpiper is *Hens mein Igel* of the German Tales (p. 108), who likewise asks his father for a bagpipe, on which he plays with much skill. There is a still more striking coincidence with German stories of changelings (vide our Col-

lection, i. Nos. 81 and 82), who, when they come near the water, or on a bridge, jump in, and play as merrily as in their own element; while at the same moment the true child to found strong and healthy by its mother in the tradic.

One of the oldest legends of the changeling is that in the Low German poem of Zeno (Bruns Sammlung, p. 26). The devil carries off the unbaptused child, and places himself in its cradle; but is so greedy in his demands on the mother's milk that she cannot satisfy him. Nurses are hired, but as they, too, are unable to appears the insatisfic changeling, cows are brought for his nourishment. The parents are obliged to expend their whole fortune in feeding the false child.

What the poets, in a Christian point of view, ascerbe to the devil, the people in their songs and tales attribute to farms and dwarfs. The North abounds in stories of such changes and adoptinger), to which new-born, unhaptised children are exampled. See the Collection of Farne Songs, p. 294.

The Brewery of Egg-shells.

A German tradition (Tales, in 39.), which is obviously the same, is superior to it in the pretty trait, that the mother me covers her own child as soon as she succeeds in making the changeling lough. The mother breaks an egg, and in the two shells puts water on the fire to boil; upon this the change ling cries out, "I am as old as the Westerwald, and never yet saw any one boil water in an egg-shell!" bursts out into a lough; and the same moment the real child to restored. It is also related in Denmark. Vide Thisle, i. 47.

The Legend of Bottle Hull.

The German tale of " Table Cover-thyorff" (Hammuschen No. 36.) agrees with this in the num; and in the note on I the corresponding Italian story is also quoted.

Patrice, or no Patrice.

People who believe in fairnes will account for the apparitum, by supposing that the spirits which would not show themselves to the young people had transformed chemselves into mush-moths, beneath which they are very ford of reposing; and it to tot the object of the tale to turn the belief in them into redicule. Hence the title, in the original, Fairles of no Fairles; for which we have substituted another.

The Haunted Cellar.

In German Traditions, t. 93, a farmer, quite tired of the kobold, determines to hurn down the barn in which he has taken up his abode. He first removes from it all the straw, and on taking out the last land, after having closed it carefully, he acts fire to it himself. When it is all in flatters, happening to turn round, he seem the kobold, who is urring on the cort, and who talls out to him, " It was high time for us to come out."

Master and Men.

For Walter Scott, in the accord volume of Berder Minstrelay, p. 177, relates the same story, with the remark, that is accurred in the sixteenth century; that the man, while walking in the field, was suddenly carried off, bearing the nesse of a whichwood, and these words. (Horse and Hattack).

There is a similar tradition related in a letter written on the Lists of March, 1695, and printed in Authory's Muccellanian, p. 156; and which is likewise communicated by 50 Walson Sout, p. 170, 179.

church-yard, when, though the air was raim, they bend the more of a word, and saw a light dust arise in in only, at same distance. It came nearer, and the boys crossed themselves;

298 NOTES TO THE FIRST VOLUME.

but one of them, more undanned than the rest, cried and "Home and Hattock with my top " The top was instant lifted up and carried off, but whither they could not tell, a account of a cloud of dust; but they afterwards found it is the church-yard, on the other side of the church.

The Spirit Horse.

In Scotland, the light which entires the wanderer from det road into marsher and precipiees is called Sponks — See Stewart, 161, 102.

Daniel O'Rourky.

The man in the moon is a popular supermition, which perhaps even now is spread over the whole of humpe, had which prevailed in the middle ages, and is probably familia on still more ancient heather notions. In the opers on the moon's disk, the vulgar recognize the figure of a man with (bundle of thoms on his back, and an axe in his hand. Amount the people in Germany, he is the man who hewire word on a Sunday; and, as a punishment for the profamation of 🌬 Sabbath, is doomed to freeze in the cold most. - See Hebel's song in the Alemannic poems. It seems to have a reference to a passage in the Bible (Numbers av. 32, 36). The Italians of the thatsenth century imagined the nan es the moon to be Cam, who is going to earning to find thems, the most wretched productions of the ground - (See Danie) Inferna, xx. 124; Paradiso, it 50, (Laina e li Spenc) and the commentators) A rather difficult old English copy on he fourteenth century is an ong Ritson's ancient scores. Les deco-1700, p. 35, 37. The man in the most is represented said and fatigued, with a pitchfork and thoma, which have now his dress. He formerly dwell in earth, cut wood where to had no right, and the bailed seared his coat. Stokep at 19

allusions are more familiar (Midsummer Night's Dream and Tempest, ii. 2.) An English nursery tale says:—

"The man in the moon
Came down too soon,
To ask his way to Norwich."

The Crookened Back.

Similar games in Germany. V. Hausmarchen, ii. xxiii. For similar customs on May-day, and the beginning of Spring, disseminated throughout Europe, see Hausmärchen, Introduction to second volume, p. 30.

The pernicious breath of the fairies is called alv-gust (see Hallagar under this word). In Norway and in Iceland, a certain kind of boil is called alfa bruni.

Fior Usga.

Waldron has a legend of the Isle of Man, according to which a diver came to a town under the sea, the magnificence of which he cannot sufficiently extol, and where the floors of the rooms are composed of precious stones.

There are also in Germany and other countries traditions enough of lakes, which occupy the sites of former cities and castles; see German Tales, No. 131.

The Legend of Lough Gur.

This tale is connected with the Scotch and Irish legends of the Elf-bull, respecting which see our Essay.

The Enchanted Lake.

However different in external form, this tale is, in fact, very nearly coincident with the German one of Dame Holle (Hausmarchen, 24). It is a singular circumstance, that the

300 NOTES TO THE FIRST VOLUME.

woman under the lake has large teeth, like Dame Holle. beneath the water. It is also remarkable, that as they say in Hesse when it snows, "Dame Holle is making her bed. the feathers are flying;" the Irish children cry, with a similar notion, "The Scotchmen are plucking their geese."



THE END.

LONDON:
PRINTED BY THOMAS DAVISON, WHITEFRIARS.





